

FORTY CENTS

OCTOBER 28, 1966

The Power of Talent & Teamwork

TIME



NOTRE DAME'S
SEYMOUR
and
HANRATTY

APR 68 888 8890069154 82 21
N Y GROVE COLL LIBR
JIT M 48221

VOL. 88 NO. 18

(PUBLISHED WEEKLY)

It's an Old Forester kind of day

The bite of autumn. The rustle of an
evening breeze coming on. And soon there'll
be the fine taste of a great bourbon.
At the end of a good day.
An Old Forester kind of day.



At 86 or 100 proof "There is nothing better in the market"

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY ©1966

First step to wise investing: know your broker and what to expect of him.

What the Exchange expects of its members...questions to ask your broker...what he can and can't do for you...new Exchange booklet.

Let's assume that, as a new investor or one of the estimated 20 million Americans who now own stock, you are considering an investment. And you face the question of which broker to use.

—*—

If you're investing for the first time, chances are you don't know a broker personally. So you consider the recommendation of a friend. Or recall a sign on a window that reads: "Member New York Stock Exchange." Or look for a member firm in the stock broker section of the Yellow Pages.

—*—

It's a good identification to look for, and easy to find. There are more than 3,300 member firm offices in 850 U.S. cities. They have some 33,000 brokers called registered representatives, including 1,700 women.

—*—

If you choose a broker in a member firm, there will be 174 years of Exchange history behind him. (In those first days, there were just 24 brokers.) Since then, members have evolved a remarkable set of rules and regulations to govern themselves.

—*—

Some of these relate to a firm's finances. One calls for maintaining adequate capital. Another prescribes an annual surprise audit by the firm's independent public accountant. And the Exchange itself makes periodic spot checks.

—*—

The registered representative who will serve you is a full-time broker. When he first became registered, he had to meet Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business.

SEND FOR FREE INVESTMENT GUIDE

"STOCKS ON THE BIG BOARD" is a comprehensive investment guide published by the New York Stock Exchange.

This new 32-page booklet groups by industries more than 900 common stocks out of some 1,200 listed on the Exchange... makes it easy to compare the growth in earnings per share, yield and dividend record of each stock with other stocks in its group.

The booklet also describes guidelines for wise investing, the significance of listed stocks, and the services offered by member firms. And it tells about the role of investing in an expanding economy.

To get your free copy send the coupon below.

His knowledge is yours for the asking. Terms and procedures often puzzle the new investor, so he'll expect your questions. He can explain the differences between common and preferred stocks and bonds. You may want to know how the commission is figured (one of the lowest for the exchange of any kind of property). Or exactly how your order will be executed.

—*—

You'll be wise to discuss your own situation with him, fully and candidly. How much should you consider investing, after providing for living expenses and emergency calls on your funds? Perhaps you have a specific investment goal in mind—growth of your money for retirement, education of your chil-

dren or a new house. Or dividends to bolster your regular income. Or the relative safety of principal and income that might draw you to high-grade preferred stocks or bonds. Or some combination of these objectives.

—*—

His is not a push-button world, of course. Whatever facts and advice he can supply about companies that attract you—their earnings, dividends, prospects as he views them—he can't guarantee you a profit. There will still be need for your own cool-headed estimation of the risks and chances of success.

—*—

As every investor learns, there are right and wrong ways to proceed. Choosing your broker carefully, knowing what to expect of him and how to use him, is the first step to wise investing.

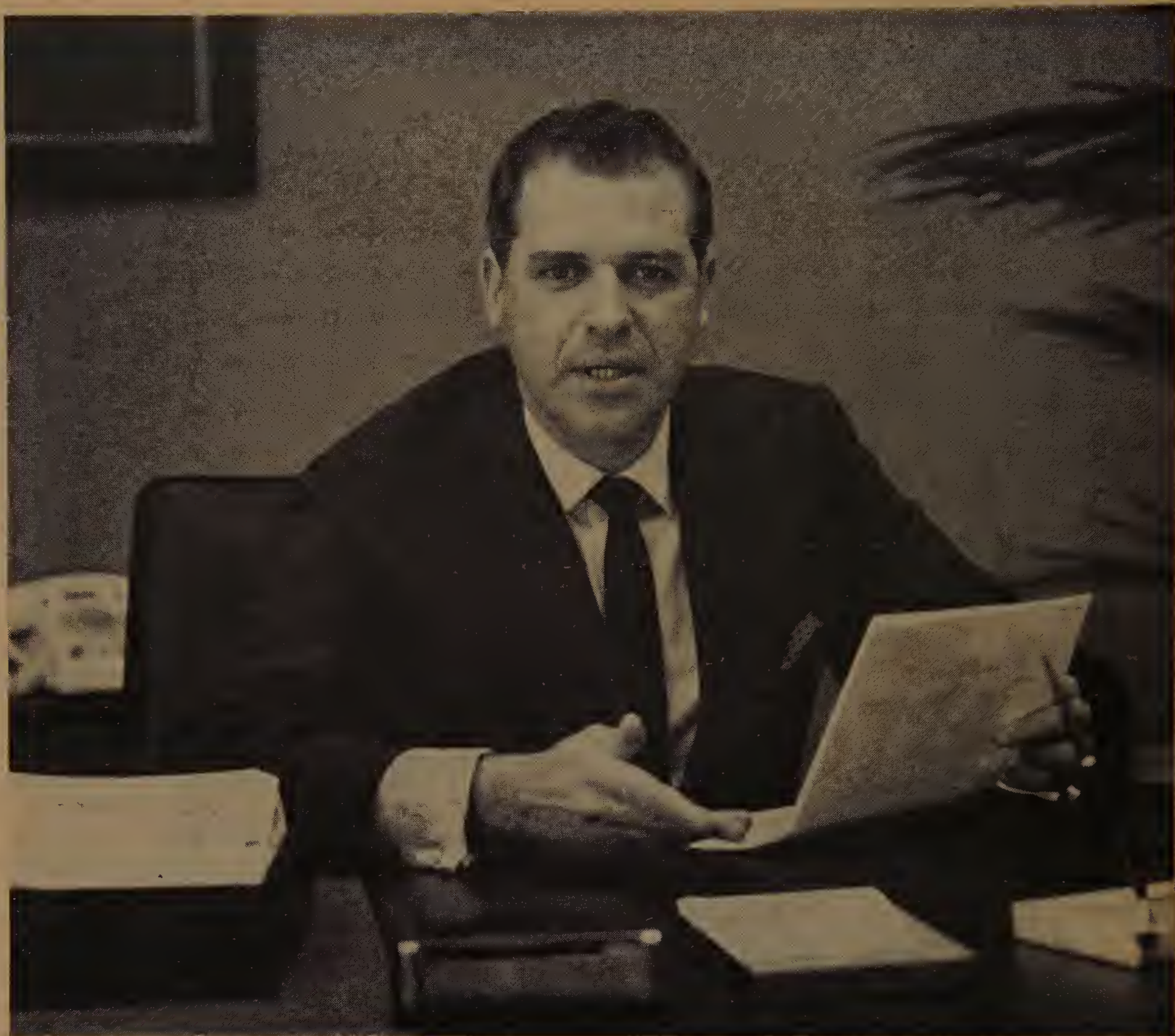
Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

Send for Free Booklet: "STOCKS ON THE BIG BOARD," new 32-page guide groups more than 900 stocks by industry for easy comparisons. Valuable to both new and experienced investors.

Mail to a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange in your community, or to New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 6-RT, P.O. Box 1070, New York, N.Y. 10001.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____



***"We've accomplished five or six years' growth
in two years—thanks to Long Distance!"***

***says Bruce Gordon, President, Todd Chemical
Company, Inc., Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y.***

"Over the past two years we have more than tripled our young business, selling by telephone," says Mr. Gordon, whose firm manufactures and distributes floor finishes, cleaners and disinfectants for industry.

"In 1964 we installed three WATS lines—that is, Wide Area Telephone Service lines—for which we pay a flat monthly charge regardless of number of calls made over the lines within the specified area. We then had eight telephone salesmen.

"In 1965, we expanded to eight WATS lines, and sixteen telephone salesmen. We feel that we

have accomplished five or six years of growth in two years, because of Long Distance. By probing customers' buying potential by telephone, our salesmen cover both nearby and distant markets without expensive, time-consuming visits. Our salesmen sell in a more relaxed manner without time pressure, and close more sales."

Can planned use of Long Distance similarly help your sales and profit picture? To find out, call your Bell Telephone Business Office. Ask for a Communications Consultant to get in touch.

AT&T  **Bell System**
American Telephone & Telegraph
and Associated Companies

Take a new look at Long Distance!



We'll introduce you to the Riviera for **\$14.** But there's a catch:

First, you'll have to take the direct flight (any day) from New York to Nice.

Then, you'll have to put up with an exciting tour of the Riviera by night, visiting the Monte Carlo Casino and a famous Nice nightclub, or dinner and a show at the Nice Casino Nightclub; double-occupancy room with bath at the famous, luxurious Negresco; a hearty American breakfast and a morning of sightseeing. It's all yours for \$14*.[#]

In flight, we'll entertain you with Festival-in-the-Sky music and movies** and treat you to the finest in authentic French food and wines.

For more information, see your Travel Agent, mail coupon, or call Air France.

*Effective Nov. 1, 1966–May 15, 1967. [#]Plus airfare ^{**}Available at nominal charge.

Air France, Box 707, New York, N.Y. 10011
Please send me your free Welcome-to-the-Riviera folder.

Name

Address

City State

Zip

à Votre Service
AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

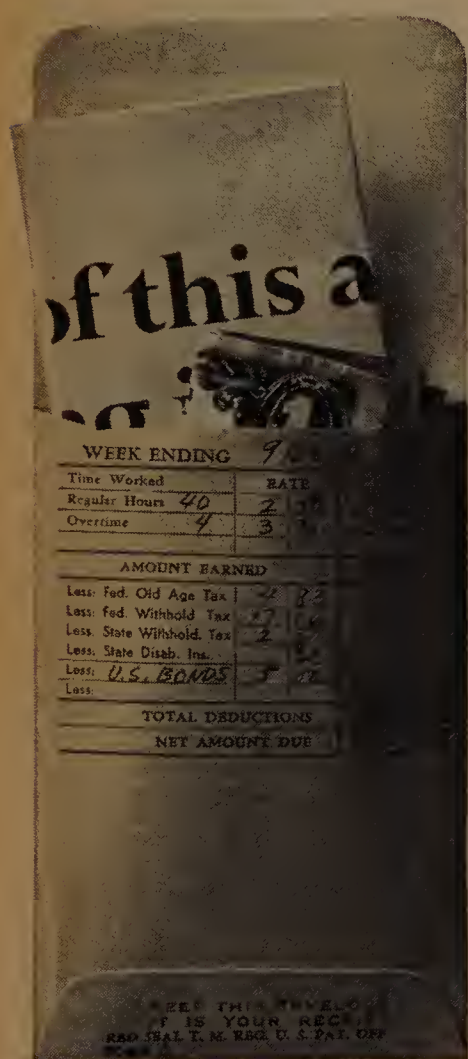


The Insiders have *Carte Blanche* to discover America:
The canyon that's grand. The cave that's mammoth.
The desert that's painted. The forest that's petrified.
The vineyard that's Martha's. The mount that's carved
for presidents. And the other legendary places across
the land. Your instant fare for jetting there? *Carte Blanche*.
The charge card for discriminating people. Not just
another commercial credit card, but the one that sets
them apart. Be an Insider. It takes a little application.
Pick one up where you see our emblem.



Affiliate of First National City Bank,
New York

A copy of this ad is going into every Avis pay envelope.



So they can't miss it.

People in this country don't believe everything they read in ads any more. And with good reason.

Most advertising these days is long on the big promise—a promise that the product doesn't always deliver.

And at times Avis is no exception.

A shiny new Plymouth with mud in the trunk or a spare tire with no air in it makes a liar out of Avis ads.

We can't police all the other advertising in this country. But we can live up to our own.

In our next ad we're going to promise customers that we'll get the rental form filled out within 2 minutes.

You can do it, girls. You've been trained to.

Let's see if we can keep Avis ads honest.



**Now you can jet there on Northwest.
Any day.**

And save up to 8 hours.



From now on, there's a new way to fly to Hong Kong—Northwest Orient Airlines.

It's the fastest way from the U.S.A.

You fly straight across to Seattle, where you step aboard a Fan-Jet that takes you direct to Hong Kong! (No switching airlines or changing planes in Tokyo.)

The route you fly on Northwest is the shortest there is. Compared to flying across the mid-Pacific, you get to Hong Kong up to 8 hours faster!

When can you leave? Just pick a day.

We leave for Hong Kong 7 days a week.

So, come on along. Fly the new way to Hong Kong. Take Northwest.

For reservations to Hong Kong (or anywhere in the Orient), call your travel agent or Northwest Orient Airlines.

We offer 25 flights weekly to the Orient. Direct service to Japan, Hong Kong, Korea, Okinawa, Taiwan, and the Philippines.

NORTHWEST ORIENT
THE FAN-JET AIRLINE





***come on
strong!!***

Get that "man-of-the-world" feeling in our Forward Fashion Outercoat. It's the "in" slim way to look. And it fits over our Forward Fashion Suit as though it was made for it . . . because it was. The Daroff Personal Touch does it with tapered-trim design, a custom collection of fabrics and proud tailoring. 'Botany' 500 gives you that worldly-wise look wherever you go. 'Botany' 500 Forward Fashion Outercoats from \$85.00, Suits from \$85.00, Sport Coats from \$50, Slacks from \$19.95.

go all the way with 'BOTANY' 500[®] tailored by Daroff
outercoats • suits • sport coats • slacks

For name of the nearest 'Botany' 500 dealer and free fashion booklet, write H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., Phila., Pa. (a subsidiary of Botany Ind.). Prices slightly higher in the West. Linings Sanitized[®] treated for hygienic freshness. Also available in Canada, Peru and Australia.



Available: 10,000,000 square miles... suitable for industries, cities, farms, mines...underwater

(The steels are ready, whenever you are)

In a world confronted with overpopulation and creeping starvation, man's very survival may depend on exploiting the tremendous wealth of the ocean depths.

This awesome, watery world is as alien to man as space itself.

Yet America's industrial and scientific technology will almost certainly permit man eventually to extract the mineral, animal, and vegetable wealth of these immense submerged plains. And to live and work there in comfort.

It should be possible for him to farm the very sea floor...mine countless minerals...feed and herd fish like cattle...dam the massive currents for electric power...tap known reserves of oil...capture undersea

springs of fresh water...suck up plankton with giant vacuum cleaners...even modify the weather by eliminating underwater causes of hurricanes.

Already, scores of America's scientists, engineers, and leading industries are accelerating undersea research and exploration. Right now, they are developing techniques to build the structures and equipment that man will use at the bottom of the sea.

Anticipating their needs, as we have in the past, Republic Steel Corporation, too, is deep in research and the production of ever stronger, lighter weight, corrosion-resistant, more dependable steels. Also,

Republic is now perfecting such advanced methods as electron beam welding *for fabricating steel structures underwater.*

At this moment, the long reach of steel from Republic is probing into areas wherever man's imagination needs it — from the ocean depths to outer space, from the heartbeat of man to the drumbeat of defense. *Republic Steel Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.*



You Can Take the Pulse of Progress at
REPUBLIC STEEL

CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101



This STEELMARK of the American Steel Industry on a product assures you it is modern, versatile, economical Steel. Put it on products you sell; look for it on products you buy.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 26

1 SPY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).* In "Sparrowhawk," the naive young ruler of a foreign country visits Las Vegas, where his holiday becomes a headache for Agents Robinson and Scott, assigned to protect him.

SINGER PRESENTS TONY BENNETT (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Tony Bennett, with eight top musicians as guest accompanists: Drummer Buddy Rich, Trumpeter Bobby Hackett, the Paul Horne Quintet and Bongo Artist Candido.

Thursday, October 27

IT'S THE GREAT PUMPKIN, CHARLIE BROWN (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Everybody out to the pumpkin patch to join Linus in his annual wait for the arrival of the Great Pumpkin. Also starring in this animated cartoon special: Lucy, Snoopy and Charlie Brown.

BEWITCHED (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.). When Endora (Agnes Moorehead) gives a Halloween party, wild doings are the order of the evening in "Twitch or Treat." Paul Lynde and Baseball's Willie Mays turn up among her guests.

THE CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Henry Fonda as the President in the 1964 film version of Burdick and Wheeler's bestseller, *Fail Safe*.

THE DEAN MARTIN SHOW (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Papa proudly presents his singing doll, 20-year-old Gail Martin, for the first time on TV. The welcoming committee includes John Wayne, Bill Cosby, Joey Heatherton, Rowan and Martin.

Saturday, October 29

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Still smarting from their World Series defeat by the Baltimore Orioles, the Los Angeles Dodgers fly across the Pacific hoping to find consolation in an exhibition game against the Yomiuri Giants in Tokyo.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:30 p.m.). *The Buccaneer* (1959), featuring Charlton Heston as General Andrew Jackson and Yul Brynner as Pirate Jean Lafitte in a tale of derring-do set in New Orleans during the War of 1812.

Sunday, October 30

FACE THE NATION (CBS, 12:30-1 p.m.). California's G.O.P. Gubernatorial Candidate Ronald Reagan faces the cameras this week with his opponent, Incumbent Democrat Pat Brown, getting equal time next week.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Vice President Hubert Humphrey on the firing line.

THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). The first of two special programs focusing on the personalities and issues in the major races of the 1966 election. The spotlight for the first show is on the gubernatorial races in California, New York, Michigan, Alabama, Arkansas and Georgia. Edwin Newman is moderator.

THE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Paul Newman, Elke Sommer and Edward G. Robinson in *The Prize* (1963).

THE ANDY WILLIAMS SHOW (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Andy hosts a sing-along with Bing

Crosby, Kate Smith, Tennessee Ernie Ford and the Young Americans.

Monday, October 31

THE LUCY SHOW (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Lucy advertises for "quiet, dignified companion" and a librarian (Carol Burnett) answers, in the first of a two-parter. When Carol arrives, she turns out to be anything but a mousy bookworm, and her real high-living, high-decibel self is exposed.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, by Frank Marcus, is an abrasive English comedy of cruelty about the games lesbians play. Beryl Reid, Eileen Atkins and Lally Bowers are expert and subtle as three witches, and their vivid interpretations of the foolish and servile, the vain and the vile, stir up a cauldron of laughter.

MAME is an all-out, smash-bang, pull-out-the-stops musical extravaganza that makes up in show-biz slickness what it lacks in artistic originality. Angela Lansbury turns in a fast-paced performance as Patrick Dennis' high-fashion, high-living aunt. But Jerry Herman's score seems to imitate his own past successes: the title song might be called *Hello, Again, Dolly!*

PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!, by Brian Friel, is the battle cry of a young man who finds that he must first defeat his past in a small Irish village before setting off to conquer the future in America.

SWEET CHARITY. In old-fashioned romances, the pure hero pursued the shy heroine until he won her. In this modern fable, the soiled heroine (Gwen Verdon) chases the effete hero until she loses him. Despite its melancholy theme, the musical is electric entertainment.

CACTUS FLOWER is a sex comedy from France that asks whether a Don Juanish dentist (Barry Nelson) should ask his adoring assistant (Lauren Bacall) to be his accomplice in a plot against his mistress. Would Samson ask Delilah to trim his hair?

WAIT A MINIMI It is not often that Broadway is serenaded by the sounds of the mbira, timbila, kalimba and tamera drone. But they are part of this musical revue from South Africa amusing and soothing the ears of theatergoers.

RECORDS

Jazz

THE JAZZ PIANO (RCA Victor). Half a dozen pianists take the stage at the Pittsburgh Jazz Festival to give a fine, festive survey of their art. The course starts with *Contrary Motion*, played by Willie "The Lion" Smith, professor emeritus of the bouncing left-hand "stride" piano, which Duke Ellington gracefully imitates in his impressionistic *Second Portrait of the Lion*. Starting out ever so simply in *Somehow*, Earl "Fatha" Hines soon fills all the spaces with increasingly intricate trills and runs. Most emotionally eloquent of the lot, Mary Lou Williams plays *45° Angle* and *Joycie* with declarative force and powerful swing.

TEQUILA (Verve) is the title song but not the flavor of the album. Though Wes Montgomery, the fine self-taught guitarist, can hold his own with the driving, jabbing

jazzmen of today, for the moment he turns relaxed and romantic. In such songs as *Little Child (Daddy Dear)* and *Midnight Mood* his big warm tone holds a strong melodic line that is echoed by a dozen violins and cellos, almost like a Roger Williams showpiece.

ADDITIONS TO FURTHER DEFINITIONS (Impulse!). Jazz, even in its short history, already has a crowded pantheon of dead or moribund "Greats" who can be heard only on 78s or reissues. Not so Benny Carter who, as a Chocolate Dandy in 1929, was one of the pioneers of the alto saxophone. Busy with Hollywood-arranging assignments, Carter seldom plays today; but this new recording finds him as fluent as ever, brightening his own up-tempo compositions (*Doozy, Come on Back*) with four other ebullient saxophonists at his side.

EL SONIDO NUEVO (Verve) is not a new sound at all but old-fashioned Latin dance music played by Vibrapionist Cal Tjader (*Soul Sauce*), along with half a dozen soft-spoken, hypnotic percussionists and a trio of growling, pulsating trombonists. What lifts the album to the top groove is the piano of Eddie Palmieri, whose syncopated rhythmic sallies are a quiet contrast to Tjader's smoothly bubbling vibes.

THE DISSECTION AND RECONSTRUCTION OF MUSIC FROM THE PAST AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF LALO SCHIFRIN'S DEMENTED ENSEMBLE AS A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE (Verve). The title is a tortured joke, but the music is airy and inventive, if a bit dry. It consists of jazz improvisations on classical, Renaissance and medieval styles of music. Several ensembles, one predominantly strings (*Beneath a Weeping Willow Shade*), one heavy on the horns (*Blues for Johann Sebastian*), are led by Schiffrin, who also plays an ornamental harpsichord.

BLUES ETUDE (Limelight). Oscar Peterson is still a topflight jazz pianist—a suave swinger with impeccable technique—crisp, fast and featherlight. But half these tracks catch him with a new drummer and bassist, and at times the trio seems merely to be making polite conversation. Oscar softly grunts and moans, rather surprising accompaniments for urbane offerings like *Let's Fall in Love* and *The Shadow of Your Smile*.

CINEMA

GEORGY GIRL. The rags-to-riches story of a butler's dumpy daughter is like a thousand eccentric English comedies, but it boasts one sterling asset in Georgy herself, played with vibrant good humor by 23-year-old Lynn Redgrave, daughter of Sir Michael and sister of Vanessa.

LOVES OF A BLONDE, the outstanding hit of this year's New York Film Festival, is a delightful Czech comedy written and directed by 34-year-old Miloš Forman. Slight but abrim with humorous insights, *Blonde* observes what happens when a pudding-faced pretty from a small town succumbs to a callow young piano player and follows him to his home in Prague.

THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY. An old woman, having spent long years in servitude as daughter, wife and mother, wins a new lease on life when her husband dies. She outrages her family by becoming the liveliest widow in Marseille. Played to perfection by the veteran star of the Paris stage, Sylvie (like many other French performers, she uses only one name).

CRAZY QUILT. Director John Korty fashions a modern fable about a marriage

* All times E.D.T. through Oct. 29, E.S.T. from then on.

If you're willing to go out of your way to help others, here's a fine way to help yourself.

Some men think nothing of driving an extra hour (and missing dinner) to straighten out details, no matter how minor, for a client.

Joe Gerson of Atlanta is this sort of man. So is Bill Davidson of Chicago. And Clarence Mollett of Hutchinson, Kansas.

It's no coincidence that these three are Equitable men. And it's not surprising that they are devoted to service. That's the way Equitable men and women are. And because so many people appreciate the service they provide, more and more of them are coming to Equitable for Living Insurance.

Not surprisingly, we need more representatives. Men and women, like the 8,000 or thereabouts we already have, who are willing to go out of their way to help others.

If you qualify (and it's not easy) you'll have many advantages.

The independence of being your own boss. The stature of being associated with a vital, progressive leader in the insurance world. The use of modern computers to help with your "homework." The services of Equitable's top staff experts to help you become a leader in all phases of Living Insurance.

If you want to earn a good living, can you think of any more rewarding way to do it than by helping others?

Drop a line to Senior Vice President Coy G. Eklund at our home office. Or arrange to meet a Man from Equitable in your area and let him answer your questions.

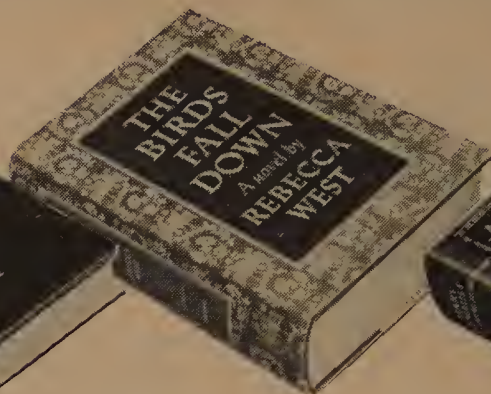
LIVING INSURANCE...FROM **EQUITABLE**



THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES Home Office: 1285 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019 An Equal Opportunity Employer, M/F @ Equitable 1966

OUTSTANDING BOOKS RECOMMENDED

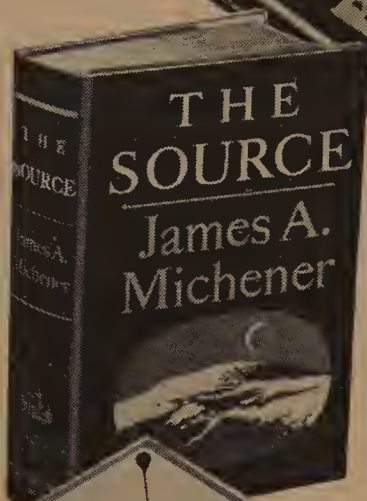
317. SATURDAY THE RABBI
WENT HUNGRY by HARRY
KEMELMAN. (Retail
price \$3.95)



325. THE BIRDS FALL DOWN
by REBECCA WEST
(Retail price \$5.95)



326. THE MASK OF APOLLO
by MARY RENAUULT
(Retail price \$5.95)



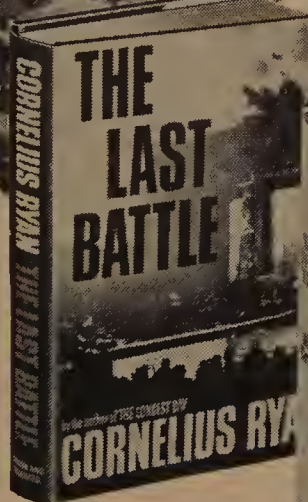
235. THE SOURCE
by JAMES A. MICHENER
Illustrated
(Retail price \$7.95)



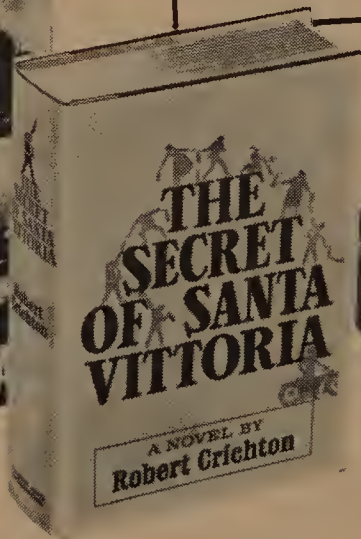
291. IN COLD BLOOD
by TRUMAN CAPOTE
(Retail price \$5.95)



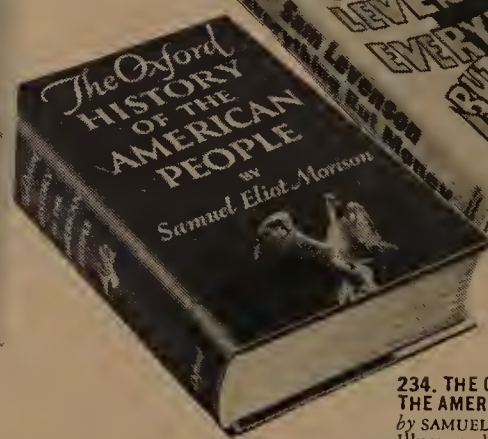
126. PAPA
HEMINGWAY: A
Personal Memoir
by A. E. HOTCHNER
Photographs
(Retail price \$5.95)



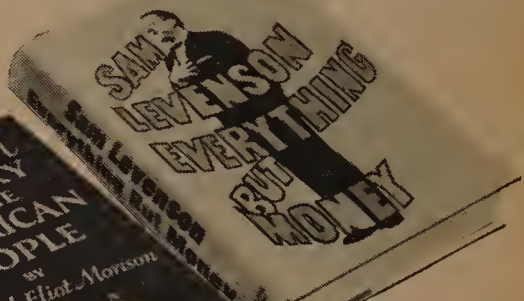
110. THE LAST BATTLE
by CORNELIUS RYAN
Photographs and maps
(Retail price \$7.50)



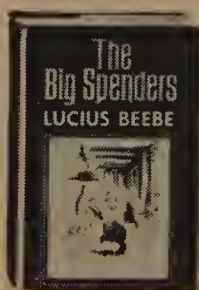
327. THE SECRET OF SANTA
VITTORIA by ROBERT CRICHTON
(Retail price \$5.95)



234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE
by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
Illustrated. (Retail price \$12.50)



340. EVERYTHING
BUT MONEY by
SAM LEVENSON
(Retail price \$4.95)



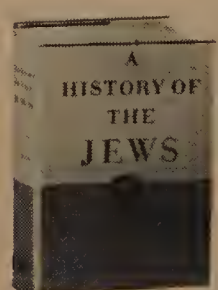
312. THE BIG SPENDERS
by LUCIUS BEEBE
Photographs. (Retail
price \$6.95)



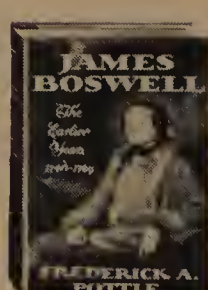
287. THE DOUBLE
IMAGE by HELEN
MAC INNES. (Retail
price \$5.75)



279. KENNEDY by
THEODORE C.
SORENSEN. (Retail
price \$10)



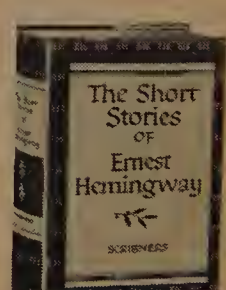
258. A HISTORY OF
THE JEWS by ABRAM
LEON SACHAR. (Retail
price \$7.95)



240. JAMES BOSWELL
The Earlier Years 1740-1769
by FREDERICK A.
POTTLE. Illustrated
(Retail price \$12.50)



630. TOM JONES by
HENRY FIELDING
Illustrated by
LAWRENCE BEALL
SMITH (Retail
price \$7.50)



487. THE SHORT
STORIES OF ERNEST
HEMINGWAY. (Retail
price \$6)

An Invitation to Readers

WHO MAY HAVE CONSIDERED MEMBERSHIP IN THE

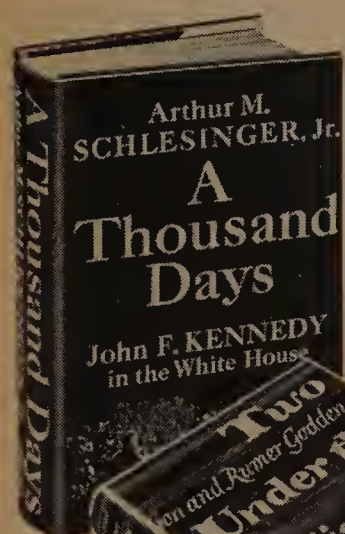
Book-of-the-Month Club

**ANY THREE
FOR ONLY \$1**

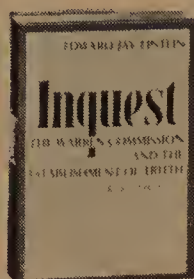
IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP

YOU SIMPLY AGREE TO BUY THREE ADDITIONAL CLUB
SELECTIONS OR ALTERNATES WITHIN TWELVE MONTHS

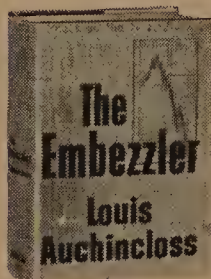
BY THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB



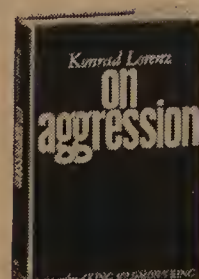
278. A THOUSAND DAYS by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. 1966 Pulitzer Prize for Biography. (Retail price \$9)



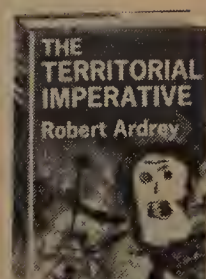
319. INQUEST by EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN Illustrated. (Retail price \$5)



108. THE EMBEZZLER by LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS (Retail price \$4.95)



316. ON AGGRESSION by KONRAD LORENZ (Retail price \$5.75)



324. THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE by ROBERT ARDREY. Illustrated (Retail price \$6.95)

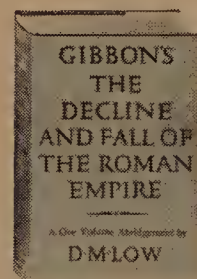
280. THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE by WILL and ARIEL DURANT. Illustrated (Retail price \$12)



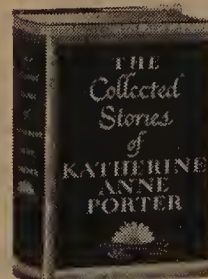
315. TWO UNDER THE INDIAN SUN by JON and RUMER GODDEN (Retail price \$5.50)



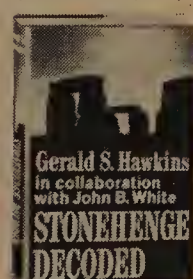
310. CHURCHILL: Taken from the Diaries of Lord Moran. Photographs (Retail price \$10)



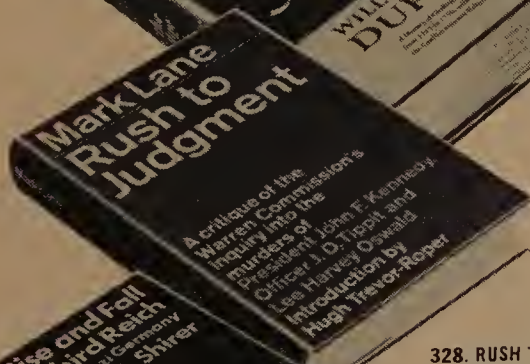
443. THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE by EDWARD GIBBON 1-vol. abridgment by D. M. LOW (Retail price \$8)



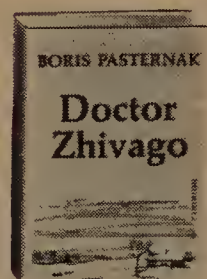
276. THE COLLECTED STORIES OF KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. 1966 Pulitzer Prize for Fiction (Retail price \$5.95)



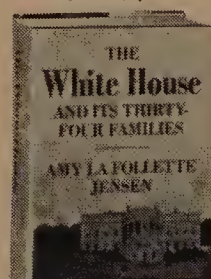
185. STONEHENGE DECODED by GERALD S. HAWKINS with JOHN B. WHITE Illustrated. (Retail price \$5.95)



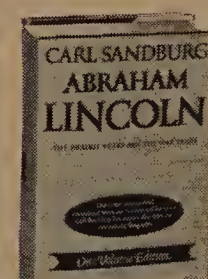
328. RUSH TO JUDGMENT by MARK LANE. Maps (Retail price \$5.95)



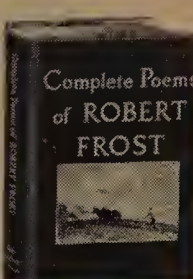
102. DOCTOR ZHIVAGO by BORIS PASTERNAK (Retail price \$5)



286. THE WHITE HOUSE AND ITS THIRTY-FOUR FAMILIES by AMY LA FOLLETTE JENSEN Illustrated. (Retail price \$12.50)



448. ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The Prairie Years AND The War Years by CARL SANDBURG 1-volume edition Illustrated. (Retail price \$7.50)



231. COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST (Retail price \$7)



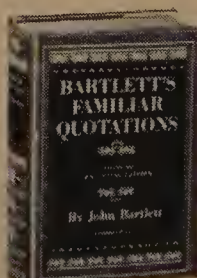
431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRDO REICH by WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Retail price \$12.50)

The most economical library-building system ever devised: BOOK-DIVIDENDS

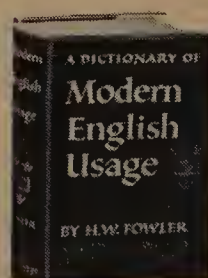
THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, by your own experience, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can keep you from missing, through overbusyness, books you fully intend to read—and that members' prices for these books will average 20% below retail prices—but, equally important, it will demonstrate another advantage enjoyed by members: Book-Dividends. Through this unique profit-sharing system Club members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway if they were not members.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will receive, with every Club choice you buy, a Book-Dividend Certificate. Each Certificate, together with a nominal sum, often only \$1.00 or \$1.50—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes—can be redeemed for a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from over 100 fine library volumes whose retail prices now average \$7.

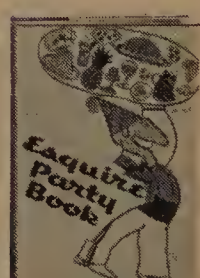
Since its inauguration the almost incredible sum of over \$370,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Book-of-the-Month Club members through this unique plan.



152. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS 13th edition. (Retail price \$10)



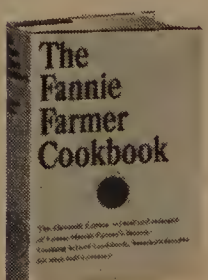
232. A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE by H. W. FOWLER. Revised edition. (Retail price \$5)



311. ESQUIRE PARTY BOOK by the EDITORS OF ESQUIRE Illustrated. (Retail price \$6.95)



320. EMILY POST'S ETIQUETTE. 11th edition. Revised by ELIZABETH L. POST (Retail price \$5.95)



182. THE FANNIE FARMER COOKBOOK 11th edition. (Retail price \$6.50)



161. JOY OF COOKING by IRMA S. ROMBAUER and MARION ROMBAUER BECKER Illustrated (Retail price \$6.50)



Enjoy the
identifiably
excellent martini—
it has a first name:

BEEFEATER.
First name for the martini



FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, NY • 94 PROOF • TRIPLE DISTILLED • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

English Leather®



...the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, \$2.00, \$3.50, \$6.50...the BATH SOAP, \$3.00
...the ALL-PURPOSE SPRAY LOTION, \$5.00 (refill \$2.00)...the SHOWER SOAP
ON A CORD, \$2.00...the SHAVING CREAM, \$2.00...the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, \$1.50
...the ALL-PURPOSE POWDER, \$1.50...the AEROSOL DEODORANT, \$1.50
...the DEODORANT STICK, \$1.00...the HAIR DRESSING, \$1.50...the gift set of ALL-PURPOSE
LOTION and AEROSOL DEODORANT, \$3.50...other GIFT SETS from \$3.00 to \$10.00

©MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, NEW JERSEY

between a realist (Tom Rosqui) and a romantic (Ina Mela), who learn to accept their differences after ten years of mutual misunderstanding.

THE WRONG BOX. Bryan Forbes has a high old time directing Michael Caine, Ralph Richardson, John Mills and Peter Sellers in a Victorian spoof of such varied subjects as vast fortunes, star-struck lovers, Bournemouth stranglers, venal doctors, missing bodies and orphaned cousins.

BOOKS

Best Reading

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU, by Jean Guéhenno. The character and egocentric doctrine of the erratic Rousseau, in many ways the first modern man, are brilliantly displayed in an excellent translation from the French.

THE FIXER, by Bernard Malamud. This fictional version of the Russian equivalent of the Dreyfus case—the Beiliss trial—becomes a vehicle for Malamud's probing analysis of the modern individual beleaguered by orthodoxies.

THE SECRET SURRENDER, by Allen Dulles. The organized surrender of 1,000,000 German and Italian troops a week before V-E day is ably recounted by former CIA Chief Dulles, who was its chief engineer and certainly knows a good spy story.

THE BIRDS FALL DOWN, by Rebecca West. This long novel about a Russian double agent explores the recesses of the Slavic mind without explaining much about Dame Rebecca's chosen specialty, the meaning of treason.

TREMOR OF INTENT, by Anthony Burgess. The unfailing Burgess wit, craftsmanship and intellectual curiosity combine to bring off a first-rate eschatological spy novel.

THE SUN KING, by Nancy Mitford. As an ornithologist studying the noble birds at Louis XIV's Court of Versailles, Author Mitford is more interested in song and plumage than ecology, but her illustrated portrait of that splendid monarch is a tidy job of dissection.

GILES GOAT-BOY, by John Barth. A huge surrealistic puzzler—or possibly a parable—about goatish activities on a far-out college campus that represents the modern world.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Valley of the Dolls, Susann (1 last week)
2. The Secret of Santa Vittoria, Crichton (2)
3. The Adventurers, Robbins (5)
4. Capable of Honor, Drury (4)
5. Tai-Pan, Clavell (3)
6. The Fixer, Malamud (7)
7. Giles Goat-Boy, Barth (6)
8. The Detective, Thorp
9. All In The Family, O'Connor (9)
10. The Source, Michener (8)

NONFICTION

1. How to Avoid Probate, Dacey (1)
2. Rush to Judgment, Lane (2)
3. Everything But Money, Levenson (3)
4. Human Sexual Response, Masters and Johnson (5)
5. With Kennedy, Salinger (6)
6. Flying Saucers—Serious Business, Edwards (7)
7. Games People Play, Berne (4)
8. The Search for Amelia Earhart, Goerner (9)
9. Papa Hemingway, Hotchner (8)
10. The Pleasure of His Company, Fay

A great new camera takes the guesswork out of fine photography!

(New Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic camera measures light precisely for perfectly exposed pictures)

Everybody's got at least one friend who is something of a hot-shot with a camera.

Chances are he dazzles you with a whole roomful of equipment. And he probably goes through some sort of black-magic mental contortions and dial twisting every time he takes a shot. But you've got to admit that his perfectly exposed pictures make yours look pretty drab.

Well, fret no longer, friend. You're just one easy step from joining the photographic elite.

A magnificent new camera is the answer. It's a camera that is simplicity itself to operate. Yet it will never fail to delight you with what it (and you) can do . . . because it has a wealth of professional know-how *built right in*. It's called the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic.

Pentax cameras, with their superb optics and brilliant engineering, have long been a favorite of photo hobbyists everywhere. But now the Spotmatic opens up the world of fine photography to every camera fan who can trip a shutter.

The secret is a revolutionary *through-the-lens exposure meter system* that is both automatic and unerringly precise. It assures you that you'll never again face the disappointment of ruining or missing one of those exceptional pictures or slides

through over- or underexposure.

It guides you infallibly, within the limits of film and available light, from the simplest situations to the most difficult and challenging conditions: severe backlighting, extreme telephoto, high contrast, low light levels, wild filters, ultra-closeups. And it does it all automatically.

You also save time and film because you can forget about taking extra shots "just to make sure." You *are* sure on every picture. You are sure of a quality of results simply unattainable by 98% of the cameras in use today, "automatic" or not!

Here's how it works. The Spotmatic's unique cadmium sulfide meter measures the light coming through the *taking aperture* of the lens. It reads the light from the *in-focus* image on the ground glass, which corresponds *exactly* to the image at the film plane. (There *are* cameras, selling for up to \$500, which read the image formed by the lens at full aperture. But these cameras merely *estimate* the light for the actual f/stop you'll be using and are only approximate when compared to the precision of the Spotmatic.)

Fast, foolproof operation. When you load your Spotmatic, you set the film's ASA number (from ASA 20 to 1600) in the

window of the shutter speed dial, automatically calibrating the exposure system. Then you set your shutter speed, focus and flip the meter switch to the "on" position. By turning the diaphragm ring, the meter needle you'll see in the view-finder is centered and you're set to shoot. Without removing your eye from the view-finder (and without engaging in digital contortions), you have made a perfectly exposed picture. It's that simple!

Today, the Spotmatic towers over every other 35mm single-lens reflex camera. It costs \$249.50 with 55mm f/1.8 lens, or \$289.50 with optional 50mm f/1.4 lens. It is, without a doubt, one of the four or five finest cameras in the world.

Who says so? The pros and the dyed-in-the-wool amateurs who started snapping up Spotmatics faster than we could deliver them.

But we were happy to adjust the supply rate. And now your nearest Honeywell Pentax dealer will be glad to explain why *he's* so excited about this remarkable new camera. Or, for more of the details first, just send us the coupon below.



New Spotmatic has through-the-lens exposure system, costs \$249.50 as shown here with superb 55mm f/1.8 lens.

HONEYWELL PHOTOGRAPHIC
Mail Station 209
Denver, Colorado 80217

34

Please send literature on the new
Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic to:

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

Honeywell
PHOTOGRAPHIC



New discovery recommended by thousands of dentists

Water Pik® helps clean effectively
for healthful care of teeth and gums.

Water Pik Oral Hygiene Appliance, in conjunction with regular brushing and regular professional care, lets you clean your teeth and gums in a new way never before possible at home. Recommended by thousands of dentists. Now used by more than half a million people *enthusiastically!*

Why?

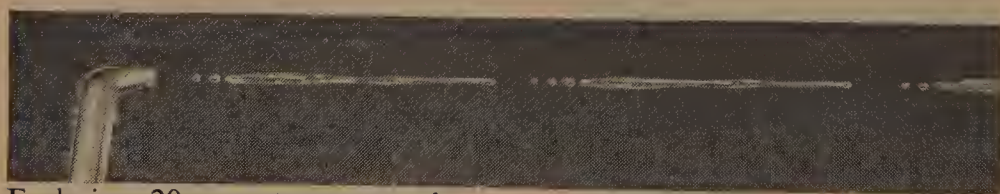
Because the Water Pik cleans in a refreshing new way — with a vigorous, pulsating jet stream of water. This Water Pik appliance now cleans hard-to-reach places your toothbrush may never even touch. Places which may often be left neglected between regular professional visits.

Who needs it?

Almost everyone. Because the Water Pik *cleans*, and *cleanliness* is the single, most important contribution you can make at home toward healthful care of teeth and gums.

How does it work?

What appears to be a steady stream of water is actually 20 separate spurts each second—to lift the loose gum margin and sweep out loose bits of food trapped underneath. To help clean pockets and crevices; between the teeth; even under and around orthodontic appliances, fixed bridges and partial dentures. Easy, pleasant to use. Individual tips. The Water Pik appliance is small, light, attractive. At leading retail stores everywhere.



Exclusive: 20 separate spurts each second make Water Pik uniquely effective.

Ask your dentist about Water Pik®

Oral Hygiene Appliance, Product of Aqua Tec Corporation, Denver, Colorado.





The Le Mans hardtop coupe.

Pontiac Motor Division



For people who love cars — a car that loves people.

If there's one thing we're good at, it's winning friends and influencing people. And our new 1967 Pontiac Le Mans is one of the winningest influencers we've ever come up with.

Could it be its standard 165-hp Overhead Cam Six? Or its luxurious all Morrokide interior? Or the list of options you can order that includes wonderful things like that hood-mounted tach up there? Or the 215-hp

OHC 6 with or without the Sprint option? Or the 250- and 285-hp V-8s? Or the standard safety items that include the energy absorbing steering column developed by General Motors, passenger-guard door locks on all doors and folding front seat back latches?

We're not sure. But we have a sneaking suspicion it's all these things. See your Pontiac dealer and find out.

67 Pontiac Le Mans/Ride the Wide-Track Winning Streak



NOW! FLORSHEIM BECOMES CUSTOM BOOTMAKER TO THE MEN OF AMERICA!



INTRODUCING WITH PRIDE FLORSHEIM ROYAL IMPERIALS *(They start at \$45)*

THE FINEST SHOES YOU'LL EVER WEAR



THE FINEST SHOES WE'VE EVER MADE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO 60606

MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

A DIVISION OF INTERCO INCORPORATED

LETTERS

Mabuhay!

Sir: This is one "Flip" who flipped over your cover story on the Philippines [Oct. 21]. It's all there—my country's "crazy kind of charm": from the potholed roads to careening Jeeps to urchins peddling the *sampaguita*, our national flower, plus all the reasons why I am proud to be a Filipino and can hardly wait to go back home. TIME, you're d'best! *Mabuhay!*

LETICIA JIMENEZ-MAGSANOC
Philadelphia

Breakaway Man

Sir: I am delighted that TIME saw fit to feature Walter Cronkite on its cover [Oct. 14]. I was vice president and general European manager of United Press International in London when Walter was brought over from Kansas City to cover the Eighth Air Force in World War II. Not only did he exhibit great courage in going on bombing raids, but he was one of the most industrious and responsible of all war correspondents. Many tough assignments were pitched to him, and he handled each superbly. I never had any doubt about sending him to Brussels and the Low Countries to handle U.P.I. coverage there, and then on to Moscow as bureau chief.

VIRGIL PINKLEY
Indio, Calif.

Sir: The other network puts two-on-one coverage on Walter Cronkite, but he still breaks away for a score every night.

MICHAEL L. KAPLAN
New York City

Sir: The warmth of your reporting was well bestowed on a man whose personal history we otherwise would not know, even though we have always sensed that there was something special about him.

HAYDN L. GILMORE
Aurora, Colo.

Sir: I am very closely acquainted with Walter Cronkite, and TIME's cover portrait infuriated me. Walter Cronkite does *not* have mud-brown eyes. He has the most beautiful, clear, bright blue eyes I have ever seen. Also the *bluest* blue eyes.

KATHY CRONKITE
New York City

► *Now the mud's in our eye.*

Throwing the Book at 'Em

Sir: Instead of spending \$27,567.17 to send one Cong to his Maker [Oct. 14],

I suggest we hit the guy with a Sears, Roebuck catalogue dropped from a plane with a \$200 credit coupon good for anything but firearms. The catch: he would have to come to Saigon to collect his refrigerator. Watching how my Vietnamese go to work on a catalogue, I know it will work.

LESTER L. TAGGS
Banmethuot, Viet Nam

Suicide in the Schools

Sir: Might not the high suicide rate among students [Oct. 14] suggest that there are too many young people in college who would be better off in the working world finding out what life is about? The tendency to push people through graduate school is too often motivated by monetary rather than humanitarian reasons. We end up with Ph.D.s who are expected to be leaders of men when their only experience is that of children going through school.

MRS. JACK McCULLOUGH
St. Louis

Between A & O

Sir: Your account of President Johnson's visit to Newark [Oct. 14] implies that his visit was poorly received, and says that "even Newark's Democratic Mayor Hugh Addonizio had left the scene before the presidential motorcade pulled away. L.B.J. had badly mispronounced his name." In fact, the President's reception amazed all except those of us proud to be among his staunchest supporters. Estimates of the crowd ranged from the G.O.P.'s 30,000 to the police's 50,000 and the Democrats' 70,000. At the end of his talk, Johnson was mobbed by well-wishers. It took his car 22 minutes, despite the best efforts of police and Secret Service, to move four blocks. How do I know? Because I was sitting happily with the President in his car. We had a fine ride to the airport and a good laugh at his mispronunciation of my name. He mispronounced it regularly when we were together in Congress, and he heads a long list of distinguished persons who have tripped between A and O.

HUGH J. ADDONIZIO
Newark

The South Has Risen

Sir: Thank you for making the break from conformity. TIME has too long remained among those so busy upholding the myth of Big Ten football supremacy [Oct. 14] that they have overlooked the

scoreboard evidence to the contrary. Big Ten superiority passed from the realm of fact to that of fancy long before the 1966 season. If you will use the same criterion by which Midwestern football came to be regarded as superior (national rankings, intersectional game victories), you will find that the Southeastern Conference has earned the distinction of being America's toughest league.

G. DANIEL MCCALL
Brevard, N.C.

Sir: So "little" Miami of Ohio defeated Indiana. We here in Oxford did not find that surprising; we expected it, for in recent years Miami has beaten Indiana twice, tied once and lost once by only five points. Also in recent years we have defeated Northwestern twice and Purdue once, and at present have the longest winning streak in the country. Miami now has 10,500 students on campus, so it is not exactly little.

RICHARD MIDDAGH
Oxford, Ohio

Lesson from the Text

Sir: As a graduate of the London School of Economics now in the doctoral program at Harvard Business School, I deplore the absurdity of Susan Cooper's attack on American education [Oct. 14]. She might have better served the truth were she familiar with the curriculum of an *English* university: the textbooks I used at L.S.E. were nearly all American.

ANNE JARDIM
Brookline, Mass.

Arguments Over the Law

Sir: Your entirely unfounded allegation [Oct. 14] that I "recently got around the traditional Orthodox opposition to birth control by ruling that . . . women are free to use contraceptive devices" must appear strangely inconsistent with your statement only seven weeks ago [Aug. 26] in announcing my nomination as Chief Rabbi of the British Commonwealth: "An expert on medical ethics, he frowns on contraception, points to the low birth rate among Jews, and fears that Judaism may some day vanish entirely." Both statements are wide of the mark and grossly misleading, written without consulting me or carefully reading my writings on the subject. In fact, Jewish law sanctions recourse to contraceptive devices only for grave medical reasons in individual cases, and I have never ruled differently.

(RABBI) IMMANUEL JAKOBOVITS
Fifth Avenue Synagogue
New York City

Sir: You write that "the Conservatives can drive on the Sabbath." The Conservative movement does not give a blanket endorsement to riding on the Sabbath. Doing so is permitted only when attendance at services would otherwise be unreasonably difficult or impossible. It is believed that the positive value of participation in public prayer outweighs the negative value of not riding. For other purposes, riding on the Sabbath destroys the sereinity and sanctity appropriate to that day.

(RABBI) ALVIN KASS
Editor
United Synagogue Review
New York City

Sir: The way to distinguish adherents of all three branches of Judaism, according to Jewish humorists, is to ask a Jew whether he fasts on Yom Kippur. If he says yes, he's Orthodox; if he says no, he's Con-

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

Mail to: TIME Subscription Service
540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611
Charles A. Adams, Vice President & Gen'l Mgr.

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

Subscription Rates in the United States and Canada: 1 year, \$10; 2 years, \$15; 3 years, \$19; 5 years, \$25. Subscription rates for all other countries available on request.

ATTACH
LABEL
HERE

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city

state

zip code



**We made the car
go faster.**

**And the engine
go slower.**

We've added a full 3 m.p.h. to the top speed of the Volkswagen.

If that doesn't sound like a lot to you, it's because it isn't. And wasn't meant to be. We put most of the power increase (from 50 horsepower to 53) into the lower gears. So you could climb hills easier. And accelerate quicker.

But we didn't do all this at the

expense of the engine. In fact, we made the engine turn even slower. So it would last even longer.

You'll be very happy to know this speedy new Volkswagen has dual brakes as standard equipment. If the front brakes should ever fail, the rear brakes will stop you. And vice versa.

We even put in some changes

you can see, like retracting seat belts, recessed inside door handles, and back-up lights. They're standard, too.

And so are the letters V-O-L-K-S-W-A-G-E-N on the engine lid.

So you'll recognize the new bug when it passes you.

With its new, slower engine.



servative; if he asks "What's Yom Kippur?" he's Reform.

MAURICE H. SCHY

Chicago

Mixing It Up

Sir: TIME's discourse on the growing popularity of vodka [Oct. 14] reminds me of the Air Force general who admonished his Martini-drinking Pentagon staff to lay off the stuff. "Drink whisky at lunchtime," he told them. "I'd rather have people know you're drunk than think you're stupid."

Here in Los Angeles vodka has been run over by a contraption known as a Mexican Edsel—half tequila, half V-8. (Wow! It sure doesn't taste like tomato juice.)

JACK BAILEY

Los Angeles

Sir: I'm glad to see the businessman's switch to lighter drinks at lunch; it may lead to a return of business in the afternoon, and who knows what this may do to the economy.

It may be "un Kir" in Paris, but dry white wine with *crème de cassis* is an old Burgundian pick-me-up known as *rinse cochon*, pig rinse. As Mayor of Dijon the good Canon Kir must know the drink's real name. I wonder if he finds it flattering?

HENRI FLUCHÈRE

Irrington, N.Y.

Sir: In Montreal recently, two fellow drinkers and I invented the Rose Between Two Thorns: vodka (one thorn), Dubonnet (the rose) and gin (the other thorn) on the rocks with a twist of lemon.

ALBERT A. LEWIS

New York City

Sir: A favorite in my home is the cranberry: two ounces of rum, the juice of one quarter of a large lime, and cranberry juice and ice to fill the glass.

GEORGE T. F. RAHILLY, M.D.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir: You forgot the best of the lot. Do ye nay ken the Scottish Mule? Scotch, ginger beer and a twist of lime make a very canty quaff.

KEITH A. DOBBINS

Bristol, Conn.

Hung Over

Sir: Reading about Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art [Oct. 7], I wondered why all downtown buildings cannot be constructed with the second story extending to the curb—no rain or hot sun on pedestrians, no ice or slush underfoot. The third floor could even be extended to the middle of the street!

MARJORIE L. GRAHAM

Huntington, Ind.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

TIME INC. also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and with its subsidiaries the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice President and Comptroller, John F. Harvey; Vice Presidents, Charles A. Adams, Bernhard M. Auer, Rhett Austell, Edgar R. Baker, Charles B. Bear, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, Charles L. Gleason, Jr., John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Sidney L. James, Arthur W. Keylor, Henry Luce III, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., Weston C. Pullen, Jr., James R. Shepley, Garry Valk; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messinger; Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Inge's, Richard B. McKeough.



1 out of 4 Americans belongs to BLUE SHIELD

Today more than 52 million of 200 million Americans are Blue Shield members. Furthermore, Blue Shield Plans provide protection for over 34% of the 149 million who pay for some form or other of medical care coverage. Since there are well over one thousand companies in the field of medical-surgical prepayment coverage, there must be a reason...or reasons...for this preference for Blue Shield. To find out, just clip the coupon.

find out why



BLUE SHIELD for doctor bills

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BLUE SHIELD PLANS T-1028
425 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611

Please send me _____ copies of your booklet on Blue Shield.

Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Effective immediately.



Your savings in an FSLIC insured savings account are now insured up to \$15,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, an agency of the United States Government. Congress has passed and the President has signed legislation, effective immediately, which will provide this additional protection to the public.

So now, in addition to sound management and substantial reserves, you have this added protection (up to \$15,000) by a U. S. Government agency, when you place your savings in an FSLIC insured savings and loan association where you see this emblem. Remember, **NO ONE HAS EVER LOST A PENNY** in a savings account insured by the FSLIC.

Insured Savings and Loan Associations

Where over 39 million people save with safety and profit

© 1966. The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc.,
1111 "E" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004

How good is Ballantine's Scotch?

Ask any bartender.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y. C.

Ever try to stop a landslide?

That's as hard as keeping people from buying Chryslers.

There must be a reason.

Reasons is more like it.

A fresh, proud Take Charge look.

An optional 440 cubic inch V-8. The biggest in the price class. So are the brakes.

A new 3-in-1 front seat for some models. Room for three when you need it. Converts to individually adjustable seats for two.



And the passenger side reclines.

As for price, four Chrysler Newport models (all full-size) are now priced just a few dollars a month more than the most popular smaller cars, comparably equipped.

Moving up is catching on. Small wonder.

Take Charge . . . move up to a

CHRYSLER '67



Illustrated above, the Newport Custom 2 Door Hardtop In Scorch Red.

Tune in Bob Hope Wednesdays and AFL Football weekly . . . NBC-TV.

CHRYSLER DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD.....ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT.....JAMES A. LINEN
SENIOR STAFF EDITOR.....THOMAS GRIFFITH

EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN.....HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.....ROY E. LARSEN

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS
James Keogh, Henry Anatole Grunwald

SENIOR EDITORS

A. T. Baker, Jesse L. Birnbaum, Robert W. Boyd Jr.,
Champ Clark, George G. Daniels, Michael Denarest,
William Forbis, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jameson,
Cranston Jones, Marshall Loeb, Peter Bird Martin,
Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Douglas Auchincloss, Gilbert Cant, Henry Bradford
Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles
P. Jackson, Leon Jaroff, William Johnson, Robert F.
Jones, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Ronald P. Kriss, Ed
Magnuson, Robert McLaughlin, Jason McManus, Mar-
tin O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, John M. Scott, Robert
Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Harriet Bachman, Laurence I. Barrett, John Blashill, Jon
Borgzinner, Gurney Breckenfeld, Joe David Brown, Clell
Bryant, Marshall Burchard, Richard Burgheim, John M.
Cavanagh, Gerald Clarke, Alton I. Clingen, Eugene F.
Coyle, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Arnold
Howard Drapkin, José M. Ferrer III, Richard J. Gwyn,
Piri Halasz, Bruce Henderson, Timothy M. James,
Stefan Kanfer, Ray Kennedy, Jerry Kirshenbaum,
Jonathan Z. Larsen, Alwyn Lee, George Love, Jeremy
Main, Matthew M. Mestrovic, Lance Morrow, Philip
Barry Osborne, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Alan
Walker, Edwin G. Warner, Bruce Williamson.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS

Essie Lee (Chief), Ruth Brine, Nancy McD. Chase,
Manon Gaulin, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia
North, Margaret Quimby, Marylois P. Vega.

Julie Adams, Virginia Adams, Susan Altchek, Ruth
Annan, Nancy Atkinson, Lu Anne Aulepp, Priscilla B.
Badger, Patricia Beckert, Jean Bergerud, Madeleine
Berry, Dorothea Bourne, Molly Bowditch, Sandra
Burton, Carol Ann Butcher, Rosemary Byrnes, Nicolette
Caliendo, Sara Collins, Kathleen Cool, Gillian Coxhead,
Mary Cronin, Beverley DeLucia, Monica Dowdall,
Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson,
Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Fung, Maria Glaser, Leah
Shanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Harriet Heck, Andria
E. Hourwich, Joy Howden, Nancy L. Jalet, Marguerite
Johnson, Helen Kane, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara
Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger,
Ingrid Krosch, Mary McConachie, Martha McDowell,
Evelyn Merrin, Marcia Minns, Nancy Newman, Hilary
Ostlere, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, Jane Pett,
S. Marion Pikul, Serena Rachels, Sue Rafferty, Madeleine
Richards, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, Betty
Suyker, Andrea Svedberg, Stephanie Trimble, Mary
Vanaman, Fortunata Sydnor Vanderschmidt, Susanne
S. Washburn, Brooke Wayne, Nancy Williams, Linda
Young, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS

TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE

Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
Donald Bermingham, R. Edward Jackson, Robert Parker.
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Edwin W.
Goodpaster, Bonnie Angelo, Walter Bennett, Martha
Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Jess Cook Jr., Kenneth Dan-
forth, Donn F. Downing, Hays Gorey, Jerry Hannifin,
Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, B. William Mader,
Michael J. McManus, John Mulliken, Bruce W. Nolan,
Christopher Porterfield, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur
White, John L. Wilhelm. CHICAGO: Loye W. Miller Jr.,
Edgar Shook, Jack Altman, Samuel R. Iker, Miriam
Rumwell. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, David C. Lee,
Joseph Lewis, Joel E. Reingold, John Shaw, Robert
Windeler. NEW YORK: James Bell, Nick Thimmesch,
Christopher T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Robert M. Smith,
Peter Vanderwicken, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA:
Harry Johnston, Arlie W. Schardt, Roger M. Williams.
BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Hugh D. S. Greenway. DENVER:
Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, Joseph J.
Kane. HOUSTON: Benjamin W. Cate. SAN FRANCISCO:
Judson Gooding, Richard Saltonstall Jr., UNITED NATIONS:
Frederick Gruin.

LONDON: Henry Luce III, Marsh Clark, Honor Balfour,
Peter Forbath, Horace Judson. PARIS: Curtis Prender-
gast, Keith R. Johnson, Robert T. Smith, Friedel Unge-
heuer, James Wilde. BONN: Hermann Nickel, Charles
Derecskey. ROME: Israel Shenker. MADRID: Piero Saporiti,
Gavin Scott. ZURICH: Robert Ball. EASTERN EUROPE:
William Rademakers. BEIRUT: Lee Griggs. HONG KONG:
Frank McCulloch, Loren Fessler, Karsten Prager, Arthur
Zich. SAIGON: Simmons Fentress, Dan Coggin, William A.
McWhirter, Donald Neff. BANGKOK: Louis Kraar.
NAIROBI: Dean E. Fischer. LAGOS: Alan H. Grossman.
NEW DELHI: Marvin H. Zim, James Shepherd. TOKYO:
Jerrold L. Scheeter, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shir-
ley. OTTAWA: John Beal, Courtney Tower. MONTREAL:
Martin Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed
Ogle. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Du-
can. RIO DE JANEIRO: Roger Stone, Barry Lando. BUENOS
AIRES: Mo Garcia. NEWSDESKS: Clara Applegate, Minnie
Magazine.

PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Robert C. Gordon

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS.....Lawrence E. Laybourne

GENERAL MANAGER.....John J. Frey

© 1966 TIME INC. All rights reserved. Reproduction in

whole or part without written permission is prohibited.

Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, New York

10020.

TIME, OCTOBER 28, 1966

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

TIME went to press last week only a few hours after the undefeated Notre Dame football team met unde-
feated Oklahoma—and trounced it 38-0. With Quar-
terback Terry Hanratty and End Jim Seymour on our
cover, it seems a good time to debunk the TIME “cover
jinx.” If an athlete dares to show his face on TIME’s
cover, so the old legend goes, he is doomed.

The record shows otherwise. TIME ran a cover story
on Cassius Clay when he was a glory-hungry Louis-
ville boy without a pro title to his name (March 22,
1963). Eleven months later, he took the heavyweight
championship from Sonny Liston, and has easily de-
fended the crown six times since then. Or take Racing
Driver Jim Clark. The week after the July 9, 1965
cover was written, Clark won his fourth Grand Prix
of the season, ended up World Champion of 1965.

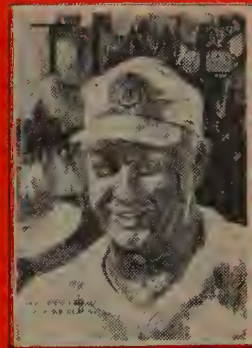
And what about Golfer Jack Nicklaus? Since his
June 29, 1962 cover, which marked his victory in the
U.S. Open, he has become one of the alltime big
money winners in professional golf. “I was more than
flattered to be on the cover,” says Nicklaus. “It’s silly
to worry about a jinx.”

The Cleveland Browns beat Dallas 24-17 the week
we came out with Fullback Jimmy Brown on the
cover (Nov. 26, 1965). More than that, the Browns
won the following two Sundays and captured the East-
ern Conference title. Brown himself was named Na-
tional Football League Player of the Year. When
TIME put Coach Vince Lombardi on the cover (Dec.
21, 1962), his Green Bay Packers beat the Los An-
geles Rams 20-17. Green Bay also won the N.F.L.
championship that year. How unlucky can you get?

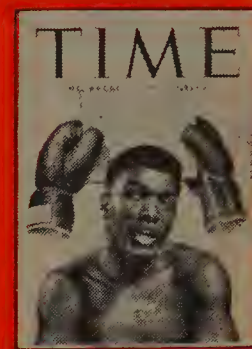
Then the alarmists cite the example of the San Fran-
cisco Giants’ Juan Marichal, who had a bit of bad luck
after appearing on our cover (June 10). But he fin-
ished the season as one of the two best pitchers in
the league. What about Hank Bauer? His Baltimore
Orioles seemed to have the pennant locked up, until
the Sept. 11, 1964 cover, after which they lost half
their games. Jinxed by TIME? “I don’t believe in that
stuff,” growls Bauer. He was named Manager of the
Year in 1964, and his team proved unjinxable earlier
this month when it walked off with the series.

The list goes on: Rafer Johnson won the decathlon
in the Rome Olympics right after his cover (Aug. 29,
1960); Shotputter Parry O’Brien (Dec. 3, 1956) cap-
tured the Olympic Gold Medal in Melbourne that
month; and Oscar Robertson (Feb. 17, 1961) is still
among basketball’s top scorers.

After Notre Dame’s victory last week—despite an
injury to Jim Seymour’s ankle—Teammate Hanratty
observed: “I don’t believe in jinxes. I think what hap-
pens is going to happen, regardless.”



NICKLAUS



CLAY



BAUER



CLARK

INDEX

Cover Story 50 Essay 32

Art 76	Medicine 68	Religion 44
Books 114	Milestones 108	Science 82
Cinema 111	Modern Living 65	Sport 50
Education 60	Music 92	Theater 90
Law 87	Nation 25	U.S. Business 99
Letters 17	People 42	World 34
Listings 6	Press 73	World Business ... 105



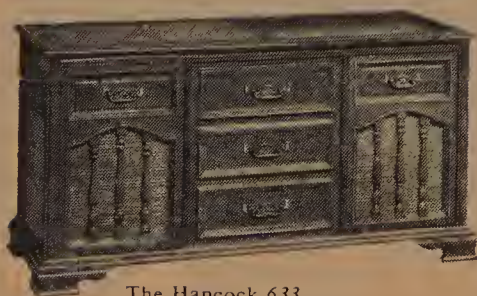
The Messina, Model 654 Italian Provincial in Walnut and Pecan, only \$450

Magnavox stereo is superior in every respect. Doesn't your home deserve the finest?

ASTRO-SONIC STEREO brings you the full beauty of music with unequaled tonal dimension and fidelity from your records, or stereo FM and FM/AM radio. This superb performance is maintained with lasting reliability because advanced solid-state circuitry replaces tubes; eliminates component-damaging heat.

Exclusive Micromatic record player is exceptionally accurate—completely eliminates pitch distortion. Feather-light 1/10-oz. tracking touch banishes record and stylus wear so your records can last a lifetime.

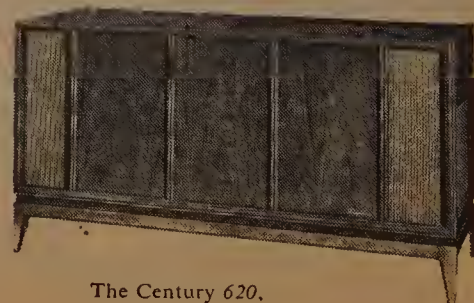
And every authentic style is a furniture masterpiece you will admire and enjoy for years.



The Hancock 633,
in Maple, only \$398.50

Magnavox is sold *direct* through franchised dealers (listed in the Yellow Pages) saving you middleman costs. Solid-state stereo console phonographs from \$149.50 and portable stereo from \$39.90.

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



The Century 620,
in Walnut, only \$298.50

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Oct. 28, 1966

Vol. 88, No. 18

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

On Top Down Under

Pravda sneeringly called it a "Hollywood panorama." Indeed, President Johnson's Asian odyssey did at times seem more like a Bob Hope extravaganza (*The Road to Manila?*) than a diplomatic errand of potential historic significance. The star of the show basked in all the attention he was getting from Hawaiian hula dancers and Samoan chieftains, spear-brandishing Maori warriors and confetti-throwing Aussies. His hand was puffed and bleeding from countless handshakes, his voice hoarse from scores of official and unofficial speeches, his feelings bruised by catcalling Vietniks and placards bearing such slogans as **THE YELLOW ROGUE OF TEXAS**. Even so, Lyndon Johnson was clearly relishing almost every moment of his first overseas trip as President.

In the first week of the President's 17-day, six-nation swing through Asia, he seized every opportunity to talk seriously to his audiences abroad and back home as well. He emphasized that his trip, far from being an electioneering gimmick, was undertaken with the compelling purpose of redefining America's role in the Pacific while encouraging Asia's emerging nations toward a new spirit of regional

unity and cooperation. Whether or not they can succeed, Johnson repeatedly made clear, is a question that cannot even be asked until the war is ended. Yet at the very beginning of his trip, even before leaving Dulles International Airport, the President emphasized that the problems of pacification and reconstruction in Viet Nam—not just of military strategy—were uppermost in his mind.

No Rabbits. Air Force One was loaded with Texas-sized steaks, low-calorie Dr. Pepper soda, tapioca pudding, and tons of communications gear. Ahead flew a jet cargo plane carrying the bubble-top limousine and the Secret Service's ponderous "Queen Mary." Behind flew two jets with 130 newsmen. Below, U.S. Navy vessels were strung out at protective intervals of 100 miles; all land-based U.S. military establishments en route were on alert until the presidential craft passed.

As soon as Johnson reached Honolulu, White House Press Secretary Bill Moyers, returning from a scouting trip of Asia, reported the unsettling news that many people anticipated spectacular developments at this week's seven-nation conference. Hastily, the President wrote some cautionary lines into his arrival speech. "We do not expect

to pull any rabbits out of any hats at Manila," he said. "We know that the greatest weapons in Viet Nam are patience and unity."

Grasping Realities. At the East-West Center on the University of Hawaii's campus, the President noted that while the U.S. was once interested in Asia chiefly as a trade outlet, and had thus pursued the policy of "the open door," its policy today "must be the policy of an open mind." He added: "I am convinced that we have now reached a turning point in Asia's history, in Asia's relations with the U.S., in Asia's relations with the rest of the world." More and more, he said, Asia is "casting off the spent slogans of narrow nationalism" and "grasping the realities of an interdependent Asia." Those realities, he noted, are that: 1) "the security of every nation is threatened by an attack of any nation," 2) "political power held by the few and the rich within a nation is power that will not survive," and 3) "Asia's destiny lies in the hands of Asians."

The President held out a tentative hand to Peking—and a warning as well. "We do not believe in eternal enmity," he said. "We look to the day when the policies of mainland China will permit reconciliation. But we are not pre-



PAINT-SMEARED PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE IN MELBOURNE



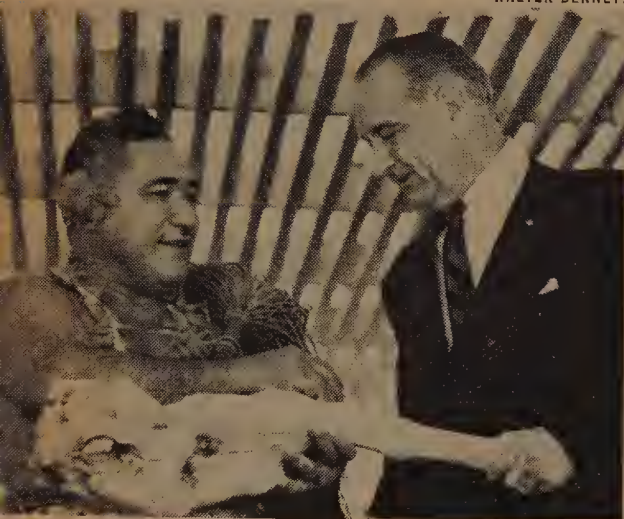
WELCOMING CROWDS IN SYDNEY

What was once merely an open door must now become an open mind.

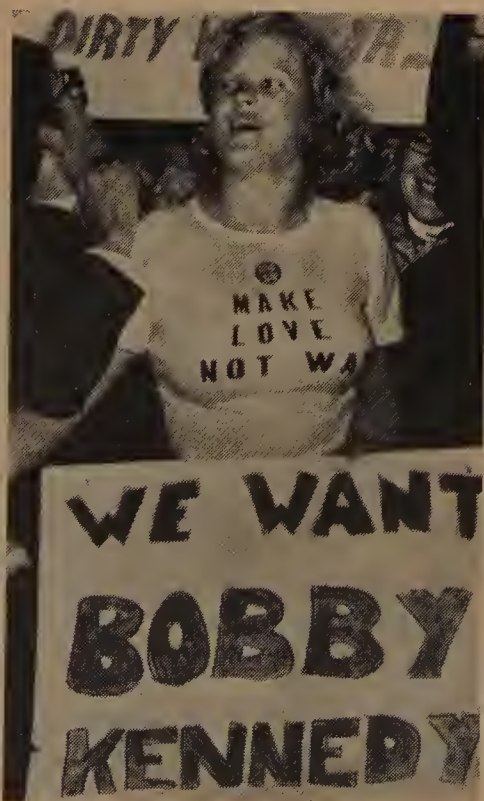


LADY BIRD & KANGAROO

WALTER BENNETT



IN PAGO PAGO



CANBERRA PICKET

The derring-do grew and grew.

pared to pay for peace with the price of freedom."

Pago à Go-Go. When the presidential party touched down for a 115-minute refueling stop at Pago Pago (pronounced *pongo pongo* or *pahgo pahgo*) on the American Samoan isle of Tutuila next day, nearly one-fourth of its 22,000 people turned out, carrying umbrellas and banyan branches against the blazing sun. Along the tapa-cloth welcome mat, 50 bare-chested chiefs and their wives took part in the Pago à Go-Go, draping the President with ulas—Samoan leis—made of shells. In an even more honorific ritual, the Johnsons were offered coconut shells filled with a bitter concoction made from pulverized roots and known as kava. Lyndon barely touched the cup to his lips; but Lady Bird, offered the cup by a chief with a hibiscus tucked behind his ear, gamely gulped about a teaspoonful (she allowed later that "it had a medicinal taste").

Heartening as were the turnouts in Honolulu and Pago Pago, the President's greatest reception awaited him after he crossed the international date-line. At New Zealand's Ohakea Royal Air Force Station, a grimacing Maori with a poised spear advanced on the Johnsons in the traditional "friend or foe?" challenge. In tribute to the first U.S. President to visit his country, the warrior dropped two darts at his feet (Queen Elizabeth rates three).

Astounded Wellington. In the handsome, hilly, normally staid city of Wellington, the President found that he was indeed regarded as a friend. There was some razzing from Viet Nam protesters; and the BOBBY KENNEDY FOR PRESIDENT banners that were to plague him throughout the area—including a huge one draped on a mountainside outside Wellington—began appearing. But the enthusiasm of the lunch-hour crowds that stood six and eight deep along Customhouse Quay and Lambton Quay outweighed the undercurrent of dissent. If the reception delighted Johnson, his reaction astounded New Zealanders, who are accustomed to the aseptic pomp of visits by British royalty. L.B.J. charged out of the bubble-top at practically every corner to shake hands, raised his hands over his head in a gesture made famous by Dwight Eisenhower, and delivered a few hundred choice words at every opportunity.

At a parliamentary lunch in Wellington, the President spoke of Viet Nam. "It is tragic that this war, this war of terror and bloodshed, must be fought before Asia can be fully free to wage the other war—against hunger and disease," he said. He put a question to the leaders of North Viet Nam: "What can be gained by continuing a war you cannot win? What can be lost by joining with your brothers in Southeast Asia in a different kind of war—a war for human dignity, a war for health and enlightenment, a war for your children and generations of children to come?"

Canine Greeters. In Australia, a fellow Texan—U.S. Ambassador Edward ("Big Ed") Clark—had taken pains to assure a smooth visit for the Johnsons and had a special 7-ft. bed installed for the boss. The Aussies did the rest. "He's a good bloke!" cried one old lady, and Lyndon felt that way about the blokes who lined the roads. Driving into Canberra, the President stopped his motorcade nine times to wade into cheering crowds, keeping Governor General Richard Casey waiting 30 minutes as a result. The performance left Prime Minister Harold Holt, who is up for re-election Nov. 26, in something of a daze. "I'm glad you're not standing for Prime Minister," he told Lyndon.

Roaring off to sedate Victorian Melbourne, Johnson found half a million people choking the streets. At one point, the President paused to review an honor guard of 57 canine greeters assembled by the Victoria Beagle Society and lifted one—not by the ears—onto the limousine's bubble-top. At another stop, Johnson stepped out for some handshaking, saw a young man with a placard reading L.B.J.—BLOODFINGER. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" chided the President. The boy put down his sign.

As the motorcade wound slowly through the streets, two brothers, aged 24 and 22, dashed out and dumped two plastic bags full of red and green paint over the windshield and top of the President's limousine. While Australian police hauled the men away, paint-spattered Secret Service Agent Lem Johns, who was unsure of what was happening, shouted to the President's driver, "Go . . . go . . . go . . .!" When the car drew up at Melbourne's Government House, the Johnsons emerged undaunted and undaubed (all the windows had been closed). "Well," cracked Lyndon, "we got a colorful reception."

In the Trenches. Sydney's welcome was even wilder—too wild, in fact. At the airport, the President enthused: "You've treated us like we really belong here." "You do, you do!" several men shouted in reply. Most Aussies plainly agreed. Cheering and waving, more than a million of them lined Johnson's eight-mile route into the city. But as his motorcade approached Hyde Park, several hundred demonstrators were waiting. They were well prepared. Australian intelligence reported that they had intercepted messages from Melbourne Communists advising sympathizers in Sydney on how to disrupt the President's visit. They tried hard enough, pelting the motorcade with toilet paper, black streamers and bomb-shaped balloons, screaming "Go home, fascist pigs!" and trying to hurl themselves in front of the slow-moving limousines.

It was the ugliest scene that Johnson has ever encountered. The Secret Service decided to take no chances, ordered the cavalcade to gun through the streets at 30 m.p.h., leaving thousands of friendly Australians with no more than a dis-

appointingly brief, blurred glimpse of the Johnsons as they whizzed by.

Despite the demonstrations, Johnson emerged on top after his days down under. Along with a planeload of gifts ranging from a brace of albino kangaroos to miniature Samoan canoes, he was accorded an impressive measure of approval—occasionally in spite of himself. Too often, the President seemed somewhat heavy-handed, particularly in his ponderous praise for Prime Minister Holt and his references to American affluence. He dwelt endlessly on his own limited wartime service in New Zealand and Australia; and his martial derring-do sounded more Mittyesque with each telling, until, at Melbourne's airport, he conjured up a picture of Navy Lieut. Commander Johnson side by side with the Aussies "in the trenches," battling the Japanese. Finally, at a Texas-sized barbecue (1,200 lbs. of steak, 800 double lamb chops, and strawberry ice cream in kangaroo-shaped molds) outside Canberra, the President turned up in full Western rancher's regalia—brown twill trousers, brown shirt, brown tie, brown jacket with brown leather presidential seal, cowboy boots and tan Stetson. The 750 guests, dressed in business suits and garden-party dresses, were slightly jarred by the sight.

Turning a Page. Winding up the first leg of his trip, the President flew to Townsville on Australia's northeastern coast to attend church, then flew into Manila to join Secretary of State Dean Rusk and the heads of state and Foreign Ministers of the six other nations attending the conference. The Philippine capital had a bright, brushed-and-combed look for his arrival: most of the potholes on main avenues had been filled; the pimps, prostitutes and "bini boys" (homosexuals) had been hustled out of sight; Malacañang Palace had been refurbished; and the aging Manila Hotel, where the delegations are holed up, got its first fumigation in memory.

In his prepared arrival statement, Johnson said: "I come to Manila at a moment when Asia and Asians are turning a page in history. With the government of South Viet Nam, six countries of Asia and the Pacific will take stock of the struggle against aggression. We each know that if aggression succeeds in Viet Nam, world peace is endangered as well as the national security of every nation in the region. For that reason we have each made the hardest decision a nation can make—we have sent our sons overseas to fight for the independence of another people."

In Manila—and during his subsequent visits to Thailand, Malaysia, Korea and possibly Viet Nam—the President intends to show that the U.S., like the nations of Asia, is also working toward new relationships. As South Korea's Foreign Minister Lee Tong Won told New York Times Correspondent Robert Trumbull last week, "Many people tend to think that Americans are high-nosed toward Asians. The Ameri-

cans fail to realize, on the other hand, that among emerging Asian nations the U.S. has more influence on new patterns of life than, for instance, China."

Lyndon Johnson's Far Eastern mission is an attempt to change both attitudes. He hopes to rally U.S. support for his Asian policies—not least at the polls on Nov. 8—while seeking to persuade the world that the U.S., far from being "high-nosed," genuinely wants to ally itself with Asians as an equal, not as a dominant partner. He is determined to convince the nations of the region that America, as a Pacific power, has no intention of abandoning Asia, nor has it any ambition there but to help create a better life for Asia's people.



FIRST THANKSGIVING
Everything but the railroads.

Now, the Grateful Society

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24, is only 16 days after Election Day. So why not get everyone in the mood early to celebrate life's manifold bounties? With this thought just possibly in mind, the White House last week composed a presidential Thanksgiving proclamation that, without actually mentioning the Great Society, suggested strongly that the U.S. should be the Grateful Society.

In one of the most palpably political Thanksgiving messages since 1866, when Lyndon's presidential namesake, Andrew, urged fellow Americans to thank the Almighty for the extension of "our railroad system far into the interior recesses of the country," the President last week issued a 468-word statement that proclaimed:

"Never, in all the hundreds of Thanksgivings, has our nation possessed a greater abundance, not only of material things, but of the precious intangibles that make life worth living. Never have we been better fed, better housed, better clothed. Never have so many Americans been earning their own way, and been able to provide their families with the

marvelous products of a momentous age. Nor has America ever been healthier, nor had more of her children in school and in college. Nor have we ever had more time for recreation and refreshment of the spirit, nor more ways and places in which to study and to enrich our lives through the arts."

More dressing, anyone?

THE CONGRESS

Reaching into the Future

After two of the longest, most grueling sessions in memory, the 89th Congress feverishly wound up its business last week and adjourned. With its final key measure, appropriating \$5 billion for various Great Society programs—the 50th major bill adopted in the current session—Congress had in 1966 alone approved legislation that ranged from an anti-jellyfish measure to a new antipoverty law, and authorized expenditures of some \$144.6 billion, second only to the \$147 billion that it appropriated for a world war in 1942.

The 89th was the first Congress to address itself—in its legislative thrust as well as its membership—to the U.S. as a nation of city dwellers. Largely concerned with "the real dynamics of urban life," in President Johnson's phrase, it marched against the problems of slum housing, overcrowded streets, underemployed minorities, inadequate schools, polluted air and water, rising crime, complicated tax structures and shrinking recreational facilities. And it produced its prodigious array of social and economic legislation in spite of the tension and upheaval caused by a costly war. Indeed, the 89th went further than any other in modern times to exorcise the once-fashionable lament that Congress has become hopelessly incapable of tackling 20th century problems.

Most Democratic members of the overwhelmingly Democratic 89th (294 to 139 Republicans in the House, 67 to 33 in the Senate) viewed these accomplishments with understandable partisan pride. Rhapsodized House Speaker John McCormack: "This is the Congress of fulfillment, the Congress of our accomplished hopes, the Congress of our realized dreams. The Democratic Party has again found political and social immortality." More matter-of-factly, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield observed last week: "Both the quality and the quantity of legislation were good. Of course, a great deal of it simply came to a head; previous Congresses deserve credit for getting ready much of what we passed this year and in 1965. In some areas, we have gone too far."

Far & Frenetic. Clearly, the 89th would have done greater justice to its own record if it had been allowed time in 1966 to review and refine the titanic body of legislation that it had mass-produced in 1965. Yet, despite the President's promise last fall that the Congress would have little else to do this year,

the Administration handed Capitol Hill a formidable new workload at the very start of the session.

In consequence, many of the hastily framed Great Society programs, however admirable, have not been carefully restudied in terms of cost, maximum efficacy and relevance to the nation's needs. Many state and city officials complain that such badly needed federal programs as the war on poverty and new educational ventures sometimes take too little account of local conditions. Federal specifications for the management of some antipoverty programs, for example, are the same in generally prosperous rural areas as in city ghettos; New York, with the highest number of addicts in the nation, gets no more dollar aid for the war on narcotics than Montana, which has almost no such problem.

Some of the 1966 session's most significant legislation was rammed through in the frenetic atmosphere of an eleventh-hour, election-year rush to adjournment. Out of the last minute stampede emerged such major congressional acts as creation of the 89th's second new Cabinet-level agency, the Department of Transportation; a near-record \$58 billion defense appropriation; a \$3.7 billion anti-water-pollution bill; a \$3.97 billion federal college-aid measure; a two-year \$5 billion extension of the Food for Peace program.

A New Relationship. The second session, like the first, heralded a broad, long-term change in the relationship between Washington and U.S. society. By adopting an auto-safety bill and a truth-in-packaging measure, Congress showed a new determination to protect consumers from hazardous products and dishonest marketing. Federal aid to education was expanded in this session to a total of \$10 billion—50% more than the entire U.S. budget in 1939.

The \$1.3 billion demonstration-cities bill opened the way—at last—for reconstruction of rotting city cores. The plan sets up a partnership between federal and municipal governments that aims to coordinate all phases of human and physical rehabilitation, from job-training programs to the dissolution of racial ghettos.

Rebelling a Bit. Thus, though many members were preoccupied by Viet Nam, the war did not dominate the 1966 session. Indeed, save for the fulminations of Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman William Fulbright and Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse, there was almost no meaningful opposition in Congress to the Administration's Asian policy. Yet, concerned by spiraling war costs and mounting resistance to civil rights legislation, many Democrats openly questioned the propriety of many new domestic programs.

As a result, Congress this year rejected a batch of legislation, notably: a new civil rights bill with a controversial open-housing clause, a proposal to repeal the right-to-work section of the Taft-Hartley law, a measure giving



HARPO CHASING BLONDE
High priests of higgledy-piggledy?

home rule to the District of Columbia. Beyond that, Johnson's foreign-aid requests were slashed by nearly \$500 million, and Administration measures to reform the Electoral College, create four-year House terms, and overhaul the 31-year-old unemployment-compensation system were never even brought to a final vote.

"Political Salesman." The President was determined not to ire voters by calling for a deflationary, across-the-board tax hike. Yet all through the second session, Johnson kept urging the Congress to keep his domestic programs at low price levels. To many members, his pleas smacked of election-year politicking, but when the final dollar total for programs passed over both sessions was added up, the 89th had actually allocated \$3.3 billion less than the President had requested. For the two years, the 89th had appropriated just under \$264 billion, an alltime record.

Many people did not like that part of the record. Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, whose cooperation had guaranteed passage of several controversial Administration proposals, expressed the opposition's reaction in characteristically flamboyant prose last week: "The Administration goes its higgledy-piggledy way; its high priests are no longer the flower of American culture but skilled political salesmen who pursue domestic social programs with the popeyed ardor of a Harpo Marx chasing blondes."

Whatever its high-priced shortcomings or long-term accomplishments, the 89th never did anything very easily or very early. Even the seemingly simple act of adjournment came hard. As the session plunged into its final hours last week, Senate leaders found themselves facing one last formidable obstacle, a tax bill to encourage foreign investment in the U.S. It had already passed the House, and the proposal itself was no serious problem. But it was loaded with so many assorted amendments (24 in all) that it was laughingly labeled "the Christmas tree bill." Tennessee's Democratic Senator Albert Gore opposed

one amendment that would allow taxpayers to allocate \$1 or \$2 of their taxes to a Government-operated presidential campaign fund. He threatened to call for a quorum count of the Senate, in the knowledge that it was impossible to find anything like the 51 members needed for a formal vote on anything—including adjournment.

Calling Brisbane. Senate Leader Mansfield finally managed to summon back enough campaigning Senators (many of them aboard Air Force planes) on Saturday to assure a quorum. The bill flipped through by a 31-22 vote. By late afternoon, Mansfield and Acting House Majority Leader Hale Boggs had made their traditional adjournment calls to the President—in Brisbane, Australia, waking him from a sound sleep. Said the President to Boggs, "Congress has done an outstanding job." Replied Boggs: "Go back to sleep, Mr. President."

Had this Congress been, as Lyndon Johnson claims, "the greatest in American history"? Certainly not in comparison with the First, which from the hazy outlines of the Constitution devised the working design of government that has guided the U.S. ever since. On the other hand, the needs of American society—if not the nature of Congress—have been transformed almost beyond recognition since then. Judged not only by the volume of legislation passed—which is unparalleled—but also by its direction, diversity and ultimate impact, the 89th may well rank in history's view as one of the most effective Congresses. The real import of the 89th lies in the shape of its influence on the future. Many of its far-reaching programs are now only beginning to make what surely will be a historic impact on American society.

THE ROCKIES

The Price of the Meal

While the Johnsonian consensus shows signs of nationwide strain, nowhere is the return to partisan normalcy more noisily evident than in the Rockies. In the leading electoral contests in Montana, Wyoming and Idaho, Republican candidates are keying their campaigns to a shared sense of resurgent conservatism. Democrats, for their part, are going somewhat less than all the way with L.B.J. The three races, all pretty much neck and neck, are made all the more uncertain by the frontier-style independence—economic as well as political—that still characterizes Rocky Mountain voting patterns.

Montana. Republican Governor Tim Babcock, 47, running for the U.S. Senate seat occupied by liberal Democrat Lee Metcalf, 55, maintains stoutly that "the rights of the people are being taken away" by Washington. Though Montana has elected only one Republican Senator in 60 years, the Governor strikes a responsive chord among the state's inflation-conscious cattlemen and lumbermen by demanding cutbacks in fed-

eral spending. Potentially, however, the most profitable issue for Babcock is the junior Senator's disagreement with the Johnson Administration's Viet Nam policy. While Metcalf advocates that the U.S. "pull out of the jungles and hold the enclaves we have in hand," Babcock attacks what he calls a "no-win" policy, urges intensified bombing in the North.

A high school graduate who built a successful trucking business, Babcock was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1960, acceded to the governorship two years later when Republican Incumbent Donald Nutter was killed in an airplane crash. Since barely winning election in his own right in 1964, Babcock has become a cocky, polished political performer. The G.O.P. has plastered the state with "Win with Tim" billboards and issued 30,000 bumper stickers proclaiming WE EAT MONTANA BEEF, NOT L.B.J. BALONEY.

Metcalf has little money for advertising. A burly onetime varsity boxer at Stanford University, he was a four-term Congressman when he won his Senate seat in 1960. Though a somewhat listless campaigner, Metcalf stands to benefit from the fact that Babcock, who has two years to go in his four-year term as Governor, promised in 1964 to serve it out. The Senator also invokes his congressional experience, while tagging Babcock as a political novice beholden to business interests—though Metcalf himself relies heavily on Big Labor's support. Above all, Metcalf is counting on help from Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield, the mahatma of Montana politics.

Wyoming. Like Babcock, Wyoming's G.O.P. Governor Clifford Hansen, 54, hopes to move from the statehouse to the U.S. Senate, is running hard for the seat of retiring Republican Milward Simpson, 68. Though Rancher-Banker Hansen can point to a fairly progressive record as Governor—including an increase in the state's minimum hourly wage from 75¢ to \$1—he is unmistakably conservative. Stumping the state, he blames inflation on needless Government spending, advocates that U.S. military commanders be allowed to go all out in Viet Nam.

Hansen's opponent is Democratic Congressman Teno Roncalio, 50. As

Democratic state chairman, Teno (rhymes with beano) aligned himself with the Kennedy forces in 1960, was elected to Wyoming's sole congressional seat in the Lyndon landslide of 1964. A brash, breezy campaigner, he acrobatically presents himself as both a loyal Great Society supporter and, in recognition of Johnson's sagging popularity, as completely independent of the White House.

The pollsters give Roncalio a slight edge. Benefiting from a Viet Nam stand that is firm, yet more restrained than Hansen's, he also gets mileage out of reminding voters—especially in the labor-heavy towns along southern Wyoming's Union Pacific Railroad tracks—that when union partisans packed the galleries during enactment of the state's 1963 right-to-work law, Hansen edgily dispatched National Guardsmen to the state-capitol basement.

Idaho. By contrast with Montana and Wyoming, Idaho's No. 1 contest—the race for Governor—is hopelessly muddled. The principal candidates, Republican State Senator Don Samuelson, 53, and Democratic Colleague Cecil Andrus, 35, stand at far ends of the political spectrum. The confusion began when Goldwaterite Samuelson pulled a stunning primary upset over progressive Republican Robert Smylie, whose twelve years in the statehouse make him the dean of U.S. Governors. Smylie had alienated voters with the state's year-old 3% sales tax, while Samuelson stayed neutral. To back the tax, the subject of a statewide referendum on the November ballot, Perry Swisher, 43, a Republican state senator and Pocatello newspaper publisher, jumped into the campaign as an independent.

Compounding the confusion, the original Democratic nominee, Lawyer Charles Herndon, was killed in a plane crash last month. The state Democratic Central Committee selected Andrus, who had lost to Herndon in the primary. Campaigning furiously to become Idaho's first Democratic Governor in 20 years, Andrus has grudgingly come out for the sales tax as essential to education and to other state programs. Samuelson, like conservative candidates in other mountain-state races, seems more concerned over price tags than principles, argues that state spending "has to

be held down to what Dad's pocket-book can stand."

Indeed, all three races hinge on the increasingly pervasive participation of government in the everyday lives of all Americans. When it comes to federal involvement, the Rockies may still have no overwhelming desire for the entire L.B.J. program. Still, the question before mountain-state voters is not one of feast or famine, but how much the Great Society meal should cost.

FLORIDA

A Wave Either Way

However they vote for Governor Nov. 8, Florida's electorate will opt for a new political climate in their state. The choice is between Robert King High, 42, a liberal, city-oriented Democrat, and Claude Kirk, 40, a conservative upstate Republican. Neither description fits any chief executive of Florida since Reconstruction. And for the first time since 1876, a Republican has a fair chance of winning.

Since Dwight Eisenhower's first presidential campaign, Republicanism in Florida, as in much of the Old Confederacy, has become respectable. G.O.P. national tickets carried the state in 1952, 1956 and 1960 and came within 43,000 votes of winning in 1964. The conservative Democratic establishment, backed by the pulp, citrus, mineral and commercial interests north of Dade County and Miami, clung to power in state elections.

"Demo-Kirks." The man who changed that, and thus gave Republican Kirk his big chance, was Tennessee-born Bob High, now in his fifth term as mayor of Miami. Proclaiming that "the issue is integrity," Teetotaler High upset Incumbent Governor Haydon Burns in an acrimonious Democratic primary fight (TIME, June 3). Burns has withheld support from High, and many Burns followers—including the wealthiest backers—have become "Demo-Kirks."

An Oklahoma-born investment banker who supported Goldwater in 1964, Kirk praises the outgoing Burns administration, while damning High with the same "ultra-liberal" label that Burns used. Kirk promises an "anti-tax, pro-business" administration to promote the "American dream," says he will increase



BABCOCK



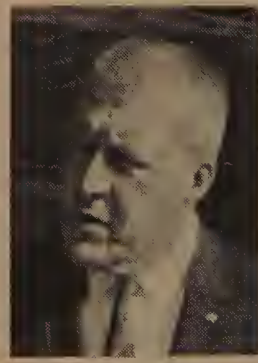
METCALF



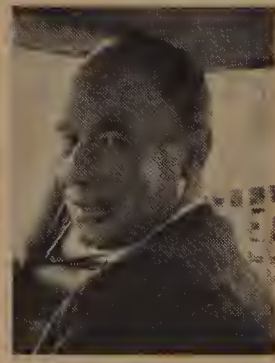
HANSEN



RONCALIO



SAMUELSON



ANDRUS

Made all the more uncertain by resurgent conservatism and frontier-style independence.

state revenue by \$1.3 billion over two years by luring new industry with tax breaks. "The only thing that prospers in Miami," says Kirk, "is crime." Though he avoids civil rights as an overt issue, Kirk's constant emphasis on High's ideological ties with the Johnson Administration needs no decoding.

"Loaves & Fishes." Such tactics have inhibited High. "The issue is still integrity," he says, but Kirk, unlike Burns, provides no target for this shaft. With the President's popularity sagging and racial tension a constant undercurrent, High has found it prudent to skirt national issues and play down his own progressive record on civil rights and legislative reapportionment. On the crime issue, the Dade County government, rather than the Miami mayor's office, has the primary responsibility for law enforcement; yet even to make this point would only underscore the ceremonial nature of his present job.

Still, High is not entirely without ammunition or allies. He derides Kirk's plans to cut taxes as the "miracle of the loaves and the fishes." High proposes instead to raise taxes selectively on both industry and consumers in order to spend more on education; to reform a tawdry state government with conflict-of-interest legislation and restrictions on lobbying; to streamline state agencies; to investigate "price gouging" on the part of food distributors, and in general to protect the "little people." Red-haired, slight and boyish-looking, High is a more effective and experienced campaigner than his earnest, somewhat ponderous opponent. "A political tidal wave is coming," predicts High. Last week, though six of Florida's seven major newspapers have come out for the Democrat, it still looked as though the wave could sweep either way.

VIRGINIA

The Squire of Rosemont

As much by disposition as descent, Harry Flood Byrd was an aristocrat. Like his fellow Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, he had doubts about a truly demotic society. In courtly but inflexible fashion, Byrd also believed that good government, like a good servant, should intrude as little as possible. He himself spent 50 years in public service, 33 of them in the U.S. Senate, and until the day of his retirement from politics in November 1965, he remained a gracious, gallant, increasingly isolated foe of big government and big spending. When he died last week of a malignant brain tumor, after lingering in a coma for four months, Harry Byrd, 79, had seen nearly every political theory he held dear invalidated by the clamorous demands of the age.

The Byrds came from England to Virginia in 1670, grew wealthy from 18th century tobacco plantations and the slave trade; Harry's great-great-great-great-grandfather founded Richmond, that nostalgic capital of lost causes. In the 19th century the family invest-

ed less shrewdly, and by the time Harry was 15, the Byrds were on the brink of bankruptcy. He quit school, took over management of a family newspaper and made it prosper. He also staked out a small patch of orchard near the little town of Berryville, expanded his preserve until it encompassed 5,000 acres, and eventually became the world's largest individual applegrower. Once established as the squire of Rosemont, his baronial estate in the lush, pristine hills near the state's northern border, Byrd plunged into Virginia politics.

New Deal Neophyte. Inheriting a powerful Democratic machine that his lawyer father had run for years, Harry won a seat in the state legislature in 1915, was easily elected Governor in 1925. Byrd soon established his credentials as a pragmatic Wilsonian liberal. During his four years in the statehouse, he turned the state's million-dollar defi-



HARRY BYRD SR. & JR.

Distaste for clamorous demands.

cit into a \$4,000,000 surplus, fought the then potent Ku Klux Klan, and rammed through the South's first tough antilynching law.

So impressed was President-elect Franklin Roosevelt that he decided, even before his inauguration in 1933, to appoint Virginia's Senator Claude A. Swanson as Secretary of the Navy so that Harry Byrd could fill his unexpired term. Though a fervent New Dealer at the time, Byrd was soon disenchanted by F.D.R.'s fiscal policies, principally his failure to make good on a campaign promise to cut federal spending by 25%. Years later, when the U.S. budget had mushroomed to 25 times its pre-Roosevelt size, Senator Byrd noted wryly: "I campaigned for the New Deal platform in 1932—and I'm still standing on it." Roosevelt and Byrd quickly became enemies; F.D.R. even tried to pre-empt all federal patronage in Virginia in a conspicuously unsuccessful effort to undercut the Senator at home. Byrd never again endorsed a

Democratic presidential nominee. By maintaining a "golden silence," he helped Republicans carry the Old Dominion in every presidential election from 1952 until the Johnson landslide of 1964.

"Economize, Balance, Reduce." The Virginian's philosophy of government was blunt and uncompromising: "Economize, balance the budget, make some substantial debt payments, and eventually reduce taxes in all the individual brackets and on business." Yet after he became chairman of the Senate Finance Committee in 1955, practically no one in Government heeded his homilies. For his part, Byrd used the powers of his position to slow down or distort legislation that he found distasteful.

He repeatedly delayed proposals for tax revisions, for increasing social security, and for instituting Medicare. His greatest anathema was civil rights legislation, which he condemned as "usurpation" of the states' prerogatives. Byrd masterminded—and named—Virginia's "massive resistance" to the Supreme Court's school-desegregation ruling; he denounced the 1964 Civil Rights Act as "unconstitutional and unworkable." Two years ago, Byrd was persuaded by his old friend, Lyndon Johnson, to stand aside and allow the President's income tax cut to go through. Thereafter, Harry Byrd continued to oppose the Administration with his vote, but not with his committee. "That," he said ruefully, "is how I help my President."

The Organization. While decrying federal "paternalism," Byrd ruled his own domain with a feudalistic hand. It was velvet-gloved, but his Virginia autocracy, known simply as "the Organization," was one of the most powerful the U.S. had ever seen. Year after year, its candidates were elected without opposition. Yet Harry Byrd was more patriarch than demagogue, and his organization gave Virginia vigorously honest, thrifty government for decades.

Byrd's machine stubbornly retained the poll tax to discourage voter registration; in 1961, only 17% of Virginia's voting-age population cast ballots in the gubernatorial election. The Organization—once described as "a molecular attraction of 18th century thinkers"—could never adjust to the complex needs of an increasingly urbanized state where Negroes in time became fully enfranchised, and the suburbs of Washington spread an ever-creeping tide of sophistication into the body politic.

The exigencies of change were clear to younger men. When Byrd retired and had his son, Harry Jr., 51, named to fill his Senate seat, he was criticized by Virginians for perpetuating his political dynasty. Young Harry markedly tempered his philosophy, is campaigning as a moderate, modern Democrat. He is considered a slight favorite to win on Nov. 8. And such is the continuing magnetism of the Byrd name that Harry Jr. will undoubtedly attract thousands of votes from Virginians who proudly uphold the memory, if not all the convictions, of Rosemont's old squire.

POLITICAL NOTES

Who's for Whom

► The nonpartisan National Committee for an Effective Congress last week urged Massachusetts voters to elect Republican Edward Brooke rather than Democrat Endicott Peabody, to the U.S. Senate.

► In New York, the Times and Daily News came out for Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller's re-election. Dr. James Murphy, Mrs. Rockefeller's former husband, joined a group of fellow medical men backing Democratic Challenger Frank O'Connor.

► In Maryland's gubernatorial contest, old Democratic Trusty Dean Acheson announced for Republican Spiro Agnew in preference to his party's nominee, George Mahoney, who is openly courting the anti-integration vote.

► The Arkansas Gazette broke nearly 150 years of Democratic tradition to favor Republican Winthrop Rockefeller for Governor over segregationist Democrat Jim Johnson.

► In Chicago, the Daily News endorsed Republican Charles Percy's bid to unseat Democratic Senator Paul Douglas, who is running for his fourth term. Douglas got the support of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

What the Polls Say

► The Gallup poll reported last week that the war in Viet Nam, racial problems and inflation—in that order—are the principal concern of voters in all parts of the U.S.

► In Illinois, the first week's results of a Chicago Sun-Times straw poll in urban, rural and suburban areas gave Chuck Percy a surprisingly large lead—58.5% to 41.5%—over Paul Douglas.

► In New York, the Daily News's statewide canvass found O'Connor edging ahead of Rockefeller, while two minor party candidates, Liberal Franklin Roosevelt Jr. and Conservative Paul Adams continued to draw significant support. The standings at week's end: O'Connor 40.4%; Rockefeller, 39.4%; Roosevelt, 13.5%; Adams, 6.7%.

► In Massachusetts, polls taken by John F. Kraft Inc. for the American Broadcasting Co. showed Brooke leading Peabody, 44% to 40%, with 16% undecided. In the race for Governor, Kraft reported Republican Incumbent John Volpe and Democrat Edward McCormack tied at 43% each, with 14% undecided.

► In Georgia, the first published gubernatorial poll reported Republican Howard ("Bo") Callaway ahead of Democrat Lester Maddox, 42% to 34%, with 24% undecided.

► In California, Don Muchmore's State Poll found that voters favor by a 2-to-1 margin the controversial Proposition 16, which would strengthen anti-pornography legislation by popular initiative. Known as the CLEAN amendment (for the California League to Enlist Action Now), Proposition 16 would broaden the criteria for declaring

material obscene and give police wide discretion in making seizures. Opponents argue that Proposition 16 amounts to unconstitutional censorship. Democratic Governor Edmund Brown, running for his third term, opposes the proposition, while his Republican opponent, Ronald Reagan, supports it.

THE DRAFT

Soldiers Without Arms

When a nine-man infantry squad set out one night this month to lay an ambush for the Viet Cong near the Bao Trai airstrip in the northern coastal region of South Viet Nam, Paul Widtfeldt Jr., an unarmed medical specialist, went along. Next morning, nine of the ten men were found shot through the head. Among them was red-haired, bespectacled Medic Widtfeldt, who had been killed while tending a dying bud-

Peace Churches. One reason is that to qualify as a C.O., an inductee must convince his draft board **not only** that he is "conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form," but also that he believes in a "Supreme Being." Many belong to the "peace churches," which sprang up after the Reformation and which, though their explanations are often more complex, in effect brook no compromise with the commandment "Thou shalt not kill." One faith, Jehovah's Witnesses, deems it a sin to have anything to do with conscription on grounds that each of its members is a minister and would be barred by national service from preaching; approximately 5,000 Witnesses went to prison rather than be inducted. Most peace churches, however, permit non-combat service, though some C.O.s refuse to wear uniforms.

The latter are classified 1-0 and per-

MICHAEL HIRSH—EMPIRE NEWS



MEDIC WIDTFELDT (RIGHT) IN VIET NAM
In this case, there was a special quality.

dy. For his courage, the Army revealed last week, Widtfeldt, 21, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, will be posthumously awarded a second Bronze Star; his first was presented in August, after he ran through withering Communist fire to save a wounded soldier. Such heroism in Viet Nam is not rare, but in Widtfeldt's case it had a special quality: he was one of nearly 8,500 draft-age conscientious objectors serving their country in and out of uniform.

The U.S. has granted special consideration to conscripts' religious scruples ever since the Civil War, when pacifists in both North and South were permitted to purchase military exemption or choose hospital work. Nonetheless, the number has always been infinitesimal: of some 10 million men inducted during World War II, only 37,000 were conscientious objectors; of 32,942,344 men registered by selective service since 1948, 20,000 say they are C.O.s; and despite the protest over the Viet Nam war, the percentage has remained constant.

mitted under the law "to perform civilian work contributing to the maintenance of the national health, safety or interest"—usually in hospitals or non-profit social agencies. About 5,000 C.O.s are engaged in such chores in the U.S. and nine foreign countries. Says a selective service official: "You have to be sincere to do the jobs they do. Pushing a bedpan around a mental hospital soon begins to wear pretty thin if you aren't."

Lone Protection. Those who object only to bearing arms are classified 1-A-0 and trained as Army medics; some 3,500 are now serving, scores of them in Viet Nam, where, almost to a man, they have won praise for their bravery under fire. Says one general: "There is the question of their courage. They have to prove themselves." They are quite capable of it. Said Medic Widtfeldt a few months before his death: "I feel the same as everyone else in combat—scared. My only protection is my faith in God."

WHAT THE NEGRO HAS—AND HAS NOT—GAINED

THE new factor in U.S. race relations and politics that has come to be known as backlash is more than merely the reaction of some white people to Negro rioting or cries of "black power." The attitude of many white Americans is influenced by the belief that the Negro has made great gains in a relatively short time, and that he now would do better to stop agitating and consolidate what he has won. At the same time, much of the new black militancy is a result of frustration over what many Negroes consider their snail's pace of progress. Beneath the passion and the rhetoric, these two opposing views pose a root question about the state of the Negro in the U.S. today: just what advances have—and have not—been made by the nation's 21 million Negroes?

The fact is that Negroes have progressed farther and faster than any minority in the history of the U.S., or almost any other nation. Considering that the drive for full equality did not really begin until after World War II and did not achieve the sanction of law until the Supreme Court struck down the old "separate but equal" doctrine in 1954, the gains have been nothing less than remarkable. Though whites still earn far more than Negroes (\$7,170 per family compared with \$3,971), Negro income has risen 24% since 1960 v. only 14% for whites. Today, just over one in five Negro families earns more than \$7,000 yearly, a figure that puts them firmly in the middle class. The Negro has enthusiastically participated in the U.S.'s steadily increasing material prosperity: nine out of ten Negro families own one (or more) television sets, two-thirds have automatic washers and more than half own cars. Negroes own 50,000 businesses and, while most of them are small groceries, beauty parlors or mortuaries, the nation has about 40 Negro millionaires and many thousands who are more than comfortably affluent.

Practically all of the gains have been made by the growing Negro middle class, which still constitutes a minority of the Negro population. That is the heart of the problem, for it leaves behind the lower-income, semiliterate Negroes, notably the families that are below the Government's \$3,000-a-year poverty line. This class contains 60% of all the nation's Negro youths, the very people who are in the vanguard of desire and disorder. While the income of the middle-class Negro rises, that of this great mass of Negroes is actually declining. During the 1960s, median family income for Negroes has dropped from \$3,897 to \$3,803 in Los Angeles' Watts, from \$4,346 to \$3,729 in Cleveland's Hough district.

This great disparity has created a profound hostility between the low-income Negro and his more affluent, well-educated, middle-class brother. Demoralized, alienated and apathetic, the slum Negro is bitterly jealous of those he scornfully calls "white niggers." The middle-class Negro, on the other hand, is troubled by the riots and the chants of "black power," which he knows hurt his cause. The gulf between the two is widened by the fact that the better-off Negro tends to demonstrate too little concern for those he has left behind. Almost alone among all U.S. ethnic groups, Negroes have no significant charity supported by their own people for their own people. The number of Negroes on the public-welfare rolls is increasing, and one-third of the nation's spending for public aid, education and housing (or an estimated \$3.5 billion in all) goes to Negroes, who constitute only 11% of the U.S. population.

Most of the Government's new antipoverty programs are directed toward the 2,800,000 poor Negro families. In many ways, they get more attention than the 9,100,000 poor white families, which are tucked away in such areas as the Appalachians and the Ozarks, the southern Piedmont, the Upper Great Lakes region and the Louisiana coastal plain. Half the people in the Job Corps and most of the preschoolers in the Head Start program are Negroes. By the latest official measure, poverty has been declining with equal speed among

both whites and Negroes—about $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ a year—but the Negro seems to have made more dramatic gains because he had greater ground to make up. The proportion of poor families among Negroes fell from 52.2% in 1959 to 43.1% in 1964, while that among whites declined from 20.7% to 17.1%. The Government figures that if all Negroes could be brought up to the average white American's level of affluence, employment and education, the U.S. economy's output would climb by \$27 billion a year, equal to 4% of the gross national product.

It is almost academic to ask what the Negro wants. He wants what the white man has. To him, that means not only possessions but opportunity and options. It means a fair shot at the necessities of jobs, education and housing, as well as at the intangibles of political power, social acceptance and a sense of pride. How much of that has he gained? Here is a balance sheet of the Negro's recently acquired assets and his persistent liabilities, compiled from material gathered by 30 TIME correspondents throughout the U.S.:

JOBS. The employment situation has become incomparably better for the middle-class Negro and worse for the lower-class Negro. While unemployment among whites has been declining this year and is now 3.3%, Negro unemployment has been climbing and is now 7.8%. This is primarily because the jobless rate in many black slums has soared to 25% and automation has eliminated a lot of menial and manual jobs traditionally held by lower-income Negroes. The overall figure nonetheless conceals the fact that countless job opportunities have opened for skilled and semiskilled Negroes in the past few years.

Negro employment in the professional and technical fields has soared 130% in the past decade: the number of Negro lawyers has increased 50% since 1950. In the South, well-educated Negroes are being hired for the first time as clerks, policemen, nurses in white hospitals and teachers in white schools. Boston's Negro newspaper has six pages of want ads for everybody from laboratory technicians to plasma physicists. In Milwaukee, Chicago and Providence, corporations have joined together to seek ways of finding more Negro workers and executive trainees; in Minneapolis, Omaha and San Francisco, corporate recruiters flock to interview thousands of Negroes at "job fairs." A dozen recently created personnel agencies specialize in Negroes, and almost every Negro graduate with a good college record can count on from three to twelve job offers.

Of course, discrimination is still far from eliminated. Some employment agencies, for example, use codes to alert prospective employers that the applicant is a Negro. The most unyielding barriers to the Negro's advancement are put up not by corporations but by the craft unions, which are so biased that it is easier for a Negro to become a physician or junior manager than an electrician or a plumber. A recent Labor Department survey showed that in Baltimore there were no Negro apprentices among the steam fitters, sheet-metal workers or plumbers; in Newark, none among the stonemasons, structural ironworkers or steam fitters; in Pittsburgh, none among the operating engineers, painters or lathers; in Washington, none among the glaziers, sheet-metal workers or asbestos workers.

Largely because of union bars, the incredible fact is that since 1957 the number of Negroes at work in the U.S. private economy has scarcely increased at all. The number of Negro jobholders has risen from 6,721,000 to 7,747,000 during that period, but the gains have been primarily in Government jobs. Negroes hold 23% of the city jobs in New York, 30% in Cleveland, 40% in Philadelphia. At the federal level, 13.2% of the nation's civil service employees are Negroes. Negroes sit in the U.S. Cabinet and on the Federal Reserve Board, act

as postmasters of two major cities (Los Angeles and Chicago); six are U.S. ambassadors, 16 federal judges. In the armed forces, the number of Negro field-grade officers (major through colonel) has jumped since 1962 from 769 to 1,319.

•
EDUCATION. While still appreciably behind the whites, Negroes have made impressive gains in education, particularly at the college level. Outnumbered by white students 30 to 1, they have raised their numbers in colleges and universities to 225,000—far greater than the total enrollments of the universities of Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Switzerland put together. Almost all the Southern universities now have some Negroes. Admissions officers at such universities as California and Stanford give preference to Negroes; like many other schools, Harvard often chooses Negroes over whites with equivalent academic records. So many scholarships are being offered that almost any talented, energetic Negro youngster can get into college.

For the Negro who never gets to the college level, things are considerably bleaker. In a recent study of 650,000 children, the U.S. Office of Education reported that, compared with whites, the average Negro child actually attends newer schools and has newer textbooks but is less likely to have modern scientific equipment or competent teachers. The Negro needs good teachers even more than whites because of greater deprivation in his family background. Eighth-graders in Negro slum schools, for example, commonly read at sixth-grade levels. The IQ of the average Harlem pupil drops from 90.6 in the third grade to 87.7 in the eighth grade. An extraordinary 67.5% of all Negroes fail the armed forces' pre-induction mental tests (v. 18.8% of the whites).

Four out of five U.S. students attend schools that are practically all black or all white. School segregation is rising in the North because an increasing number of neighborhoods are becoming wholly black. Ironically, integration has progressed far more rapidly in the South. Only 10% of the South's 3,500,000 Negro schoolchildren attend integrated classes, but that is twice as many as a year ago. Federal education officials say that 4,200 of the 4,600 Southern school districts have sent in "acceptable" plans for integration. But the increase is slowing down because Congress—itsself reacting to the reaction against Negro demonstrations and gains—has softened the penalties for noncompliance.

•
HOUSING. Getting good housing is perhaps the most difficult hurdle of all for most Negroes. One tragedy is that urban renewal often means Negro removal—replacing shacks with vertical ghettos for middle-income Negroes and forcing lower-income Negroes to move to even meaner slums. Because the Negro urban population has almost doubled since 1950, the ghettos are spreading. Negroes now constitute 27% of the population in Chicago, 37% in St. Louis, 39% in Detroit, 40% in Birmingham, 41% in New Orleans and Baltimore, 24% in Norfolk and 63% in Washington. Worried about being surrounded by Negroes, most whites flee to the suburbs when Negroes move into an urban neighborhood; there, barely 4% of all residents are Negro.

When given the choice, most Negroes are not terribly eager to live next door to the white man. Even in the 17 states and 31 cities that have enacted fair-housing codes since 1958, thousands of huge, moderately priced apartment towers are pure white. Despite a fairly large supply of open housing, the Michigan Civil Rights Commission estimates that, since 1958, fewer than 60 Negro families have moved into white areas. The Negro's desire to enjoy the superior schooling and housing of a white neighborhood is very much tempered by his fear of striking out alone. He has a long way to go before he will live side by side with the white man even in moderate numbers.

•
POLITICS. The advances have been enormous: the potential is even bigger. The number of Negroes running for elective office has risen 25% to 30% in the Democratic Party over the past two years alone. This autumn, a record 210 Negroes of both parties are trying for seats in state

legislatures, and hundreds more for other local offices. The number of Negroes in the U.S. Congress has risen from two in 1954 to six now; altogether, 17 are running for Congress this fall (eleven Republicans and six Democrats). Massachusetts' Republican Attorney General Edward Brooke is the first Negro since Reconstruction to campaign for the U.S. Senate on a major party ticket. Last November, Cleveland's Carl Stokes, a Negro state legislator, came within 2,000 votes of unseating Mayor Ralph Locher, and Houston recently became the first Southern city to appoint a Negro assistant district attorney, Clark Gable Ward.

Negroes will not live up to their full potential in politics until they become more diligent at the polls. While the number of registered Negro voters in the South has risen from 1,900,000 to 2,300,000 in the past ten years, scarcely 35% of the eligible Negroes bother to vote in local elections up North; by contrast, 85% of the Jews vote, and get commensurate rewards when politicians pass out patronage or nominations. New York's 16% Negro population elects only one of the city's 19 U.S. Congressmen, two of the 37 city councilmen.

•
SOCIAL ACCEPTANCE. The most obvious and humiliating forms of discrimination have become illegal or unfashionable (at least in the North), but there are subtler problems. The Negroes, like the Catholics and Jews before them, want to be welcomed in the private clubs, on the golf courses and at weekend parties with their co-workers and customers. As it is, the Michigan Civil Rights Commission estimates that 90% of its state's whites have no contact with nonwhites, and the situation is much the same elsewhere.

The Negro thus has to look inward and, in so doing, is slowly beginning to discover a long-submerged sense of pride. That sense is essential to remedying the lower-class Negro's other social and economic ills, since only pride can overcome the defeatist attitude that has contributed so much to his high rates of unemployment, illegitimacy, delinquency and crime. In Rochester, St. Louis and a dozen other cities, Negroes in the past two years have organized to clean up their neighborhoods, finance small businesses, pressure for school improvements and get police action to chase out the "white hunters," white men who crash the ghetto in search of black prostitutes. There is a trend among Negro coeds and career girls to wear their hair "natural" instead of attempting to unkink it by "conking"—rinsing it with lye and binding it with handkerchiefs. Yet for every Negro who flaunts his identity, a hundred try to camouflage it. Advertisements in the Negro magazines still hymn Nadinola skin bleach: "Lightens and brightens skin."

•
If not all Negroes covet white skin, all of them without exception seek after the white man's freedom of choice. The Rev. James Jones, the white Episcopal Urban Vicar of Chicago, who moved into a Negro ghetto, argues that Negroes will not live up to their full responsibilities and potentials as citizens until the white majority grants them that freedom. "In the ghetto," he says, "there are no choices, no power, no ability to make responses. Therefore there is no responsibility." Considering that the U.S. is the first society in history to adopt as its national goal the full economic integration and social equality of different races, the Negro's choices are widening with fair rapidity. The U.S. has certainly come an incredibly long way since Abraham Lincoln, shortly before the end of the Civil War, asked his logistics experts to determine whether the U.S. could muster enough transportation to export the Negroes—only to be told that Negro babies were being born faster than all the nation's ships could carry them from the country.

The Negro has been a permanent part of America ever since then, and perhaps the greatest advance of recent years is the realization by white people that his problems cannot be ignored. The Negro's recent progress, far from making him content, has greatly intensified his aspirations. The job of helping him to meet his legitimate needs may well continue to be the nation's most urgent piece of domestic business for decades to come.

HERBLOCK—THE WASHINGTON POST



ASSORTED SUMMITS
No rattles, no slaps.

CONFERENCES

How the Balance Has Changed

As the seven fighting allies of the Pacific converged on Manila last week, two other groups of allies were winding up conferences. Their cautious confrontations were a reminder of how the world's balance of ideological power has altered in the past decade.

How to Reunite? In Moscow, the leaders of nine Communist nations* gathered for a secret summit and a show of Soviet spaceshots. Not long ago, such a gathering would inevitably result in barbed blasts at the West accompanied by the rattle of rockets or the slap of brick on mortar. Not so last week. In their bland communiqué, there was not one howl at the "imperialists," not one threat of "burial." Indeed, the haste with which the meeting was called implied a response to Washington initiatives rather than a new move by Moscow. What the Reds talked about remained a mystery. Presumably, the question of coping with Red China was on the agenda. And no doubt they dealt with the tricky balance of peaceful coexistence with the U.S. and a search for Red victory in Viet Nam.

Whatever the subjects were, they were discussed in quiet voices. Even the space spectacular at Baikonur, the Soviet missile site deep in Central Asia, was a bit *sotto voce*. Instead of the multinational, six-man lunar shot that some observers had predicted, the Russians showed their guests the launch of a radio-and-TV-relay satellite named Molniya (Lightning). About the only clue from the Moscow summit was a

negative one: in the list of slogans promulgated last week for the 49th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, a key phrase was missing. For the first time since 1918, the Soviets failed to say, "Workers of the world, unite!"

How to Nonalign? The question of unity was also on the agenda in New Delhi, where the leaders of the world's three original "nonaligned" nations met last week. Yugoslavia's Josip Broz Tito, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and India's Indira Gandhi did not quite know why they were getting together. Nostalgically recalling the good old days, Nasser remarked that the world was no longer so sharply split between East and West. "Our world is still governed by strife," he added, as if to suggest that this, at least, was reason to gather.

Only a decade ago at Bandung, 29 nonaligned leaders gathered for ten days to prescribe a cure for the cold war's ills. Since then, many of the non-aligned world's leaders have fallen: India's Nehru is dead; Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, Algeria's Ahmed ben Bella and Indonesia's Sukarno have dropped from supreme power. Indeed, nonalignment itself badly needs redefinition: the former nonaligneds have hardly anyone left to nonalign with.

Payments Are the Problem

The changed world circumstances were also reflected last week in Bonn, as U.S. and British delegations sat down with West German officials to bargain for more German marks for Allied soldiers. Almost forgotten were the old fears of a sudden rush of Soviet tanks into Berlin. In fact, Britain and the U.S. were clearly more concerned with their balance-of-payments problems than they were with the Communists.

Britain is so hard pressed that it insists that Germany buy enough goods

to offset the \$215 million-per-year cost of the 55,000-man British Army of the Rhine. Otherwise, they intend to start immediate reductions, trimming the BAOR by perhaps 50% within the next 18 months or so.

The U.S. threatens to reduce the 218,000-man Seventh Army by 25% unless the Germans come through with substantial purchases. If cuts must come, the Americans hope that they can make them without impairing the army's fighting efficiency; the first reductions would probably be made among supply and support troops. U.S. planners argue that cutbacks would not matter greatly, since by 1970, when the 700-troop-capacity C-5A jets come into service, the U.S. will be able to lift troops overnight from strategic reserves in the U.S. to prepared combat positions in West Germany.

The slightest hint of Allied troop withdrawals unhinges the West Germans, who do not share their Allies' conviction that the Soviets have grown less aggressive. But the Germans argue that they cannot finance heavy purchases of British and U.S. equipment. Unless they are willing to undergo some belt tightening to raise additional funds, they may be forced to acquiesce to a thinning out of Allied troops.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Maneuvers Before Manila

Saigon's sputtering Cabinet crisis flared again last week, and in its brief glare, Premier Nguyen Cao Ky began looking like an artful Asian politician. Once again the dissident Southerners in Ky's 26-man Cabinet tendered their resignations en masse. Their aim: to undercut Northern influence in the government and solidify a Southern bloc of soldiers and civilians for next year's



TITO & NASSER WITH INDIAN PRESIDENT RADHAKRISHNAN

A nostalgic recollection of the good old days.

* Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, Russia, Outer Mongolia and Cuba.

national elections. The seven dissidents reasoned that Ky would do anything to avoid a messy internal dispute on the eve of the Manila Conference. "The general idea," said one Southern Cabinet Minister, "was to force the government to resolve our problems before Manila."

Principal problem: how to get rid of Ky's tough but tactless security chief, Brigadier General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, 35, who last month offended the Southerners by nabbing one of their number, and seldom bothers to conceal his contempt for the Southern group as a whole—or any other critics of Ky. Loan, like Ky, is a Northerner who went south after the 1954 partition. The two were fellow pilots in the Vietnamese air force, and when Ky took power last year, he promptly asked Loan to be his director of national security.

Today, as absolute ruler of every civilian and military police and intelligence agency in the country, Loan (pronounced low-on) commands a force of 65,000, serves as Ky's eyes and ears—and sometimes fist. It was Loan who cracked down on the Buddhists during last spring's riots in Hué and Danang. He has taken over control of Saigon's sloppy port security, sharply reducing theft and graft, is currently using his National Police to clean up An Khanh, a shantytown across the Saigon River that seethes with smugglers and bandits. Southerners accuse him of building a police state. "Hell, no," he says. "We don't even have enough gasoline to keep our Jeeps on 24-hour patrol."

Recognizing the Southerners' attack on Loan as largely a device to further their own political interests, Ky has flatly refused to go along with their demands that his security chief be fired—though he did agree to issue a public reprimand to Loan for last month's incident. This was not enough to placate the angry Southerners. Their prime mover last week was Economics Minister Au Truong Thanh, 41, who flew into Saigon from Washington with fury blazing behind his tinted bifocals. In a private session with Ky, he once again demanded Loan's dismissal. Otherwise, Thanh would not accompany Ky to Manila. "So you want to leave?" Ky asked quietly. "What can I do?" The other six Cabinet members were given the same shrug. "If you want to resign," they were told, "we cannot stop you."

Confused as to whether or not their resignations had been accepted, the Ministers fell easy prey to Ky's maneuvering: he appealed to their vanity and simultaneously hinted at a compromise after the Manila talks were over. In the end, only Economics Minister Thanh made good his resignation. Labor Minister Nguyen Huu Hung agreed to accompany Ky to Manila. And who remained behind to take charge of the government when Ky flew off to Manila at week's end? Deputy Premier Nguyen Luu Vien, one of the most outspoken of the Southern side.



KY ACCEPTING MONTAGNARD ALLEGIANCE IN RICE WINE CEREMONY
After 1,700 years of second-class status.

Rights for the Mountain Men

Far deeper than the North-South Cabinet split was the wound that Premier Ky sought to heal last week at Pleiku. There, on the edge of Viet Nam's serrated central plateau, he sat down with leaders of the rebellious *Montagnard* tribes, whose demands for equal treatment have plagued every Saigon government since 1954.

The problem of the mountain men has been centuries in the making. Primitive aborigines who wear loincloths and worship ghosts, they are descended from natives who occupied the Indo-Chinese peninsula long before the Chinese-related Vietnamese moved south some 1,700 years ago. The Vietnamese took over the rice-rich coastal plains and the Mekong Valley, pushing the aborigines into the rugged, jungle-thick mountains to the northwest.

Into the Hills. French colonial policy kept the highland *Montagnards* and lowland Vietnamese apart. Tribal courts were allowed to judge *Montagnard* morals and property disputes, while Paris encouraged the teaching of tribal languages—and French—in the highland schools. *Montagnard* troops fought in separate units under French officers, just as the Gurkhas and Rajputs did in Britain's Indian army.

Trouble between Saigon and the highlands began in 1954, when President Ngo Dinh Diem's regime attempted to "assimilate" the million-odd *Montagnards*. Tribal schools and courts were abolished, and 200,000 Vietnamese moved into the hills—often violating tribal tenure rights to grab rich land along the highlands' racing rivers. In Darlac, a Vietnamese province chief decreed that *Montagnards* must wear shirts and slacks; in Pleiku, *Montagnards* were forbidden to build their houses on

stilts. By 1958, the tribesmen were completely dispossessed: Diem denied them title to their lands.

Arms or Acquiescence. That gave rise to Fulro, a *Montagnard* nationalist underground movement meaning "United Front for the Liberation of the Oppressed Races." In September 1964, Fulro rebels captured five Special Forces camps in the highlands and along the Cambodian border, killed 50 Vietnamese troops, and seized the radio station at Ban Me Thuot—a highland town of 30,000 that serves as the *Montagnard* capital. Premier Nguyen Khanh tried to calm the *Montagnards* with enlightened promises of a bill of minority rights, but political instability in the capital made implementation of the new policy impossible. The Viet Cong also made a play for Fulro, but were as unsuccessful as Saigon in winning either the *Montagnards'* arms or their acquiescence. All through 1965, Fulro's 3,000-odd irregulars fought on both sides of the Viet Nam war: they killed dozens of Viet Cong and (in two *Montagnard* mutinies) 32 South Vietnamese.

Early this year, Saigon resumed negotiations with the *Montagnards*, and last week Premier Ky flew to Pleiku with the bill of rights that they had long sought. Already, he had met one of Fulro's demands by setting up a special commission for *Montagnard* affairs, named a *Montagnard* to head it. He promised to return tribal lands to *Montagnard* control, create a special *Montagnard* pennant to be flown alongside the national flag, and set up an elite highland military force under *Montagnard* command. Nine *Montagnard* representatives now sit in Saigon's Constitutional Assembly, and tribal languages are again being taught in highland schools. More than 500 scholarships have been granted to *Monta-*

gnards; two students left last week for studies in the U.S.

During a three-hour ceremony at Pleiku, Ky sat impassively in his black uniform and lavender scarf, removing his gloves only to put on the brass bracelets that symbolize *Montagnard* friendship. Solemnly, 250 *Montagnard* rebels knelt before him to pledge allegiance to the Saigon government. Then, as Ky, a host of government officials, and U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge looked queasily on, the *Montagnards* poured rice wine over the Premier's boots and slashed a water buffalo to death in honor of the Saigon visitors. Fortunately, the sacrifice took only five minutes rather than the usual hour or more. Both lowlanders and highlanders seem to have learned something about cross-cultural sensibilities.

bamboo stakes smeared with excrement that will poison his blood. Stepping on an invisible thread can trigger a crossbow's arrow into his chest, and stepping on a half-buried nail can pierce the detonating cap of the shotgun shell beneath his foot. The door of a village hut may be rigged to a battery of exploding spikes, the clothes hanging on a peasant's wall may be wired to a grenade, and the Buddha on the family altar is liable to explode. Such tempting war souvenirs as Viet Cong flags are almost sure to give their collectors an unexpected bang.

"The Japanese were strictly amateurs compared to these guys," says a veteran Marine officer. "We got a 14-year-old boy the other day, and it turned out that he was a bigger demolition expert than most Marines. He'd been

LAOS

Just a Little Rebellion

Vientiane, capital of Laos, Land of the Million Elephants, has had its share of troubles recently. First came floods—supposedly caused by an irate dragon after someone stole its eggs. Last week came bombs.

It was 8:30 in the morning, and the streets were crowded, when a dozen ancient T-28s rattled over the city from the south. Working with remarkable precision, they avoided civilian targets, unloaded on army headquarters, the airport, and the command post of Royalist Army Strongman General Kouprasith Abhay. At the same time, a military radio station began broadcasting a declaration from coup-happy Laos' latest "Revolutionary Committee." The



BAMBOO TRAP



BOOBY-TRAPPED MARINE



IRON SPIKES

Every soldier on every patrol knows that his next step may be his last.

The Thread of Death

When the French fought in Viet Nam, they called it *la sale guerre*—the filthy war. It has grown even more so. The serawny Viet Cong guerrilla, who has always fought from the shadows, has become an expert in the art of booby traps. At the beginning of this year, 20% of all U.S. wounded were the victims of Charlie's booby traps and land mines, and the casualties are growing. In the U.S. Marine sectors alone, booby-trap incidents have increased from an average of three a day in January to nearly eight a day last month. Wherever he goes, every foot soldier on every patrol knows his next step may be his last.

Bed of Stakes. So devilish have Charlie's contraptions become that not even veteran demolition men can be sure of avoiding them. Land mines lie buried in paddy trails; coconuts filled with explosives hang in jungle trees. A nylon trip wire can plunge a man onto a bed of iron spikes—or needle-sharp

rigging and setting mines for six years."

Bouncing Betty. Until recently, the V.C.'s most lethal trap has been the U.S.-made "Bouncing Betty," 1,400 of which fell into enemy hands last spring. A two-stage antipersonnel mine triggered by a trip wire, Betty is kicked a yard in the air by a small preliminary charge, then explodes into hundreds of tiny fragments. "Anybody within ten feet of it is going to lose both legs," says a Marine colonel.

To reduce their losses, most U.S. units in Viet Nam now send their combat troops through special crash courses in booby traps. The Marines have cut in half the number of casualties caused by each mine by an order that men on patrol must remain at least 15 yards apart. But the price of life is constant vigilance, and it is a price that even the best of soldiers sometimes forget to pay. Near Danang recently, a veteran Marine sergeant, who should have known better, tried to pull up an anti-American sign stuck in a paddy dike. Both he and the sign were blown to pieces.

government had become too divided, proclaimed the communiqué, and the fault lay with the Royalists. Therefore, it went on, Kouprasith and a handful of other right-wing generals must be fired and replaced by neutralist officers.

To enforce their demands, the rebels revealed they had taken three important prisoners: Royalist Army Commander General Ouane Rathikoun, the commander of the Savannakhet military region in southern Laos, and Prince Sayavong, brother of King Savang Vatthana. Not only that, announced the radio, but unless the terms of the edict were met within an hour, the planes would come back with more bombs.

Leader of the coup attempt was Brigadier General Thao Ma, the volatile young (32) commander of the Laotian air force. Although he washed out of a French air force pilots' school and flunked his international-transport pilot's test, Ma has logged something like 4,000 hours in the Laotian air force, most of them by leading daily bomb runs against Communist troops moving

toward South Viet Nam along the Ho Chi Minh trail. For all his blustering threats, however, Ma's objectives were limited. Royalist generals, who resented his refusal to let them use his transport planes in their more or less open dealings in the opium trade, had pressured the government to retire him as air force commander and give him a desk job in Vientiane. All he really wanted was to stay where he was.

The revolt failed. Premier Souvanna Phouma, a neutralist who might have shared Ma's views, was out of the country. The three prestigious prisoners escaped. And, on the instructions of American Ambassador William Sullivan, U.S. officers from the nearby Udorn airbase in Thailand saw to it that Ma's planes did not leave their base at Savannakhet for the threatened second strike. After a hasty conference with a government representative who flew to Savannakhet, Ma and eleven of his pilots fled across the border to exile in Thailand.

INDIA

Majoring in Mayhem

The mood of India's 1,700,000 university-level students is black. For the past two months they have been on the rampage in more than 150 Indian cities and towns: fighting police, roughing up faculty members, overturning vehicles, burning cinemas, and stoning the offices and homes of government officials. Last week in the northern city of Jammu, a mob of 1,000 students tossed bricks at police for hours until retaliatory gunfire killed three students. In some areas, student rioting has already exceeded in damage and ferocity the anti-British demonstrations that preceded independence.

While there could be no excuse for such wanton rampaging, hardly anyone denies that the students have much to be angry about. Facilities are limited and crowded. Underpaid professors are frequently careless and incompetent. Academic standards are often pitifully low. Worst of all, because of India's struggling economy, students despair of getting decent jobs once they graduate. It is the more urgent problem of trying to build the economy that prevents the government of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi from building new educational facilities. Mrs. Gandhi has taken a conciliatory attitude toward the students—which many Indians feel will only breed new outbreaks of violence.

BRAZIL

Democracy on the Shelf

After the 1964 revolution that installed him in power, Brazilian President Humberto Castello Branco ruled the country with a pragmatic blend of democracy and dictatorial decrees. As time went on, the element of democracy became smaller and smaller. Last week,

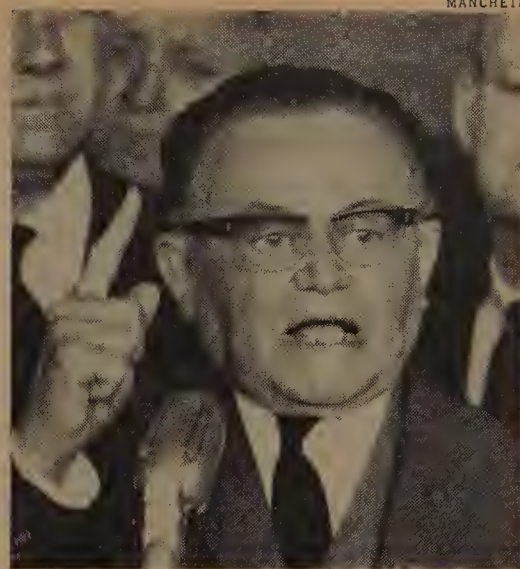
what little remained was at least temporarily shelved. In his "Complementary Act 23," Castello Branco closed Congress until Nov. 22, seven days after the upcoming congressional elections.

Six Too Many. Thus ended a long, sometimes bitter tug-of-war that began 31 months ago, when Castello Branco declared war on corruption, graft and "anti-revolutionaries." Too often for congressional comfort, that label came to include legislators themselves, who found their mandates canceled. Not until last year did Congress finally stand up to the President; in a rare show of unity, it refused to vote Castello Branco sweeping new powers—including the right to close down Congress. So Castello Branco simply put the rules into effect by decree, and for good measure dissolved Brazil's 13 political parties; in their place, he created a majority government party called ARENA and a mild opposition catchall called M.D.B. Early this month, in an indirect election by Congress, ARENA's presidential candidate—ex-War Minister, Marshal Artur da Costa e Silva, 64—swept easily to victory, and is to take office next March. With that accomplished, Castello Branco fortnight ago felt secure enough to draw up another decree and order out of Congress six more federal Deputies whom he does not like.

That was six too many. "After two years and in the middle of an election campaign," stormed M.D.B. President Franco Montoro, "this measure shrieks to the heavens." Even Adauto Cardoso, president of the Chamber of Deputies and a key ARENA leader, registered his hot protest. "Only after consulting the directors of the House and the vote of the majority of the Deputies," Cardoso announced, "will I feel authorized to declare the extinction of the mandates." Congressional leaders promptly summoned Deputies back to Brasília for a vote. Angrily, Castello Branco in effect ordered ARENA members to stay just where they were. "The cancellations are made and cannot be discussed by any power," he snapped emphatically. "They are being carried out."

Hymn to Battle. By early last week, 73 Deputies were back in Brasília, and since all but three of them were members of M.D.B., the vote went overwhelmingly against the government. With that, the Deputies began their preparations for a siege, which soon took on the overtones of a carnival. They set up cots, organized a "resistance command" to guard the doors, considered registering a protest with the U.N., even started tinkering with a patriotic hymn.

They knew what was coming. Back in Rio's Laranjeiras Palace, Castello Branco was already making plans to override their veto. After a round of talks with his generals, he decreed Congress closed and ordered troops into Brasília. By the hundreds, they swarmed into the capital's radio stations and



CASTELLO BRANCO
Overriding a veto.

newspaper plants, cut off telephone and cable circuits to the rest of the country, raised a wall of bayonets around the airport and the sleekly modern saucers of steel and glass that house Congress. The Deputies saw the futility of fighting on, and quietly cleared out of the building as ordered.

THE ANDES

Summit on the Wing

The two men in khakis and mud-spattered boots scrambled up on a huge rock pile, and hammed it up for photographers. Then they clambered aboard a bulldozer, and posed some more. A few moments later, they were riding on the running board of a Ford truck, jouncing along dirt roads past mud and thatch huts, waving eagerly to bewildered peasants.

Clearly having the time of their lives last week were Bolivia's President René Barrientos and Peru's President Fernando Belaúnde Terry. Barrientos and Belaúnde were on a three-day inspection of the Peruvian link of Belaúnde's



BARRIENTOS & BELAÚNDE
Overcoming a frontier.

proposed marginal road, a 4,300-mile highway that will open up thousands of acres of isolated Andes back country, and follow the mountains from Venezuela down through Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, linking up with highway systems in Paraguay, Argentina and Brazil.

The two men had other things to discuss as well. Landlocked Bolivia is bickering with neighboring Chile, and therefore wants a new route to the Pacific, which Peru could provide. In turn, Peru's military, miffed about a call for Latin American disarmament by the Presidents of Chile and Colombia, wants closer ties with Bolivia's ex-Air Force General Barrientos, who is friendly with the Presidents of Argentina and Brazil—both of whom are also ex-generals.

Bearhugs & Namesakes. Meeting in the small Peruvian border town of Puerto Patria, Barrientos and Belaúnde greeted each other with bear-hug *abrazos*, and made a few speeches. The party of 55 traveled on by barge, truck, foot and air, making up the trip as they went. Aboard his DC-6, Belaúnde manned the public-address system, describing the dense, steaming jungle below and every twist and turn of the marginal road. "That's the Tambo River," Belaúnde noted, "where I came down the rapids in a raft." Over there was Tingo María, a new agrarian-reform project where 25,000 settlers will soon dwell. Off in the distance in the fertile Huallaga River Valley was Tarapoto, which now boasts the biggest cargo airport in Peru, after Lima.

In the tiny village of Shanao, Belaúnde asked the name of a new bridge that was going up. "The Río Mayo," answered a local official. "No," Belaúnde corrected. "Henceforth, this will be known as the Bolivia Bridge, in honor of the great Bolivian President." Not to be outdone, Barrientos announced that he was naming a small town on the Bolivian stretch of the highway "Fernando Belaúnde Terry."

The Hard Business. Among the handshakes and ribbon snipping, Belaúnde and Barrientos talked hard business. And in the final communiqué, Peru promised to help find international funds to link Bolivia to the sea by road. The communiqué also provided that both countries would 1) improve the existing railroad service between La Paz and Peru's southern coast, 2) "formalize and enlarge" an agreement covering free navigation on the waters of the Amazon Basin, 3) discuss the possibility of a pipeline across Peru to transport Bolivian petroleum to a Peruvian coastal port.

After a final, hearty *abrazo*, Barrientos flew to La Paz, where he made preparations for another summit meeting this week—with Brazil's President Humberto Castello Branco. Belaúnde got into a helicopter and whirled off to the isolated, primitive Peruvian vil-

lage of Aguarunas, where his interpreter explained to the curious Indians that this tall, grey-haired white man was the President of something called Peru. While the Indians laughed and shrugged in confusion, Belaúnde threw an arm around one for a quick photograph, then popped back into his helicopter for another stop or two before returning home.

FRANCE

Surprise Witness

Who kidnaped Mehdi Ben Barka? It is almost exactly a year since the diminutive exiled Moroccan leftist leader vanished from a street in Saint-Germain-des-Prés. For the past several weeks the knotty mystery of his disappearance has been unraveling in a Paris court. All the evidence confirms the likelihood that he stepped willingly into a black Peugeot and was whisked to a villa in a Paris suburb because he



DLIMI UNDER ARREST

Brilliant ploy.

believed that envoys of his old political enemy, Morocco's King Hassan II, were trying to contact him with an offer to return home for a reconciliation with the King. Ben Barka was later handed over to two Moroccans at the villa and was never seen again.

In the dock were five Frenchmen—a journalist, two policemen and two secret agents—and one small-time Moroccan police operative. All were charged with either participation or complicity in the kidnaping. The two most wanted men were out of reach of French law. They were Morocco's Interior Minister Brigadier General Mohamed Oufkir and his deputy for secret-police matters, Ahmed Dlimi. Witnesses named them as the Moroccans who had met Ben Barka at the villa. King Hassan flatly refused to hand them over for trial. In fact, he had been working feverishly behind the scenes to block the proceedings. Emissaries had approached Charles de Gaulle himself, pleading that the affair would put a blight on Franco-Moroccan relations. Hassan argued in vain, for De Gaulle declined to intervene.

Moroccan Intervention. At last, Hassan himself decided to intervene, and he chose an ingenious way to do it. Last week Dlimi, his secret-police aide, boarded a Royal Air Maroc Caravelle in Casablanca and flew—suitably disguised and with a fake passport—to Paris. The next afternoon, just as the trial of the six defendants was drawing to a close, Dlimi calmly showed up at the court and surrendered to French authorities.

It was a brilliant ploy. The trial had progressed beyond the point where new testimony could conveniently be introduced; yet no court could ignore this surprise witness. Accepting the prosecution's motion, the judge ordered a new trial. This, of course, would need months to prepare—if it ever took place. Rumors spread that Charles de Gaulle might be less than happy to have the trial commence again, since Dlimi might name the anonymous high-ranking French officials who, according to trial witnesses, gave the go-ahead for French police and security agents to cooperate in catching Ben Barka for the Moroccans.

VIP Treatment. Nor was there any assurance that Dlimi himself would ever face a French judge. No sooner had he surrendered than a bevy of Hassan's hand-picked lawyers arrived in Paris to file a motion with France's Supreme Court invoking the Franco-Moroccan judicial convention of 1956. Under that agreement, French and Moroccan nationals must be tried in their national courts for offenses committed in the other country. It would also be months before the French court could rule on that motion. In the meantime, Dlimi was comfortably ensconced in a VIP cell at Paris' Santé Prison, and *l'affaire Ben Barka* was where King Hassan wanted it—hopelessly enmeshed in endless legal tangles.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Problems of Redeployment

Harold Wilson calls it redeployment of the labor force. Most Britons refer to it as redundancy. Whatever its euphemism, Wilson's tough plan to force British industries to modernize or die is beginning to be felt. The Labor Ministry announced last week that unemployment had risen 28.5%—to 437,229—since the middle of September.

Since unemployment is practically nonexistent in Britain, the rise was hardly catastrophic: less than 2% of the labor force is out of work. But it seemed to bear out the predictions of Wilson's most pessimistic critics that his deflation measures would lead to a major recession in which as many as 2,000,000 workers might be idled. Another indication of hard times ahead came from the Confederation of British Industries, which reported last week that businessmen are not responding to the government's call to modernize and diversify



Beautiful new way to make an entrance...
first 4-door Thunderbird

The newest and most Thunderbird ever now makes its entrance. Beautifully. For 1967, Thunderbird has combined steel and imagination and hard common sense to come up with 4 new doors to the good life—the elegant 4-door Landau. Or choose the dashing new 2-door. Either opens up to an accommodating Tilt-Away Steering Wheel that swings over and up for easier exits, adjusts to 9 driving positions. And choose up to 428 cubic inches of engine that will power you right to Thunderbird Country...where exhilaration begins at dawn.

Thunderbird
Unique in all the world





OK, decision- maker. Decide.

This one's a toughie.

Whether you pick the economy model of the Polaroid Color Pack Camera or the deluxe job on the right, you're going to get a whole lot of camera for the money.

The under-\$60 one will give you big, beautiful color prints in

60 seconds, black and white in 15. Which is what it's all about, right?

It has the same electric eye as the most expensive model. Uses the same film. Loads just as fast. Yet Polaroid has figured out a way to bring it out at this low price.

What will your something-under-\$150 buy? The finest automatic camera Polaroid has ever produced. It makes black and white pictures indoors without flash, automatic time exposures up to 10 seconds. It allows you to do beautiful closeup work with the special closeup

and portrait attachments. It has a sharp triplet lens, two exposure ranges for color, two for black and white, superimposed-image, coupled rangefinder. Brushed chrome finish, leather strap and a flashgun thrown in.

We told you it was tough, didn't we?

their plants. Instead, said the C.B.I., management foresees a sharp downturn in sales, is slashing all further capital investment plans and preparing to reduce production.

The Murderous Mountain

For days the rain had been falling, soaking the bleak Welsh coal-mining village of Aberfan and the 800-ft. slag heap towering above it like a black, oozing Everest. Then one morning last week, David John Evans, a maintenance man with a local colliery, climbed to the top of the waste heap to look into reports that the gigantic mass was moving. With a shock, Evans discovered that it was. "Suddenly I saw the heap shifting," he recalled later. "The movement was like thunder. I could hear trees on each side being crushed to matchwood."

Undermined by water pouring down its slopes, the great mass had split, and a 40-ft. tide of thick goo suddenly rolled like molten lava toward a cluster of homes—and toward the red-brick Pantglas Junior and Infants School, where some 250 youngsters between seven and eleven were just sitting down to class. Across the street, Mrs. Pearl Crowe heard the rumble and looked out of her window. "I saw a black mass of moving waste pouring steadily into the school, and part of the school collapsed. I was paralyzed." Ten-year-old Dilys Pope was in one of the classrooms. "We heard a noise, and then the room seemed to be flying around. The desks were falling over, and the children were shouting and screaming. We couldn't see anything."

Sobbing Rescuer. In minutes, most of the school and 17 surrounding homes were buried deep under the silent, black slime. From nearby pits, miners rushed to the scene and tore at the debris with their hands, picks and shovels. Mothers struggled up to their waists in the mud and sludge, calling out for their children. Mrs. Pauline Evans, a 27-year-old housewife, climbed through a classroom window with a nurse and found a dozen children screaming in panic. "In another classroom, we could hear the voice of a little girl," she said. "But we could not get to her because there were other children trapped near by and if we moved anything, it would have collapsed on them. We could not rescue that little girl, who said her name was Katherine." Another rescuer, choking with sobs, had to break the leg of one small boy to free him. One miner found the bodies of Teacher David Beynon and five students. "David was clutching the five little children in his arms," he said, "as if to protect them."

Now and then, amid the groan of earth-moving machines, police called for silence. Then during the eerie, deathly lull, everyone listened for the faint whimper of a trapped child.

At nightfall, Prime Minister Harold Wilson flew in, and walked grimly among the miners, whispering words of encouragement. By week's end rescue



ABERFAN AFTER THE SLIDE
On a 40-ft. tide of goo.

crews had unearthed 130 bodies, most of them children, and police were predicting that the toll might go as high as 210—almost a full generation of the small, grief-stricken village.

The Wrong Man

His plea was as old as justice itself. You have the wrong man, argued Timothy Evans, who was charged with strangling his wife and infant daughter. The real killer, he swore, was the prosecution's chief witness, John Christie. Neither judge nor jury was impressed, and in 1950 Evans was hanged in a London prison.

Three years later came some startling new evidence: in the garden and wall of Christie's seedy London flat, police found the bodies of seven women. Among them was the corpse of Evans' wife. At his trial, Christie confessed to Mrs. Evans' murder.

For all that, an inquiry into Timothy Evans' conviction failed to clear him. But enough doubts remained for Britain's ban-the-noosers to seize on the Evans case as the prime example of the permanence of errors under capital punishment. Last year, when Parliament finally suspended the death penalty for a trial five-year period, Evans' death played a major role in the decision.

Last year a second inquiry into Evans' case was set up. This time the presiding justice ruled that "no jury could be satisfied of Evans' guilt beyond reasonable doubt." Last week, 16 years after his execution, Timothy Evans was granted a free pardon by Queen Elizabeth. Said Home Secretary Roy Jenkins to the House of Commons: "This case has no precedent and—I hope and believe—will have no successor." Responded one pleased M.P.: "British justice has shown itself big enough to admit that it can make a mistake."

SOUTH AFRICA

The Tapeworm Murder

There was no doubting the guilt of the man on trial in Cape Town last week. He was Dimitrio Tsafendas, the 48-year-old parliamentary messenger who stabbed Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd to death before the eyes of scores of horrified witnesses in the House of Assembly on Sept. 6. Many of Verwoerd's loyal followers bitterly demanded the vengeance of the gallows. They did not get it. After three days of testimony by four psychiatrists, Supreme Court Justice Andries Beyers ruled that Tsafendas was insane and ordered him to be detained in prison indefinitely.

As the burly, unblinking Tsafendas sat in the dock, his head bobbing, his lips forming soundless words, the experts described him as a schizophrenic haunted by the obsession that a tapeworm was coiled up inside his stomach, gnawing and cutting him to pieces. Over the past 30 years, they added, Tsafendas had been a mental patient in five countries, including the U.S., and had escaped from at least two institutions. Settling down in South Africa, Tsafendas somehow landed his messenger's job last August (a secret government inquiry is exploring the lapse in screening); then, acting on the impulse that he blamed on the demon inside him, Tsafendas attacked Verwoerd as he was about to make his first major policy speech of the Assembly session. "I can expect a certain amount of shock and dissatisfaction among certain people," Justice Beyers noted after his decision, "but I am sure they will realize it could not be otherwise, and that it is not humane or Christian to condemn mentally ill people. I can as little try a man who has not at least the makings of a rational mind as I could try a dog."

PEOPLE

"Poor girl," clucked Movie Czar Jack Valenti after a champagne-party chat at the girl's \$1,500,000 Appia Antica villa outside Rome. "She told me that for five years they've been having hardly anything to do with each other. It's a shame." Actress **Gina Lollobrigida**, 38, did her best to cover up her unhappiness by giving a blast for 80 movie types including **Claudia Cardinale**, in honor of Valenti, who is touring Europe for the first time as the new president of the Motion Picture Association of America. Gina and her husband of 17 years, Yugoslav-born Dr. Milko Skofic, a non-practicing physician long weary of being

George III in the days when he was taxing the shirt off his American colonies. A colonial very nearly got the threads back. Industrialist Jack Stallworth of Mobile, Ala., had a friend bid \$500 for the wine-red number and three other 18th century outfits, only to have Lady Cecilia Howard, owner of Castle Howard in Yorkshire, outbid him by \$18 for the King's old clothes.

When Supersalesman **Matthew J. Culligan** took over NBC radio in 1956, its operations were a staggering \$3,000,000 in the red. Within three years, Joe Culligan had set the radio network to



JACK VALENTI, GINA & CLAUDIA
Separating with a blast.

Mr. Lollo, had finally arranged for a legal separation. Eventually they will get a divorce, even though Gina might have to give up her citizenship in divorceless Italy.

As he flew into Johannesburg last June for a four-day visit frostily ignored by the South African government, New York's Senator **Robert Kennedy** told the welcoming crowd: "We shall not always agree." That was an understatement, at least as far as the *apartheid* policymakers were concerned. Last week there was absolutely no agreement when Bobby announced he plans to return next summer at the invitation of Johannesburg's South African Foundation, a private businessmen's group. "Nothing of the sort," snapped a foundation official. "We never invited Kennedy here, and we have no intention of doing so."

The three-piece wine-red velvet getup might have sold well in London's Carnaby Street. As it happened, the gear was up for grabs on more conservative New Bond Street, where Sotheby's was auctioning off a suit worn by King

humming profitably along again. Later, as president of the beleaguered Curtis Publishing Co., his skill at troubleshooting misfired, and he was forced out after an executive-suite revolt. But, as he is fond of saying, "a comeback career seems to be my lot." Now he has gone back to radio, this time as president of the nation's biggest network, the Mutual Broadcasting System. Culligan wants to expand the system from 519 affiliated stations to 600. That, he suggested, "would be a happy little universe."

For the first time, it seemed, since the flood, there were real tears in the old battler's eyes, as a schoolgirl presented a bouquet of 80 roses on the parade route outside Jerusalem. Then his car inched slowly forward, as a crowd of some 50,000 gave a rousing birthday cheer to Israel's ex-Premier **David Ben-Gurion**. "I am only 20," B-G said wistfully. "Four times 20." Though most Israelis were feeling sentimental about their nation's grand old man, Premier Levi Eshkol was not. Having feuded with Ben-Gurion almost since the day he succeeded him in 1963, Eshkol pointedly boycotted the celebration at Jeru-

salem's Convention Center. B-G wasted no tears over that, however. "Eshkol should be fired," he snapped.

It was a rather basic theory of alienation, or so it seemed to Hungarian Poet **Gyula Illyes**, 63, at a convention of 200 European bards in Budapest. "The division of humanity characterizing our century began with a very prosaic object: the bathtub," proclaimed Illyes. "One part of humanity bathed and the other did not, and these two categories may not sleep in the same bed or eat at the same table." And things got worse, said the poet, when automobiles came along—"those monsters, those separators, little steel cages, the driver sealed in glacial indifference." Alas, the reasonably well-bathed poets listened and then drove off in little steel cages.

To start, she picked a nag named Hanassi at 8-1 odds, then Mattinata at 100-8, Cutle at 5-1, Bucktail at 9-4, and Damredub at 100-8. For the last race at England's Newbury track, the lady picked Blazing Sky at 7-2 to win the six-furlong Theale Maiden Stakes. Sure enough, Blazing Sky came breezing across to take it by four lengths. "Ah!" cried the **Duchess of Norfolk**, 50, wife of the realm's premier duke. "How I like Newbury!" Indeed, Newbury had been very kind to her. On a wager of 70¢, her ladyship collected \$7,804.34, the tote jackpot, by backing the winners in all six races.

No sooner had Secretary of State Dean Rusk canceled a November lecture at Cornell University because of "conflicts of schedule" than a Vietnik coed fired off a letter to the Cornell Daily Sun charging that the Secretary was plain afraid of all the antiwar pickets his appearance would attract. Cornell Sophomore **Richard Rusk** sent the Sun a sonly note of his own. "I can assure you that the reasons for his cancellation are legitimate," wrote Richard. "Being on more intimate terms with Mr. Rusk, I think it is possible that the Secretary might muster up his courage and run the gauntlet of Cornell's worst at some future date."

Midst laurels stood: Dutch Astronomer **Jan Henrik Oort**, 66, a pioneer in radio astronomy, honored with Columbia University's \$25,000 Vetlesen Prize; Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare **John W. Gardner**, 54, Photographer **Edward Steichen**, 87, and Dr. **W. A. Visser 't Hooft**, general secretary of the World Council of Churches, all named for Family of Man awards for their contributions to humanity; Israel's patriarchal Man of Letters **Shmuel Yosef Agnon**, 78, and German-born Jewish Poetess **Nelly Sachs**, 74, a fragile lyricist who fled Hitler's Germany in 1940 to live in Sweden, named to share the 1966 Nobel Prize for literature. No peace prize was awarded.

How come 1 out of every 4 physicians in the U.S. is insured by Metropolitan Life?

When a doctor diagnoses a case, he studies every available fact. Then he puts his insight and experience to work to draw a conclusion.

It stands to reason that most physicians use equally careful judgment in choosing an insurance company. Which is probably why more than one out of four—90,000 in all—have chosen Metropolitan Life.

With Metropolitan, many doctors start out at the *receiving* end of a diagnosis—one given by a trained representative. It's

called Metropolitan's Family Security Check-Up, and you can have one tomorrow from *your* Metropolitan adviser.

He'll help you list your assets (including a few you may have overlooked) so you can see, in plain terms, what you're really worth and how your family's financial security stacks up for the future.

You'll find it helpful.

Why not call your Metropolitan adviser today? There's no obligation... *except to those you love.*

Metropolitan Life

protecting 1 out of 5 people in the U.S. and Canada



MORALITY

Situation Sex

Thou shalt not exploit another person sexually. This, in effect, is the imperative that should determine the moral legitimacy of sexual intercourse, in marriage or out, says a report on "Sex and Morality" published last week by a committee of the British Council of Churches.

The committee of 13 clergymen, doctors and educators was headed by Methodist Pastor Kenneth G. Greet, father of three children and author of two books on sex relationships. It rejected the council's original instructions which were to prepare "a statement of the Christian case for abstinence from sexual intercourse before marriage and faithfulness within marriage." The morality of human sexuality, asserted the committee firmly, admits of no precise and easy answers. A principal aim of the study group, said Greet, was precisely to correct the distorted concept that the church is made up of "sexless saints sitting in judgment on passionate sins."

Rehabilitated Words. After making a sweeping summation of theological, psychiatric and medical findings on human sexuality, the committee concluded that coitus is the ultimate "expression of the whole marriage relationship," cementing love, relieving psychological tensions and contributing "to personal fulfillment and integration." But the committee refused to endorse the Biblical ban against fornication, which it found occasionally permissible, as when it is part of a "total encounter" between consenting adults.

Proceeding from these situation-ethics premises, the report endorsed birth control assistance for the unmarried, provided that it does not consist of the mere "impersonal and commercial distribution" of contraceptives. It called for the relaxing of antiabortion laws and found that masturbation may

provide a legitimate means of "relief of physical tensions," though it is never more than an "impoverished substitute for the real thing." Finally, the report spoke with charity of attempts to rehabilitate four- and five-letter words, such as those used by D. H. Lawrence in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and by Wayland Young in *Eros Denied*; it advocated accepting "neutral terms like penis, vagina and ejaculation" in the universal English vernacular.

Praise & Protest. The report, bannered in the press and seized upon by cartoonists, drew ardent praise and scandalized protests. Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, a past president of the Methodist Conference, found it "just right." The Rt. Rev. Ronald Williams, Anglican Bishop of Leicester, demurred: "Sexual intercourse outside marriage is wrong, and young people should be told this." This week the British Council of Churches must consider whether to accept the report as an official pronouncement, and the extremes of disagreement guaranteed a battle.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Reforming Canon Law

Pope Paul called the Second Vatican Council "the beginning not the end" of renewal in the Roman Catholic Church, but apart from the vernacular liturgy, change has come slowly. To get on with reform, a study group of the Canon Law Society of America—representing the U.S. experts who teach and explain the church's juridical code—met this month in Pittsburgh and put forth a series of recommendations for carrying out the spirit of Vatican II.

The proposals, which emphasize human rights rather than church discipline, deal not only with the canon-law code but with basic constitutional problems of the church. Arguing that the church should incorporate more of today's

democratic ideals in its structure, they urge a more distinct separation of executive, legislative and judicial functions. Under the present code, explained Jesuit Ladislav Orsy of Catholic University, there is a certain "imbalance" in church government: in practice, the offices of the Roman Curia both plan church regulations and enforce them. A wiser mode of government would be to have the law-creating function carried out by a separate, non-Curial agency—such as a senate of bishops. Another problem is that the church's courts—from Rome's Rota down to diocesan tribunals—have no real powers to interpret the code of canon law, but merely apply it.

Elected Bishops? In the same spirit, the study group, which included theologians and Biblical experts as well as canon lawyers, proposed restoration of the ancient tradition by which laity and priests participated in the selection of bishops and elimination of free-and-easy transfer of bishops from see to see. Other proposals:

► Abolition of all prior censorship of books (by withholding the imprimatur), and all outmoded ecclesiastical penalties, such as automatic excommunication without prior hearing for violation of the seal of confession.

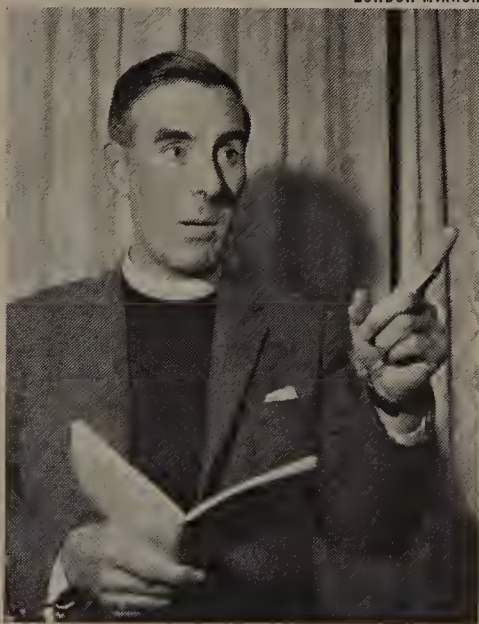
► Public justice, whenever possible, as compared with present star-chamber proceedings.

► "Full participation" of women in the life of the church—which some canonists interpret as a veiled recommendation that women be ordained to the priesthood.

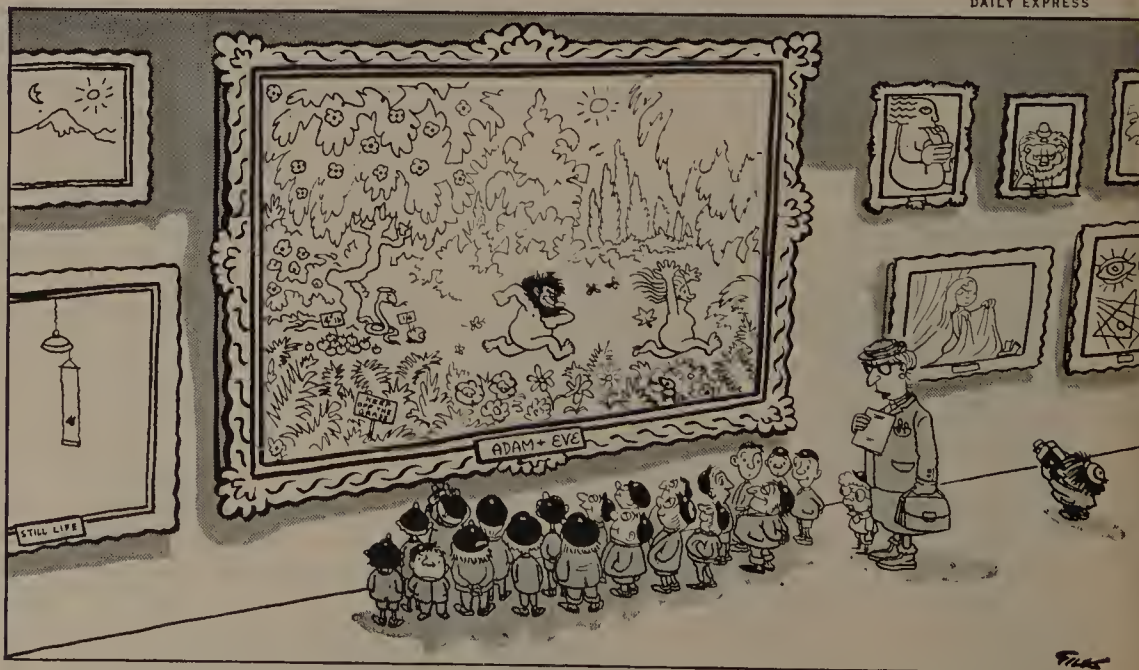
► More allowance for local variation in applying a legal code that currently attempts to be universal in scope. As one canonist foresees it, church law in the U.S. might some day use some of the procedures of English common law rather than those of the more codified Roman law that underlies the existing canons.

► A bill of rights for correcting grievances, which implies the need for new

LONDON MIRROR




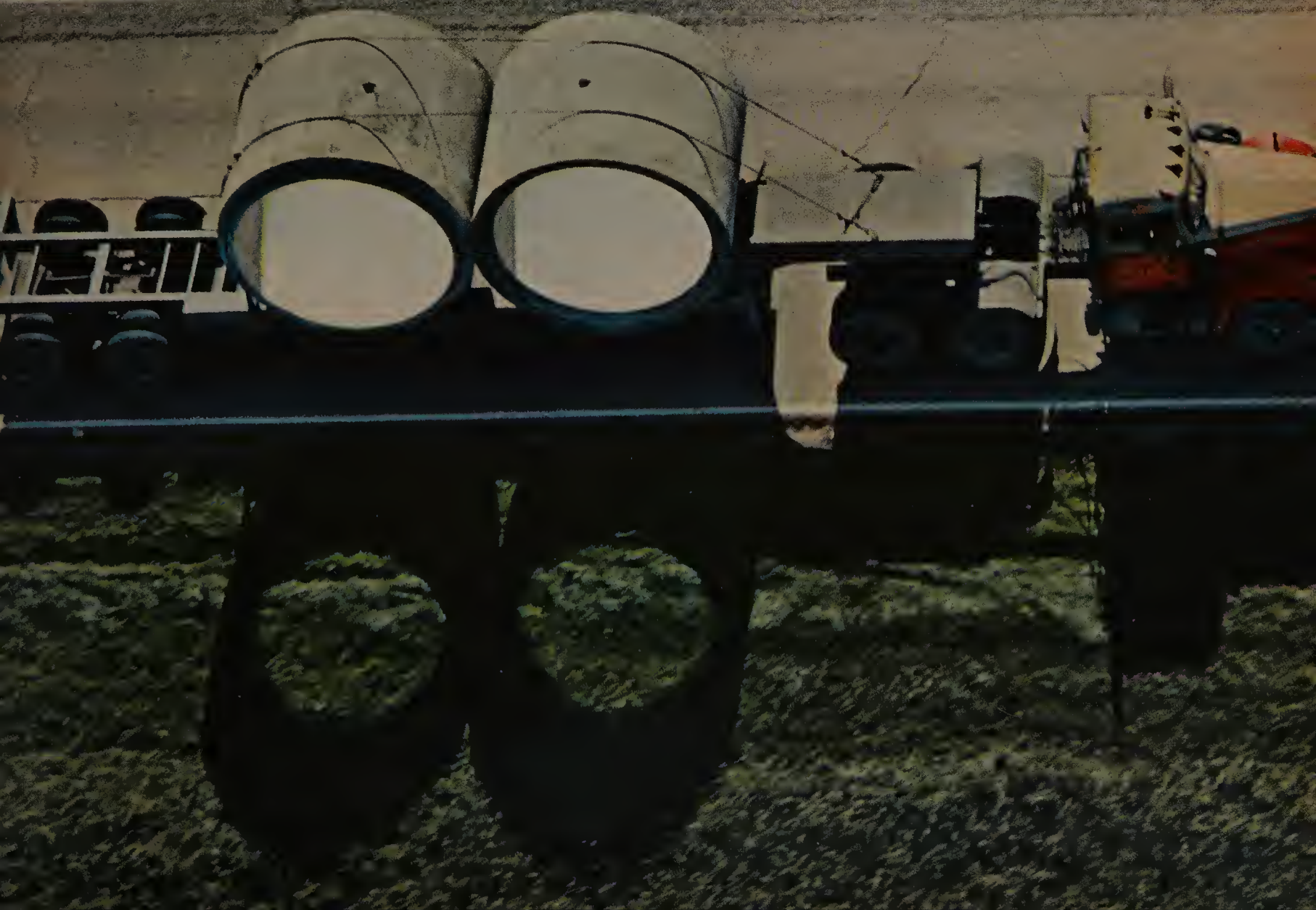
METHODIST GREET



"AND WHEN I TELL YOU THEY WERE PROBABLY RUNNING OFF TO FIND A LITTLE CHURCH DON'T CALL ME A SILLY OLD MOO"

Clark works here

When you cast a giant storm sewer in eight-ton chunks, moving them is half the job. This husky Clark-built Brown trailer carries them to their destination—on time and undamaged. Find a big job, you'll find Clark—the same  that builds earthmoving equipment, truck axles, transmissions, lift trucks and commercial food refrigeration. Buchanan, Michigan 49107.





Surprisingly New! Superbly Cadillac!



SEDAN de VILLE...another dramatic Cadillac surprise

You are looking at two of the newest luxury cars ever created. They are typical of the dramatic newness you'll discover everywhere in the Cadillac cars for 1967. The Fleetwood Eldorado—the world's finest personal car—is the first exciting case in point. Eldorado is a styling masterpiece . . . with its spectacularly long hood, its daring new roof lines and its dramatic rear quarter design. It is also an engineering triumph. For Eldorado

is the first car in the world to combine the sure-footed traction of front wheel drive with the maneuverability of variable ratio power steering and the balance of automatic level control. And with all its spirit and action, Eldorado provides unusual five-passenger spaciousness and the superb quietness and comfort that only Cadillac could create. This brilliant newness also marks the Cadillacs you are most familiar with. For they are



ELDORADO ... world's finest personal car

The Standard of the World for 1967



the most beautiful Cadillacs of all time ... with new, forward-sweeping grille and a new side contour that flows from front to rear! And with this new Cadillac look come a number of other significant achievements ... the most luxurious interiors in history ... a new, generously padded instrument panel ... a more responsive Cadillac engine ... improved variable ratio power steering...and a new General Motors-developed energy

absorbing steering column. These are but a few of the many achievements that make the 1967 Cadillacs incomparable in comfort, unmatched in performance and unexcelled in safety and convenience. Discover Cadillac for 1967 for yourself ... at your authorized dealer's. Once you have, you'll agree that never before has anything on the highway said new so beautifully ... or Cadillac so well!



Cadillac Motor Car Division

MARK OF EXCELLENCE



**Whenever you want to go to the Caribbean,
just raise your hand.**

Better still, give us a call.

We have more flights to more of the islands you want, at low, low fares. For example, a round-trip 17-day Jet Economy ticket from New York to Jamaica is just \$155.

As little as that to fly away to a lush, warm, inviting new world.

So let us take you there.

To Puerto Rico, where the rhythm is Spanish and the sun shines 363 days a year. Or St. Thomas, where the pace is rather torrid and the amenities rather deluxe. Or Martinique, where the trade winds whisper in French. Or Barbados, where the English go native and the natives speak English.

We go to 15 islands in all, so take

your choice. And leave the details to a Pan Am Travel Agent.

Wherever we take you, you'll enjoy the good feeling that comes from flying the very best there is.

That's easy to take, too.

World's most experienced airline

First in Latin America
First 'Round the World

First on the Atlantic
First on the Pacific

channels through which priests and nuns could appeal unjust orders of superiors.

Such proposals, which would be radical enough coming from a modern German theologian, are all the more so coming from canon lawyers, who by the nature of their profession tend to be conservatives. Although church officials from the beginning of Christianity found it necessary to draw up rules of proper ecclesiastical behavior, the first collection of such laws dates only from the Middle Ages. Inspired by the revival of study of Roman civil law, clerical scholars began to organize the various pronouncements of Popes and councils on ecclesiastical discipline over the centuries, deciding what rules were relevant. Canon law was not completely codified until 1917; it contains 2,414 articles in Latin, dealing with everything from the

ROBERT L. PURDY



JESUIT ORSY

Spirit in concrete.

penalties for abortion (excommunication, revocable only by a bishop) to a description of the different kinds of vows (public or private, solemn or simple) taken by religious.

Judge of His Accuser. Based on the presumption that law is a means of enforcing community discipline rather than a guideline for regulating a society of equals, canon law contains numerous inequities that have become glaringly obvious in recent years. There are, for example, almost 50 canons detailing the duties of bishops, only one on the rights of laymen in the church. When Father William DuBay* of Los Angeles charged two years ago that his bishop, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, should be removed from office on grounds of "gross malfeasance in office," he had no chance for an unbiased hearing under church law. Had DuBay followed canon-law procedure, his complaint would have been sent to Rome's

* Who last week took a personal step toward correcting canonical injustice as he sees it by announcing the opening of a national office in Santa Monica of a proposed union of U.S. Catholic priests. Dues: \$25 a year.

Consistorial Congregation, which in turn would have passed it on to the apostolic delegate in Washington and thence to McIntyre for comment and action. In effect, McIntyre, the accused, became legal judge of his accuser.

Well aware that reform of canon law is the key to organizing Catholic progress, Pope John XXIII set up a pontifical commission in 1963 to revise the code. Pope Paul augmented the Commission, which now includes 61 cardinals and 88 consultants—nearly one-fourth of them Italians. Although the makeup of the commission suggests that reform of canon law will be slow and cautious, Monsignor Willem Onclin, its Belgian co-secretary, was present at the meeting of the U.S. Canon Law Society that received the study group's proposals, and returned to Rome astounded and pleased by the adventurous spirit of the suggested reforms. The recommendations will be received "with gratitude," Onclin assured the Americans.

ISLAM

Modernizing Mohammed's Law

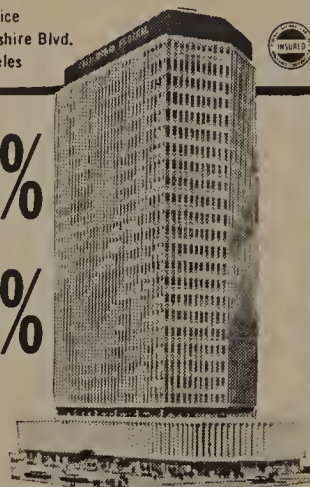
At the same time that Roman Catholic canon lawyers were putting together their reform proposals, another group of ecclesiastical legal experts—the ulema (scholars) of Islam—was meeting in Cairo to update the *Sharia*, or code of spiritual rules, which governs their own ancient faith. Since the *Sharia* is based exclusively upon Mohammed's words in the Koran and the equally authoritative oral tradition of his deeds and sayings, the ulema had a tougher task adapting its provisions to fit the changes in modern life.

Although Moslem women in such countries as Tunisia and Lebanon are clamoring for equality, Scholar-Sheik Abu Zahara defended the double-standard system of polygamy on the ground that "it has put a limit to the chaotic side of social life." He also upheld the essential humanity of such traditional Arab punishments as cutting off the hands of thieves and flogging adulterers. The pain is acute and the experience humiliating, the Sheik admitted, but it does not last as long as the Western way of punishment, imprisonment.

When it came to economic matters, the ulema found themselves bedeviled by subtle problems of distinction that would have tried the ingenuity of the prophet himself, who lived in a less complex fiscal age. In general, Islamic scholars have agreed that government-sponsored pension systems, social-welfare payments, and the use of bank checks and letters of credit are compatible with tradition. But even though loans at interest are made by all Arab-nation banks, most Islamic scholars still stoutly maintain that this is nothing less than the sin of usury. Others feel that even fire, death and accident insurance are precautions that should not be taken by the good Moslem with faith in the all-merciful Allah.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Head Office
5670 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles



5.39%
5.25%

with the
safety of

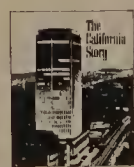
THE NATION'S LARGEST
FEDERAL SAVINGS

Assets exceed \$1.4 Billion

Now! Daily Earnings, Compounded Daily! California Federal pays the Nation's Highest Rate on Insured Passbook Savings. You get 5.39% annually when our 5.25% current annual rate is compounded daily and maintained a year. Earn more than the long-term average return on common stocks, AAA industrial bonds, or U.S. savings bonds. Earnings paid quarterly, and paid to date of withdrawal on funds in account 3 months from October 1 or thereafter. Accounts insured to the new \$15,000 levels by a permanent agency of the Federal Government. Federally chartered and supervised. Established in 1925. 550,000 individuals, corporations and trusts served in over 100 foreign countries and 50 states, many with accounts of \$10,000, \$50,000, \$100,000 and more. Special attention to mail accounts. Just send check or money order with coupon below. We transfer funds from any institution at no cost. Act now! Funds earn from date of receipt (from the 1st, if received by the 10th).

CALIFORNIA FEDERAL SAVINGS
AND LOAN ASSOCIATION • SINCE 1925

OFFICES IN: Alhambra, Anaheim, Costa Mesa, Eagle Rock, Echo Park, Granada Hills, Hollywood, Inglewood, Lakewood, Downtown Los Angeles, Miracle Mile, Oxnard, Palos Verdes Peninsula, Pasadena, Rancho Park, Reseda, West Covina.



FREE! NEW CALIFORNIA SOUVENIR MAGAZINE: 20 exciting pages! Breathtaking photos of California wonders. The Missions, giant redwoods, Yosemite, Death Valley, Los Angeles, San Francisco and many, many more. Send coupon for your free copy today.

California Federal Savings Association T-38
Box 54087, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, Calif.

☐ Please send free "The California Story" and CalFed MAIL-SAVER®.
Please open account:

☐ Passbook (\$50 or more)
☐ Joint ☐ Individual ☐ Trust

Name(s) _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Funds enclosed in amount of \$ _____

Soc. Sec. or Ident. No. _____

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Babes in Wonderland

(See Cover)

Necessity may be the mother of invention, but accident is the midwife. Take penicillin. Nobody could, if Alexander Fleming's staphylococcus culture hadn't spoiled. Crepes suzette would be only soggy pancakes if Chef Henri Charpentier's sauce had not caught fire. The X ray, vulcanized rubber, LSD—even America, for that matter—were all discovered by accident, and people

accident, which did not occur for 30 more years. Nobody knows for sure who happened onto it first. All at once, half a dozen players started throwing corkscrews, grasping the ball by its laces and rifling it through the air. But it took another 60 years and a horde of exceptional athletes to pull the cork completely out of the bottle.

Across the U.S. last week, it seemed to be raining footballs. No. 4-ranked Alabama scored three touchdowns on passes in a 42-6 pasting of Vanderbilt; the passing bug was so contagious that

in the U.S., and even though they strut their stuff for unbeaten Notre Dame, the No. 1-ranked team in the nation, they figured to have their hands full with an Oklahoma squad that was also unbeaten and ranked No. 10. They made it look easy, though. Seymour caught three Hanratty tosses for 47 yds.: one set up a touchdown; another a field goal. But Seymour had to leave the game in the second quarter with a sprained ankle when a Sooner defender grabbed his leg as he leaped to catch a fourth pass. Hanratty stayed on long enough to complete eleven out of 17 passes for 129 yds., then joined Seymour on the sidelines to root on the subs as the Fighting Irish handed the Sooners their worst defeat in 21 years, 38-0.

Through the Hoop. Brief though it was, the performance was impressive for a couple of downy-cheeked teenagers who were playing only their fifth game of college football. But Terrence Hugh Hanratty, 18, and James Patrick Seymour, 19, are a pair apart, even if they still get 35 shaves out of a Beep-Beep blade.

Terry Hanratty can zing a football 60 yds. with a flick of his right wrist on a trajectory so flat that the ball will rise no more than 10 ft. off the ground. When he was still in high school, he stood at one end of a gymnasium and flipped the ball four times in a row through an 18-in.-wide basketball hoop at the other end of the building. Jim Seymour, at 6 ft. 4 in. and 205 lbs., is still growing and he can run the 100-yd. dash in 9.7 sec. He can also "juke" his hips, dip his shoulder, toss his head, flutter his eyelashes, and leave a safety man twisted up like a pretzel as he cuts downfield for a pass. He can then leap 4 ft. straight up and pluck a football out of the sky—with such tenderness that one observer reported: "You can stand right next to him and never hear the ball hit his hands."

Individually, Hanratty and Seymour are wondrously talented athletes. Talent is one thing; teamwork is another. The true baseball fan applauds the double play more loudly than he does the home run. The true tennis fan sits entranced at the ballet performed between two perfectly matched doubles partners. And for the football buff, the difference between a blasting plunge into the line and a perfectly executed forward pass is the difference between prose and poetry. The rapport that exists between a gifted passer and his favorite receiver is part instinct, part practice, and part alchemy. Bennie Oosterbaan, who formed half of such a team when he was on the receiving end of Benny Friedman's feathery passes at Michigan in the 1920s, calls it "a familiarity with each other's capacity." Hanratty and Seymour have that familiarity, and their capacity, at least for excitement, seems limitless.

The very first time that Terry threw a pass for keeps to Jim, in this season's opening game against highly touted Purdue, it went for 42 yds. By the time



ART SHAY

HANRATTY THROWING AGAINST NORTH CAROLINA
A flick, a zing, and the cork came out of the bottle.

might still be wondering why their feet are attached to the ground if an apple had not conked Isaac Newton on the head.

It was in that same grand tradition of scientific serendipity that a couple of Yale football players named Walter Camp and Oliver Thompson made their contribution to a better world on Nov. 30, 1876. Tackled by a Princeton defender, Camp did an utterly unprecedented thing: in desperation, he flung the football down the field. Thompson somehow grabbed it and scampered for a touchdown. "Foul! Foul!" screamed the outraged Princeton team. The bewildered referee settled the ensuing rhu-barb the only way he could think of. He flipped a coin. Yale won the toss—and the forward pass was born.

Nothing looks beautiful at birth. Camp's pass to Thompson was airborne for maybe all of 5 or 6 yds. It was thrown underhand and wobbled precariously end over end—because the overhand spiral was the result of still another

even a fullback tossed for a TD. Between them, Purdue and No. 2-ranked Michigan State put the ball in the air 51 times, and M.S.U. wound up with the ball game 41-20. Missouri, which was expected to run all over lowly Iowa State, needed a leaping touchdown catch in the final minutes to salvage a 10-10 tie. And Harvard, which had stuck to the ground so doggedly all season that it ranked first in the nation in rushing, pulled out a 19-14 victory over favored Dartmouth—by throwing the ball 23 times, including a ten-yarder for a TD. That was eleven times fewer than No. 7-ranked Nebraska had to pass to squeak past Colorado 21-19.

With 30 m.p.h. wind gusts at Norman, Okla., it was obviously blowing too hard for anybody except a wild-catter to suggest gambling on a pass. But when Notre Dame Quarterback Terry Hanratty throws to End Jim Seymour, it is more like a sure thing. Sophomores Hanratty and Seymour are the hottest young passing combination

the afternoon was over, Hanratty and Seymour had clicked twelve more times for a total of 276 yds. and three touchdowns in a 26-14 victory, and Purdue Coach Jack Mollenkopf could only groan: "We weren't prepared for this." Nobody was. Against Northwestern the following week, Notre Dame's amazing sophomores teamed up nine times for 141 yds. and spent most of the fourth quarter lolling on the bench as the Irish rolled to a 35-7 victory.

Army was No. 3, and the poor cadets, undefeated until then, never had a chance. Notre Dame scored the first time Hanratty got the ball, and scored again less than 120 seconds later when Seymour blew right past the cadets' secondary and gathered in a perfect 30-yd. TD toss from Hanratty. The final score was 35-0—"a military disaster," as one Chicago sportswriter put it—the worst drubbing Notre Dame had ever handed Army in a 38-game series that goes back to 1913.

North Carolina was the Irish's fourth opponent, and the Tar Heels could almost say that they had stopped Terry and Jim. Almost. Hanratty completed only five passes, and only one of those went to Seymour. But it was a gorgeous 56-yd. strike that Seymour gathered in on the Tar Heels' 14-yd. line, carried the rest of the way in about four giant strides. Final score: Notre Dame 32, North Carolina 0.

Green Power. "Good Lord, they're only babies," Coach Ara Parseghian keeps insisting—as if he can hardly believe it all himself. By last week Hanratty and Seymour had connected 34 times for 675 yds. and five touchdowns. Sportswriters were calling them "the Dynamic Duo," "the Teen Terrors," "the Super Sophs," "the Kiddie Korps." Notre Dame's fervent subway alumni were handing out stickers proclaiming "Green power!", and normally hard-headed football experts were agape with awe.

Gil Brandt of the Dallas Cowboys says that both Hanratty and Seymour are "certain to be first-round draft choices"—though they won't even be eligible for the professional draft until January 1968. The Baltimore Colts' Upton Bell talks dreamily about Seymour's ability to "stop a missile and hold on to it," Hanratty's "on-the-mark, 50-yd. bullets" that travel even faster than the passes thrown by the Colts' own superb Johnny Unitas. George Dickson of the Atlanta Falcons calls Terry Hanratty "the best Notre Dame passer in 25 years"—quite an endorsement, since that includes Johnny Lujack, Frank Tripucka, Ralph Guglielmi, Paul Hornung, George Izo and John Huarte. As for Jim Seymour, the Houston Oilers' Don Klosterman says flatly: "This boy is the best pro prospect I've ever seen at any position. I believe he could make any professional team in the country right now."

Oldtime football fans let go of their heroes hard.

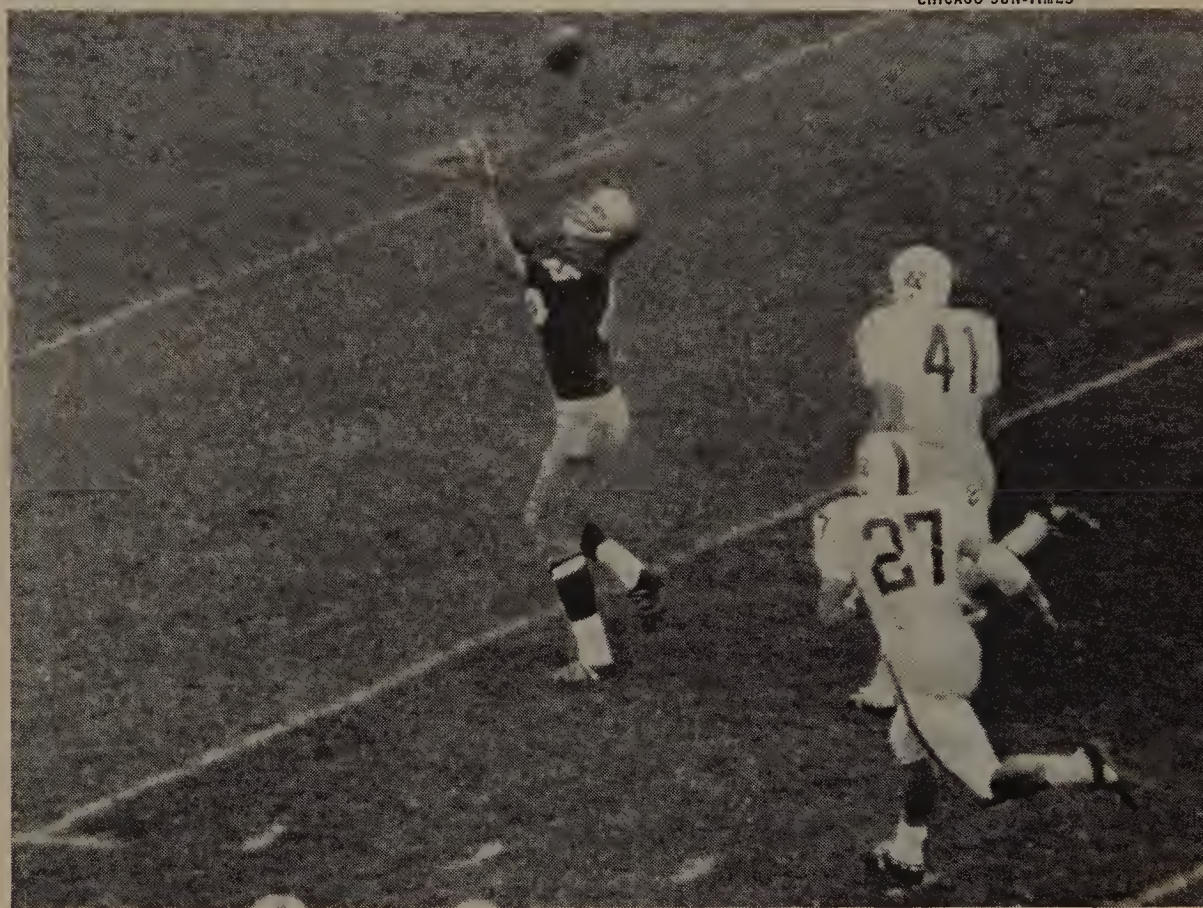
Walter Camp, wobbly ball and all,

is college football's original immortal. And nobody at Notre Dame is ever likely to forget Gus Dorais and Knute Rockne, who on a grey afternoon in 1913 demonstrated for the first time how deadly the forward pass could be—by demoralizing an unbeaten Army team that outweighed the Fighting Irish by 15 lbs. per man. Dorais threw, Rockne caught; the Irish soared 243 yds. in the air and upset mighty Army 35-13.

Few & Far Between. The game of football has never been quite the same since—a good thing, too, because it might otherwise not even exist today. Old-fashioned "pig pile" football was a

was a sometime thing. In his biggest year, Quarterback Lujack gained 791 yds. on passes, a figure that Terry Hanratty has already eclipsed this year with five games still to go. "The pass was a necessary evil," explains Whitey Piro, a onetime Iowa coach, now a scout for the pro Buffalo Bills. "You passed only when you were in trouble, when you had long yardage to make on third down. But practically no techniques were taught. You just ran toward the goal line and looked back every so often to see if the ball was coming your way." Says Georgia Tech Coach Bobby Dodd, an All-America quarterback at Tennessee in 1930: "When I was play-

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES



SEYMOUR CATCHING THE BOMB FOR TOUCHDOWN
A dip, a flutter, and nothing but pretzels behind.

brutal way to spend an afternoon: the casualty toll for the 1905 season alone was 18 deaths and 149 serious injuries, and President Theodore Roosevelt talked about abolishing the sport. The forward pass opened up the game and made it safer. Massed defenses, designed only to stop a crunching ground attack, swiftly became obsolete as more and more teams included the pass among the weapons in their arsenals. Still, brilliant passers, brilliant receivers—and brilliant passing combinations—were few and far between. There was Friedman-to-Oosterbaan, of course. There were Alabama's Rose Bowl champions of 1935, with Dixie Howell throwing to Don Hutson—who later went on to the Green Bay Packers and set five National Football League pass-receiving records that still stand today.

But all through the '20s and '30s and even the '40s—when Notre Dame's Lujack was pitching to Leon Hart and Princeton's Dick Kazmaier was throwing strikes to Frank McPhee—the pass

ing football, we'd throw maybe eight or ten times a game. Now we throw 20 or 30—or more."

Why? Partly because it's fun. Partly because it's necessary. "If you can't pass, you can't win," says Southern Cal Coach John McKay. But mostly they throw because they know how to throw—and catch—better than anybody ever did before. "Look, I don't want to disparage anybody," says U.C.L.A. Coach Tommy Prothro. "But you list all the great passing combinations in chronological order, and it's almost certain that each one was better than the one that went before. Today's passing game is more refined."

Starting at Four. It ought to be, considering how much effort goes into it. At Tennessee, Coach Doug Dickey allots 60% of his practice time to passing drills, only 40% to running—although passing accounts for only 40% of the Volunteers' offense. U.C.L.A.'s Prothro and Notre Dame's Parseghian both insist that their quarterbacks throw for



ROCKNE



DORAIS

A poke in the pig pile.

at least half an hour every day, in season and out. The quarterbacks rarely have to be reminded. There's no trick to learning how to pass, says John Huarte, star of Parseghian's 1964 Notre Dame team (which lost only to Southern Cal in its last game) and now a pro with the Boston Patriots. "You start when you are about four years old and throw and throw and throw." In the off-season, Huarte still throws to "anybody who will catch the ball. I'd throw to my wife if she could catch it."

There is one other explanation, according to Parseghian, for the quality of today's college passing game: "The population explosion." What the population seems to be exploding is mostly football players. "We're getting more and greater quarterbacks, more and greater receivers," Ara says. "Maybe vitamins are part of it too." Compared to 6-ft. 1-in., 190-lb. Terry Hanratty, Gus Dorais, at 5 ft. 7 in. and 145 lbs., was practically a midget; he would have had the devil's own time trying to spot Knute Rockne over the heads of today's massive linemen. And how would Rockne, at 5 ft. 8 in. and weighing 145 lbs., compare with a giant like Jim Seymour? But in college football today, rangy, strong-armed passers like Hanratty and rawboned, speedy receivers like Seymour are the rule rather than the exception. Practically every team in the U.S. boasts somebody who can throw "the bomb" and somebody who can catch it. Among the best:

► Florida's Steve Spurrier, 21, and Richard Trapp, 20, have a simple system of signals: whenever Flanker Trapp sees that he is not being "double-teamed"—meaning covered by two defensive backs—he nods to Quarterback Spurrier, who immediately throws to him. A 9.8-sec. sprinter who is most dangerous on flat passes, Trapp has caught 31 passes for 489 yds. and six touchdowns, is one of the main reasons Florida is ranked No. 8 in the nation. Frank Jackson, an end on the pro Miami

Dolphins, says Spurrier is "already better than a bunch of passers in both pro leagues."

► U.C.L.A.'s Gary Beban, 20, and Harold Busby, 19, provide the punch for a razzle-dazzle offense that has averaged 431.2 yds. and 37.6 points per game—both tops in the nation. The closest call experienced all year by the unbeaten, No. 3-ranked Bruins came at Rice, when they trailed 24-16 with a little more than three minutes to go. Quarterback Beban threw a 33-yd. pass that was deflected by two Rice defenders; Flanker Busby, a 9.4-sec.-dash man, flashed behind the defenders, leaped, and snared the ball for a touchdown. A 2-point conversion and a last-minute field goal rescued U.C.L.A. from near disaster 27-24. "It sure helps to have fast ones out there to receive," says Beban, who runs as well as he throws, has gained a total of 1,254 yds. so far this season.

► Purdue's Bob Griese, 21, and James Beirne, 20, are both throwbacks of a sort. Griese is a true triple threat who can run and kick as well as pass. Unfettered by fundamentals, Griese often throws off-balance or off the wrong foot; yet he boasts perhaps the quickest release of any passer in college football and was a consensus All-America last year. Receiver Beirne is not particularly fast, but he has the deceptive moves to break loose from defenders.

► Tennessee's Dewey Warren, 21, and Johnny Mills, 21, have had only a so-so, 3-2 season—on the scoreboard. Which was to be expected, since their school scheduled Georgia Tech (No. 6 ranked) and Alabama (No. 4) back to back. The Vols lost both games by a total of four points. Neither loss was the fault of Quarterback Warren, who has hit on 61 out of 99 passes for a completion percentage of 62%—or of Split End Mills, who has caught 20 for 212 yds.

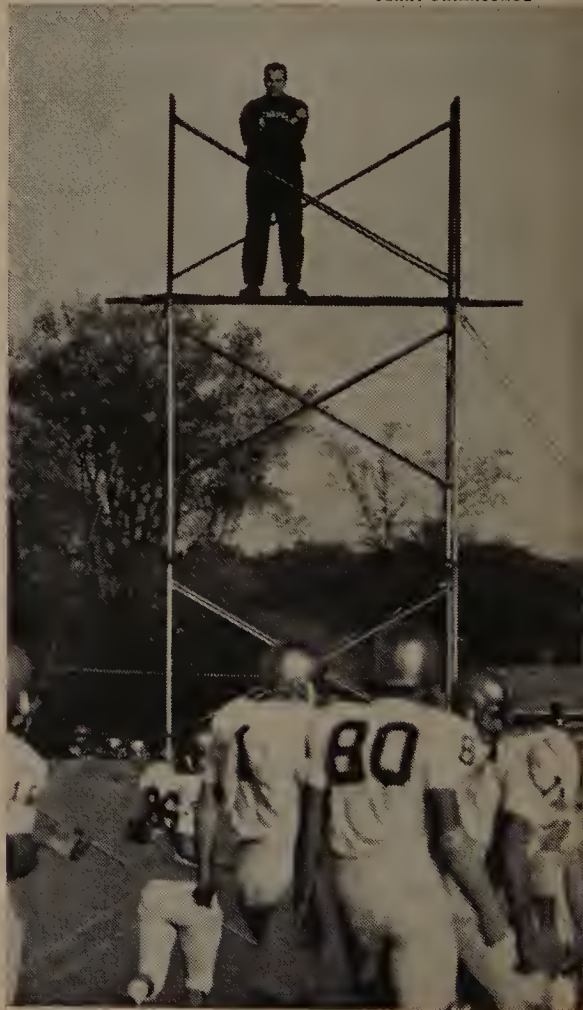
Such Beautiful Balance. If a team can't win without passing, it also can't win by just passing—certainly not in the company that Notre Dame keeps. "Usually," says Southern Cal's McKay, whose unbeaten Trojans play the Irish on Nov. 26, "the really significant throwing teams—the ones that lead the nation in passing—are losers." Parseghian concurs. "What we are after is balance," he says, and balance he's got. Notre Dame's massive defensive line weighs in at 240 lbs. per man and looks even bigger—mostly because of Tackle Kevin Hardy, a ferocious 270-lb. junior. Two weeks ago, against North Carolina, Hardy put on an awe-inspiring show of strength: charging right over the lighter Tar Heel linemen, he personally made half a dozen tackles, recovered a fumble, blocked four North Carolina passes and deflected a fifth into the hands of a Notre Dame linebacker.

To run the ball, Parseghian can call on Fullback Larry Conjar and Halfback Nick Eddy—both of whom are being touted for All-America this year. To open holes for the ground game, or

hold off enemy blitzes on pass plays, he has an offensive forward wall that averages 225 lbs. per man and takes it as a personal insult whenever anybody so much as lays a grimy paw on Terry Hanratty's blue jersey. "After the Army game," recalls Terry, "I was talking to Paul Seiler, the tackle, and I said, 'Gee, Paul, I've been hit three times in three games this year.' I was just joking, but he said seriously, 'That's three times too many, Terry.'" North Carolina's athletic director, Chuck Erickson, calls this year's edition of the Fighting Irish "the strongest Notre Dame team ever," and Army's defensive-back coach Ralph Hawkins predicts: "At least twelve of those guys will be drafted by the pros."

In their fierce pride, their dedication—and their explosiveness—the Irish are practically a mirror image of their coach. An Armenian Protestant who came to Catholic Notre Dame from Northwestern in 1963 and overnight restored its long-tarnished reputation for football excellence, Ara Parseghian (TIME cover, Nov. 20, 1964) is an intense, electric insomniac who works 18-hour days, delights in locker-room oratory, and hates anything dull, especially dull football. He has always had a knack for developing topnotch passers and receivers—"probably," cracks Navy Coach Bill Elias, "because his ancestors got practice catching figs that fell out of trees." At Northwestern, Ara produced Flanker Paul Flatley (now with the Minnesota Vikings) and Quarterback Tommy Myers (Pittsburgh

JERRY BRIMACOMBE



PARSEGHIAN AT PRACTICE
A knack from figs.



Your family will be enjoying
Color TV soon...

why not get the best

Ask anyone about Zenith. You'll discover that Zenith has the reputation for making the finest Color TV you can buy.

Step by step, carefully, precisely, skilled craftsmen handcraft Zenith Color TV. Every connection in the Zenith Color Chassis is handwired for unrivaled dependability, with no printed circuits. No production shortcuts.

Zenith's Super Gold Video Guard Tuner is hand-fitted with more than a hundred corrosion-resistant 16-carat gold-filled contacts for ultra-sensitive reception and longer TV life.

And professional cabinet makers fashion Zenith Color TV cabinetry — in authentic period designs—from select veneers and hardwoods to give Zenith Color TV the enduring beauty of fine furniture.

When you buy Color TV . . . why not get the best? See the complete selection of Zenith Handcrafted Color TV at your Zenith dealer's now. At Zenith . . . *the quality goes in before the name goes on®.*

Featured above, the Whitney, Danish Modern styling, Model 25X4541W. Lower left, the Somme, French Provincial styling, Model 25X4529H.



ZENITH



The Handcrafted Color TV



Everything new that could happen.



in styling...

A *beautiful* automobile is what happened at Chevrolet this year! We could go over all the styling refinements, but we think just looking at a new Chevrolet is explanation enough. A remarkable new feeling on the road happened, too. Not that a

cushioned ride's anything new for Chevrolet, it's just more so now thanks to softer body mounts and new rear suspension geometry. The steering's better, too. Improved linkage design makes turning 10% easier, helps minimize tire wear.



in safety...

There's a long list of standard safety features. Some highlights: dual master cylinder brake system with warning light, GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column, folding front seat back latches, lane change signal in direction signal control.



Here's the '67 Impala Convertible. With world-famous Body by Fisher, of course.



.happened!



in all these things for your pure personal pleasure

What more could you ask for? *Plenty* in this year's Chevrolet! For instance, add Comfortron automatic heating and cooling. Set *once* and stay comfortable no matter what nonsense goes on outside. Remember the car radio? Now you order an AM/FM

radio with multiplex stereo. Or the new 8-track stereo tape system, complete with a free 80-minute tape. Or both. As for the power you like, specify a 396- or 427-cu.-in. Turbo-Jet V8—exclusively Chevrolet's. That's just the beginning of Chevrolet's story for '67.

Your best bet is to go right now and see the car. And let your Chevrolet dealer fill you in on all the details.



'67 CHEVROLET

The Soft Whiskey motto:

It wasn't always this easy for us to have a good laugh.

Ten years ago, for instance, we found it hard to find anything funny.

At that time, Soft Whiskey was nothing more than a distiller's pipe dream.

(We failed to come up with it so many thousands of times, it became a nightmare.)

Of course now it doesn't really matter when Soft Whiskey was discovered. What does matter is what's

We try softer.

in that bottle:

A whiskey that goes down so nicely, you tend to forget that it happens to be a full 86 proof.

We tried harder to be softer.

You accepted us.

Thank you.

As for the much-sought-after formula that started the whole thing, who knows?

We're getting so cocky, we may even publish it some day.

On the head of a pin.



Steelers); at Notre Dame in 1964, it was Quarterback Huarte and End Jack Snow (Los Angeles Rams). After Huarte and Snow graduated in 1965, Parseghian had to settle for grind-it-out ground attack; although the Irish lost only two games, he still shivers at the memory. "It was not," says Ara, "my cup of tea."

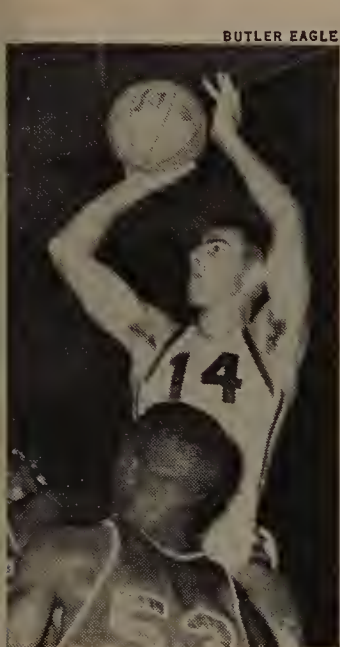
Hanratty and Seymour are not just a cup: they are a whole washtub—just what Ara ordered to flood new life into his Notre Dame attack, and maybe, just maybe, spark the Irish to the national championship he has been pining for ever since that last-game loss to Southern Cal knocked Notre Dame out of the No. 1 spot in the 1964 rankings. "Sure I want the title," Parseghian admits. "What else is there to shoot for, since we don't belong to any confer-

Frank Merriwell. Son of a permissive, well-to-do oil-company executive, Jim had a more than ordinarily comfortable childhood: big, luxurious house, backyard swimming pool, a guitar to play folk songs on, and later the use of the family Pontiac (but not the Cadillac) to drive girl friends to the "sock hops" that Shrine staged on autumn Friday nights after the football games.

Even so, he must have worked up some antagonism somehow. In basketball, Jim was merely great: he made the Shrine varsity as a freshman, led the team in his senior year in foul shooting, assists and rebounds. In track, he was almost invincible: after the third meet of his sophomore year, he was never beaten in the high or low hurdles. A string of seven plaques hangs today on the wall of Shrine's gymnasium, list-

Toledo, Arizona, San Jose State. All they got back was polite no-thank-you notes. Jim Seymour had visited South Bend and talked to Ara Parseghian; he was going to Notre Dame. It was inevitable, he explained to his sister Mary Jane: "All the nuns at Shrine were praying I would go there."

Gym with Chairs. Terry Hanratty's route to South Bend from Butler, Pa., was more circuitous; he thought about going to Penn State—until he persuaded himself that he could not meet the entrance requirements and did not apply. Terry's parents had recently separated, and his grades were not all they might have been. (Notre Dame is tutoring him; his grade average is now up to 2.3—a C+—and he is even studying Russian.) But there was never any question about Hanratty's athletic



TERRY AT BUTLER



HANRATTY & SEYMOUR WATCHING THE DEFENSE AT WORK
They hit it off before they got acquainted.



JIM AT ROYAL OAK

ence or go to post-season bowls?" In the meantime, though, he is playing it mighty cool with his sensational sophomores. "They have a lot of ability; that has been proven. Just give us credit for recognizing it," he says. "But how good they will be, only time will tell."

If Parseghian hadn't recognized the ability of Terry Hanratty and Jim Seymour, he would have had to be the most myopic football coach between Juárez and Sault Sainte Marie. By the time they were seniors in high school, they were two of the hottest young prospects in the U.S. Both were all-conference, all-state (Terry in Pennsylvania, Jim in Michigan) and All-America. And both got scholarship feelers from more than 40 colleges.

Jersey No. 42. At the Shrine of the Little Flower High School in Royal Oak, Mich., about five miles north of Detroit, Football Coach Al Fracassa announced last week that he was retiring No. 42, the blue and gold jersey worn by "the greatest athlete I've seen in ten years of coaching." No. 42 had been Jim Seymour, a gangling "big little boy" who was Shrine's version of

ing the holders of school track and field records—and the name "J. Seymour" is on five. In football, he was pure gold. An ex-Michigan State quarterback, Coach Fracassa hadn't paid much attention to Jim when he turned out for the team as a freshman: he was just another uncoordinated, 165-lb. six-footer. Fracassa took another look after Jim worked out with a football all the next summer and reported back for practice at 6 ft. 3 in. and 175 lbs.

Shrine was a small school playing in a tough conference, the Detroit Metropolitan Catholic League, and the usual headline the day after a game read: DIVINE CHILD CLOBBERS SHRINE. By the time Seymour was a junior playing both end and halfback and doing the punting, all that had changed. Shrine won six games, lost only one, and earned the right to play in the Soup Bowl against Notre Dame High School for the Catholic championship. As a senior, Jim caught 31 passes for 560 yds., picked up another 163 yds. in 31 carries as a halfback, and averaged 44.2 yds. per punt. The college offers poured in—from Michigan, Michigan State,

ability. His older brother Pete, now 22 and a graduate student at Georgetown University, was a high school track star, and the Hanratty home was really a gym with chairs and a TV set. "Our living room was a boxing ring," remembers Sister Peggy, 21. "Our backyard was a baseball diamond. I was always stumbling over makeshift bases."

Yet Mrs. Edward Hanratty abhorred violence—including football. She refused to sign Terry's Midget League application when he was ten (he got a neighbor to sign it instead, quarterbacked his team to the championship), and she had never even seen him play until she tuned in to the nationwide telecast of the Notre Dame-Purdue game. Then she almost expired from fear that he would "fall on his face in front of all those people."

Not that Mrs. Hanratty isn't a sports fan: she named Terry after her favorite baseball player, St. Louis Cardinals outfielder Terry Moore, and she played on the tennis team at Slippery Rock State Teachers College. Terry came on early and strong. He won two letters at Butler High in basketball. He pitched a no-

hitter the first time he took the mound for the baseball team. He broke his brother's school high-jump record on his first try. And the fellow who really raised Terry's competitive hackles was a football quarterback from just down the pike in Beaver Falls, Pa., named Joe Willie Namath.

Hanratty had nothing personal against Namath—who was already off at Alabama building a reputation for flinging and swinging that would later win him a \$400,000 contract with the pro New York Jets. What bugged Terry was that people were forever comparing him with Joe. Since Terry had deliberately patterned himself after Baltimore's Johnny Unitas, the classiest—and probably the quietest—of pro quarterbacks, he wasn't sure that the other comparison was much of a compliment. So the biggest thrill of his high school career was beating Beaver Falls 41-21—scoring a touchdown in the process on an 82-yd. quarterback sneak. The film of that game, forwarded to Notre Dame by a scout, may well have been the one Ara Parseghian was idly viewing one day at South Bend when he suddenly started to yell: "No. 11! Who's that No. 11? We've got to have him!" Thanks to qualms about Penn State, No. 11 was available.

Sidearm & Clamp. Hanratty and Seymour hit it off together early at South Bend. They patiently took their lumps as scrubs for last year's varsity (Notre Dame does not field a freshman team); then last winter they began slipping away at night to the Notre Dame field house for some serious get-acquainted sessions. Before that very first 42-yd. pass against Purdue could be completed,

there were a lot of things they had to know about each other. For instance, what kind of delivery does Hanratty prefer? "I like to throw overhand, but if I'm being rushed, I sometimes do a sidearm"—because it is harder for on-rushing linemen to block.

How does Seymour catch the ball? "It all depends on how high it is. But I like to get the ball in close to my body and clamp on it"—one hand on top of the ball, the other underneath. Where does Jim prefer the pass to reach him? "Anywhere but low. I don't like to catch it down low, because my face mask hinders me." How does Seymour handle the defensive man guarding him? "The first thing I do is go out and test him. If he isn't going to back up, I run right by him and say hello. But if he does, I'll cut the pattern short. It's a little bit of a bluff I try."

The learning process was slow, and sometimes painful. On one occasion, Hanratty launched an extra-hard bullet pass; Seymour caught it and broke both little fingers. But the private practice sessions began to pay off last May, in the annual game between the Irish and the alumni, when on the fourth play from scrimmage Hanratty hit Seymour with a 50-yd. clothesline scoring toss that spectator George Dickson, backfield coach of the pro Atlanta Falcons, called "one of the greatest passes I have ever seen."

Ara Parseghian could hardly have helped being impressed. If he was, he sure didn't let the boys know. Hanratty was competitive with Fellow Sophomore Coley O'Brien for the quarterback's job, and he still had a lot to learn. Endlessly, Terry practiced "quick

release": dropping back, spotting Seymour, and firing, all in the space of $3\frac{1}{2}$ sec., the average time it takes a strong defensive lineman to penetrate a passer's protective pocket. When he got his time down to $3\frac{1}{2}$ sec., he began trying for 3 sec. Then Terry practiced varying the speed of his spiral: "When a man is wide open," he explained, "there is no sense barreling it in there. But when the defensive man is close enough to grab the ball, you can't allow for any floaters." He also memorized Seymour's habits, the timing of his cuts and fakes, so perfectly that he could say: "I can almost tell how he's going to go, in what direction, as soon as he decides."

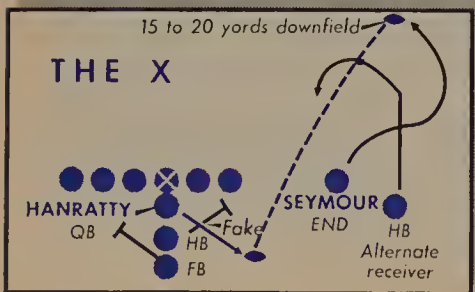
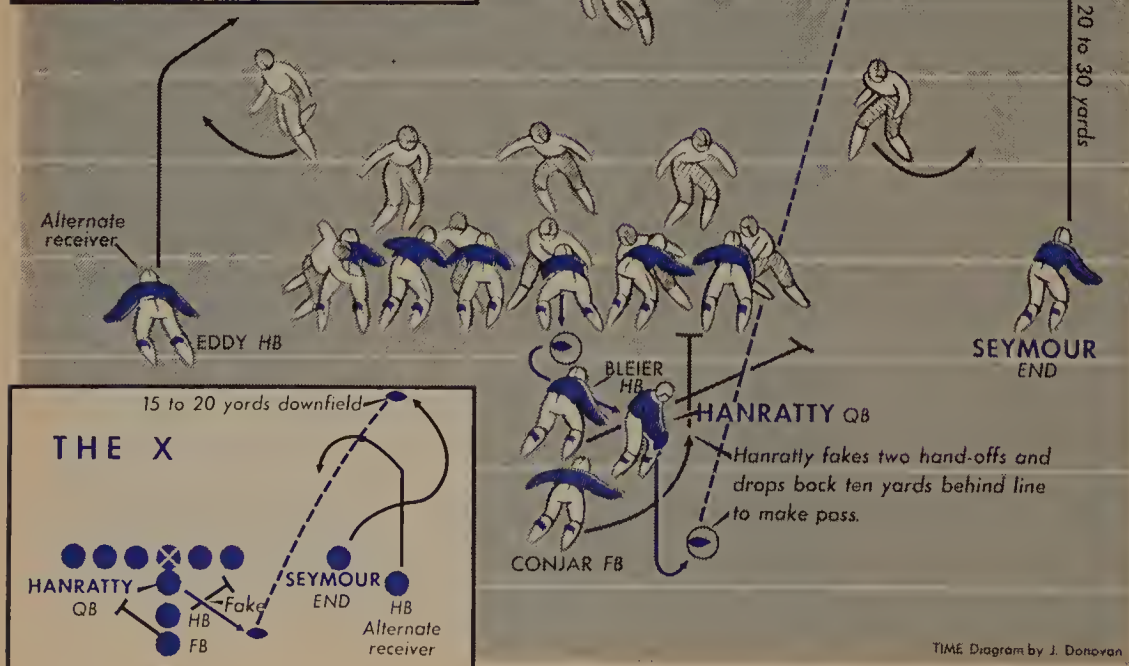
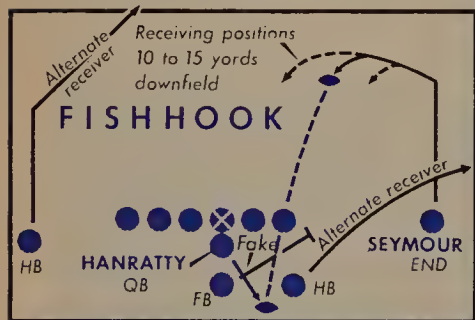
Finally, three days before the Purdue game, Ara Parseghian walked up to Hanratty, tapped him on the shoulder and said: "You're it."

Nothing Complicated. Hanratty reacted just about the way any 18-year-old kid would. "Say," he asked Seymour on the day of the game, "are your hands wet?" Replied Jim, with all the confidence of his more advanced years: "Sure. Aren't yours?" It stands to reason that their palms have stopped perspiring by now; nothing ages a man like success, and practically everything they have tried has worked—so far.

There is nothing particularly complicated about Notre Dame's passing attack; the Irish run a grand total of six pass patterns. It is how they run them that hurts. Hanratty and Seymour killed Purdue with the "shake and go" (*see diagram*), so it was only natural that Northwestern the next week would do everything it could to keep Jim from getting loose in the deep secondary. So what did Seymour do? He curled out to the sideline on the "X" pattern and swung back on the "fishhook," made do with 15 yds. at a crack instead of one play all the way.

There was nothing wrong with the Army defense on the play that set up Notre Dame's first touchdown; Seymour simply took two defenders up in the air with him, came down with the ball all to himself for a 19-yd. gain. North Carolina's Tar Heels tried a new tack altogether: absolutely blanket Seymour and hang the cost. It got pretty expensive. With Jim keeping three North Carolina defenders busy on one side of the field, the Irish gleefully ran up and down the other side and scored two quick touchdowns. The Tar Heels gave up. They took the two extra men off Jim; on that very play, Hanratty chose to throw the shake to Seymour. Oklahoma may finally have discovered a way to stop Jim temporarily. But a sprained ankle is a sometime thing, and Seymour will be back in a week or so.

It was all easy, all great fun to Terry Hanratty. He could not understand why anybody thought throwing a football—especially to Jim Seymour—so special. When they voted him "Midwest back of the week," he was actually overwhelmed. "Gosh," he said. "I never thought it would turn out like this."



TIME Diagram by J. Donovan

Making business calls overseas?

Call TWA first.

No other airline makes your job easier.

You can contact the world with a TWA jet. We fly from just about every major city in the U.S. to the important markets in Europe, Africa and Asia.

From New York, for example, we fly non-stop to more cities in Europe than any other airline: Shannon, London, Paris, Rome, Frankfurt, Milan, Zurich, Lisbon, Madrid,

Athens. And we have direct flights from Boston, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco... to name just a few.

If you're going beyond Europe, TWA can take you to Tel Aviv, Cairo, Bombay, Bangkok... all the way to Hong Kong. And, we've applied for *trans-Pacific* routes linking Taiwan, Japan and Hawaii with

our present system, to provide true 'round-the-world convenience on one big airline.

Ask about Worldwide Jet Credit. It's another TWA exclusive that lets you charge a business trip on any airline, anywhere in the world. Next time, make it easier...call your travel agent or TWA.

We're your kind of airline.



Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on



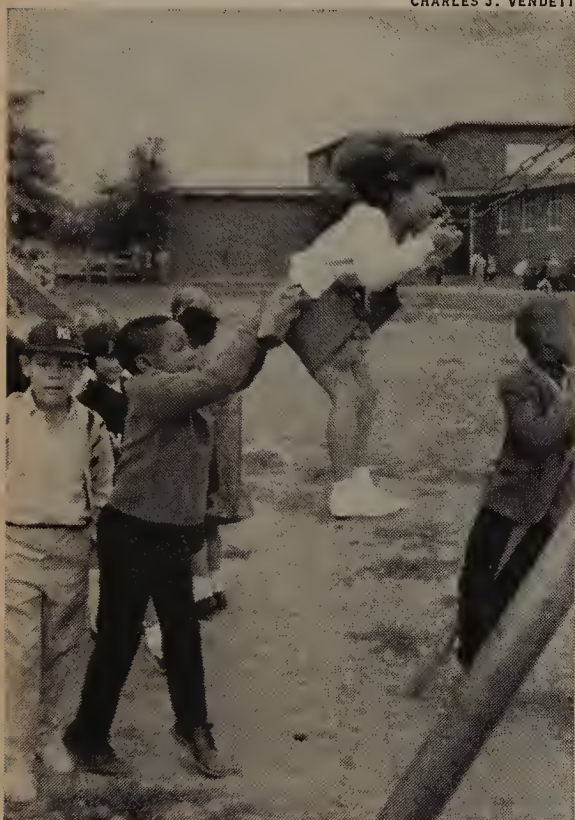
INTEGRATION

Bridging Two Worlds

Bussing of schoolchildren to bring about integration is one of the most controversial issues in the civil rights debate. Nevertheless, suburban school districts in several metropolitan areas in the U.S. this fall have accepted Negro students bussed out from their core cities. The results so far add up to a remarkable bridging of the worlds of two kinds of children.

In Boston, buses are carrying 220 Negro children of all grades from the Roxbury and Dorchester sections into 27 schools in seven suburbs. Starting a

CHARLES J. VENDETTI



RECESS IN WEST HARTFORD

Kids are just kids to each other.

two-year experiment in bussing, Hartford, Conn., is sending 265 grammar-school pupils from its Negro neighborhoods into five suburban schools. Irondequoit, an affluent suburb of Rochester, N.Y., has taken 50 first- and second-graders from the city's Negro areas. In Los Angeles, 310 Negroes from first grade to high school have been transplanted daily into such upper-class neighborhoods as Bel Air. Cincinnati is bussing 100 city Negroes out of their neighborhoods, including some into its suburban perimeter.

Seeing a Cafeteria. The children, both white and black, seem to have benefited. Most of the Negroes chosen for the experiment are from good homes and have parents who are eager to enlarge their children's horizons. Initial studies suggest that the children make above-average improvement in their new schools. "The teaching here is so much better and the classes are small," says Roxbury's Lana

Dabney, 16, of Brookline High School.

The older children at first marvel at such hitherto unknown educational luxuries as swimming pools, well-equipped gyms and driver-training courses. Tots find the suburban facilities wonderful but a bit scary. One third-grade boy looked into the big cafeteria in West Hartford's King Philip School and refused to walk in. "I'm not hungry," he protested. Coaxed inside by a white classmate, he ate with gusto; he had only hesitated because he had never seen a cafeteria before.

In grade school, as one suburban Cincinnati teacher puts it, "kids at this age are still just kids to each other." Friendships are quickly and easily formed, and some white children eagerly wait outside school each morning until the bus from the city arrives. In high school, white children tend to be more reserved in their welcome, and some shrug off the presence of newcomers with such noncommittal phrases as "they don't bother anybody." On all levels, there is occasional tension. A Negro girl in a Cincinnati suburb complained that white girls pulled her hair and asked: "Is that a wig?" When a Rochester Negro boy pulled off his shirt to play ball, a white classmate remarked on the fact that he was "black all over."

Risky Generalizations. Logistics and the high cost of transporting the Negro children five days a week—\$25 monthly per child, for example, in Los Angeles—limit the scope of such programs. At most, says Boston's Project Director Joseph Killory, no more than 3,000 of the city's 24,000 Negro students could be shifted to suburban schools. Yet many of those involved—white and black—consider it an eye-opening experience.

"The kids who were against it at first changed their minds very quickly," says Karen Bulgar, a white Wellesley High senior. Brookline Teacher Robert McCarthy concedes that "the big misconception we had was that the Negro students would all be alike—yet it is impossible to make generalizations about them." That is precisely the gain seen by a Negro mother in Rochester, who says: "Now Irondequoit people can see that some of us are good learners, some not so good, some shy, some full of confidence—just as is true for other people."

PROFESSORS

"A Vision of Madness"

William Arrowsmith is a 42-year-old professor of classics at the University of Texas who smiles often, likes to shed his tie in class, melts coeds with his boyish good looks. He is the kind of professor, says a colleague, "who doesn't construe his life as one thing and his job as another—he wears his humanity

on his sleeve." The gentle Arrowsmith also burns with the notion that education has been turning sour ever since the 5th century, and he is making himself one of the most caustic critics of academe in the 20th.

Arrowsmith employs low-key tones and rolling prose, but they only make his barbs the sharper. University administrators, he says, "have, quite literally, nothing to say," so they talk "dreary rubbish." Faculties are "caught both in the hideous jungle of academic bureaucracy and their own blind professional conservatism." Many doctoral dissertations are "patient parsing of the obvious and the irrelevant," yielding "laboriously trivial discoveries." It all adds up to "a vast educational enterprise built entirely upon a caste of learned men whose learning has no relevance to the young. It is a vision of madness accomplished."

Failure of Nerve. Despite the baroque language, Arrowsmith is no irresponsible crusader. He holds three degrees from Princeton, plus a B.A. from his Rhodes scholarship at Oxford, and he taught at Princeton, Wesleyan and the University of California at Riverside before shifting to Texas in 1958. He first turned public critic in a series of Phi Beta Kappa lectures at ten campuses in 1964. At this month's convention of the American Council on Education in New Orleans, Arrowsmith boldly laid his criticisms before 1,400 college trustees, presidents and deans. He accused them of selling out to "the research professoriate" through a "vacuum of leadership" and a "failure of nerve"—and drew warm applause.

Arrowsmith concedes that the "knowledge technicians" in universities are doing an adequate job in the transmission of knowledge, and feels that this is appropriate in the sciences, where knowledge is "glittering, hard, clear." But, as he sees it, this is "professional training," not education; and the trouble is that humanities scholars have joined this "cult of the fact," and now "manage to interpose between us and the texts a barrier of knowledge more lush and impenetrable than our earlier ignorance."

Processed Scholars. He insists that the aim of education ought to be "the molding of men rather than the production of knowledge." Students yearn to "become civilized men instead of scholars," but after four years they feel they are not humanely educated. So they go on to graduate school, where they are "processed as professors" whose aim is "to know rather than to be."

Arrowsmith's colleagues charge that he is himself a living refutation of his own theories. A topflight scholar who has translated Euripides, Petronius and Aristophanes, he also co-edits a classical quarterly called *Arion*, and is editing books of Greek comedies and of Nietzsche's writings. None of his students find that this work has made Bill Arrowsmith either inhumane or dull.



This Westinghouse-built plant converts 100 tons of refuse a day



into a useful soil conditioner.

The International Disposal Corporation has a new way to dispose of residential refuse: Turn it into a useful product.

This system can reclaim certain non-organic materials—metal, rags, glass, rubber and the like. The remainder is converted into a useful soil conditioner

for lawns, shrubs, trees and gardens.

The entire plant, designed, engineered and built by Westinghouse, is housed in an attractive area which is compatible with urban surroundings. The system practically eliminates offensive odors, rodent problems, air or

stream pollution normally associated with refuse disposal.

Processing 100 tons of refuse a day, this modern plant in St. Petersburg, Florida, has solved a civic problem common to most cities.

Shouldn't your city be next?

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse



Would you use air freight for
tons of electrical equipment?



Westinghouse did, and profited
from on-time overseas deliveries.

Photographed at Kennedy International Airport



Westinghouse Electric Corporation is constructing a 281,000-kilowatt power station near Cairo. To stay on schedule, the builders needed a fast, reliable, economical way to transport key equipment from the United States.

Air freight did it. The multi-million-dollar project is well ahead of schedule.

Fast delivery is only one reason to use air freight. It offers important savings — in insurance, packaging and handling, for example. In fact, when total costs are compared, air freight often turns out to be less expensive than any other shipping method.

Isn't it time you checked what this proved marketing concept can

do for your company? Call your local airline cargo sales office, cargo agent or forwarder.

United Aircraft

EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT 06108

United Aircraft advances air freight technology with the design and manufacture of jet engines, propellers, environmental and control systems, and vertical lift aircraft.



The *Beleares*, and Red Rocks Theatre, Denver Mountain Park, Colorado

RCA Victor Stereo... for realism that rivals the concert hall

The setting: a magnificent amphitheatre nestled between the 16-story Ship and Creation Rocks. The place: Denver Mountain Park's celebrated Red Rocks Theatre. The rewards: the Denver Symphony Orchestra, world-famous artists, superlative acoustics, and the visual delights of a sweeping 200-mile panorama of the plains beyond.

To translate these pleasures to a more intimate setting—your living room, for example—your selection might be RCA

Victor's Solid State stereo, the *Beleares*, shown here. Its exquisite detail, Mediterranean in mood, is carved and shaped from costly veneers of antiqued Mission Pecan and selected hardwoods.

And here's the inside story of realism that rivals the concert hall: a 120-watt peak power Solid State amplifier for premium performance from recordings and the deluxe FM-AM and FM Stereo radio. 8 matched speakers capable of tonal values you've only suspected were possible. Convenient push-button operation. Jacks for optional stereo headphones and tape recorder; terminal for extension speakers.

Spacious record storage space, too.

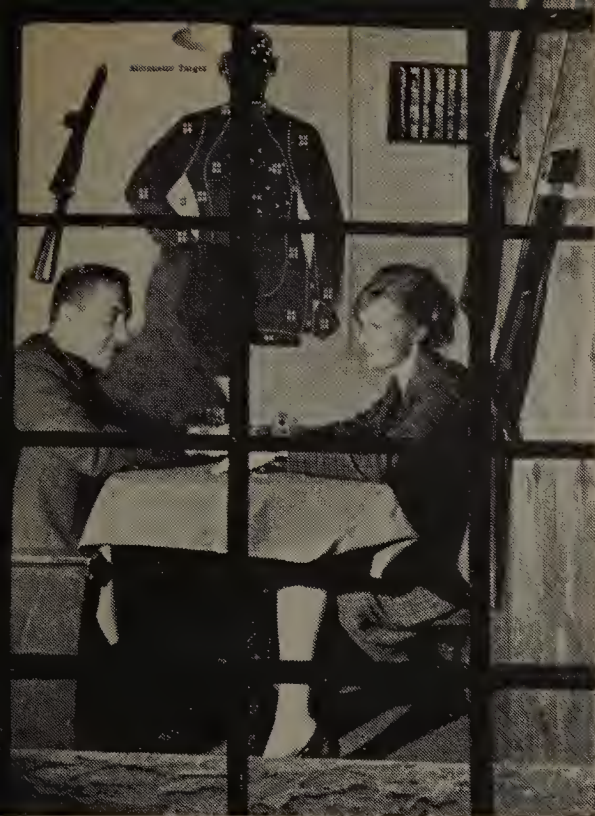
RCA Victor's gentle Feather Action Tone Arm has a Duralife* diamond stylus. And RCA Victor Studio-Strobe assures accurate turntable speed.

Plan now to see your RCA Victor dealer. Let him show you why more people own RCA Victor phonographs than any other kind.

*Radio Corporation of America Trademark



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics
Tmk(s)®



MILWAUKEE'S INTERNATIONAL EXPORTS, LTD.
Before anybody could holler U.N.C.L.E.

DISCOTHÈQUES

Bundled in Bond

It is 10:30 p.m. as the young couple hurry along the deserted waterfront alley. Then, with a quick backward glance, they disappear through an old wooden door innocently labeled International Exports, Ltd. Inside sits the late-working receptionist known as Annabelle Luck. "We need a safe house," whispers the man. "Are you sure you haven't been followed?" Annabelle whispers back. "Stand over by the bookcase."

Even a paperback Bondsman can guess what happens next: Annabelle flicks a series of switches and the bookcase lifts smoothly away, revealing a narrow, darkened secret passage. Anxiously, the couple enter, tripping an electric eye at the end. Wall panels slide away, and they have made the transition into the intriguing world of James Bond without so much as pausing to holler U.N.C.L.E.

Irresistible & Inexhaustible. International Exports, Ltd., a discothèque that opened in Milwaukee last week, is the nation's first full-blown spy nightspot. The fun is in the trappings, and few were left unsprung on opening night. Waitresses dressed in abbreviated black trenchcoats served drinks; red-vested bartenders whipped out fake automat-ics from their shoulder holsters to light customers' cigarettes. Rooms bore such names as Hari's (for Mata Hari) and MI-6; the bar was inevitably the Interpol, backed by a mammoth world map with clocks telling the time in Moscow, London and Hong Kong. A closed-circuit TV screen in each room scanned the outer "office." The walls were studied with Sten guns and silhouette targets; table lighters were shaped like hand grenades. The powder room was decorated with photographs of Honor ("Pussy Galore") Blackman.

A trifle cute, perhaps—but irresistible to the inexhaustible supply of secret-agent fans. Lawyer David Baldwin, who owns International Exports, Ltd., with three other attorneys, all in their 30s, plans to make it even more irresistible. Though the discothèque is already drawing capacity crowds, he is selling 250 special memberships at \$50 each; with membership come such added advantages as chauffeur service in a yellow 1933 Rolls-Royce limousine, private mailboxes hidden behind a movable wall on the premises, and a key to the back door. To ensure the proper ambience, Baldwin and his partners are giving away 100 memberships to the best-looking girls they know.

Smart Booth. Baldwin is ready to expand at once. "In St. Louis, the same kind of place might be located behind a shoeshine parlor, in Chicago, behind a Chinese laundry." His goal: a national chain of spy clubs with members identified through individual "passports." Meanwhile, he is hoping that Milwaukee's city fathers will relent and approve one of his favorite gimmicks. It is a telephone booth in the rear of the bar, patterned after the one used by TV Agent Maxwell Smart. When a patron dials the proper digits, the rear wall of the booth slips open onto stairs leading to a secret back door. So far, fearing that bookies might copy the device, the fathers have said *nyet*.

WOMEN

Hold Fast to Life & Youth

"There's only one Elizabeth like me," she liked to say, with a self-effacing little smile. "And that's the Queen." In fact, Elizabeth Arden, until she died last week in Manhattan at an age given out by her office as 82, was the czarina of the cosmetics business, a Bluegrass princess of the racing circuit, and a self-made multimillionairess with one Manhattan penthouse, one horse farm, a country cottage in Belmont, N.Y., and a

12th century castle in Ireland. More essentially, she was the first woman (or man) to successfully merchandise not merely creams and lotions, but the "Concept of Total Beauty," to remind women—and indeed, to convince them—that they could and should spend freely in order to "hold fast to life and youth."

Behind Red Doors. The year Arden originated the magic formula was 1910, four years before her latter-day arch-rival, Helena Rubinstein, arrived in the States. It was an era when women washed their own hair, when a lady used glycerine, rose water and talcum powder in moderation, when the vilest words that could be hissed were "She paints." Petite (5 ft. 2½ in.), fluttery, auburn-haired Florence Nightingale Graham was only the daughter of an immigrant Ontario truck farmer, but she intended to be a lady. Borrowing 1) a name from two genteel Victorian books (*Elizabeth and Her German Garden* and *Enoch Arden*), 2) the technique of giving "scientific treatments" to customers by massaging on creams and lotions from a previous employer, Eleanor Adair, and 3) \$6,000 from a cousin, she set up her first salon, for well-heeled society matrons, in a converted brownstone house at 509 Fifth Avenue. The loan was paid back within six months.

In a few years, "Mrs. Graham," as she preferred to call herself,* began to market creams and lotions separately, added perfumes, and in 1915 dared to introduce New York to the mascara and eye shadow that she imported from France. In time, her cosmetics, some 300 varieties of which are sold today in 44 countries from South Africa to Tibet, became primarily responsible for

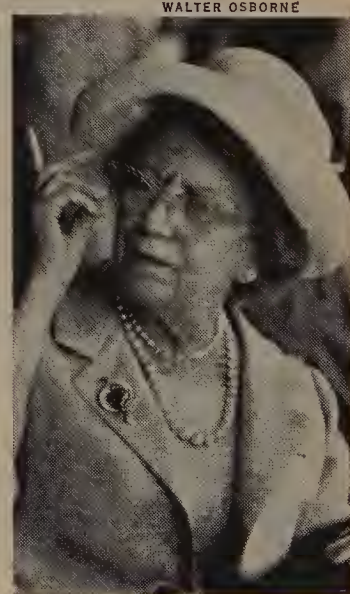
* She was married twice: first, from 1915 to 1934, to a U.S. businessman named Tom Lewis and second, to Russian Prince Michael Evlanoff, for 13 months in 1942-43 (Rubinstein had married her prince, Artchil Gourielli-Tchkonia, in 1938).



CIRCA 1926

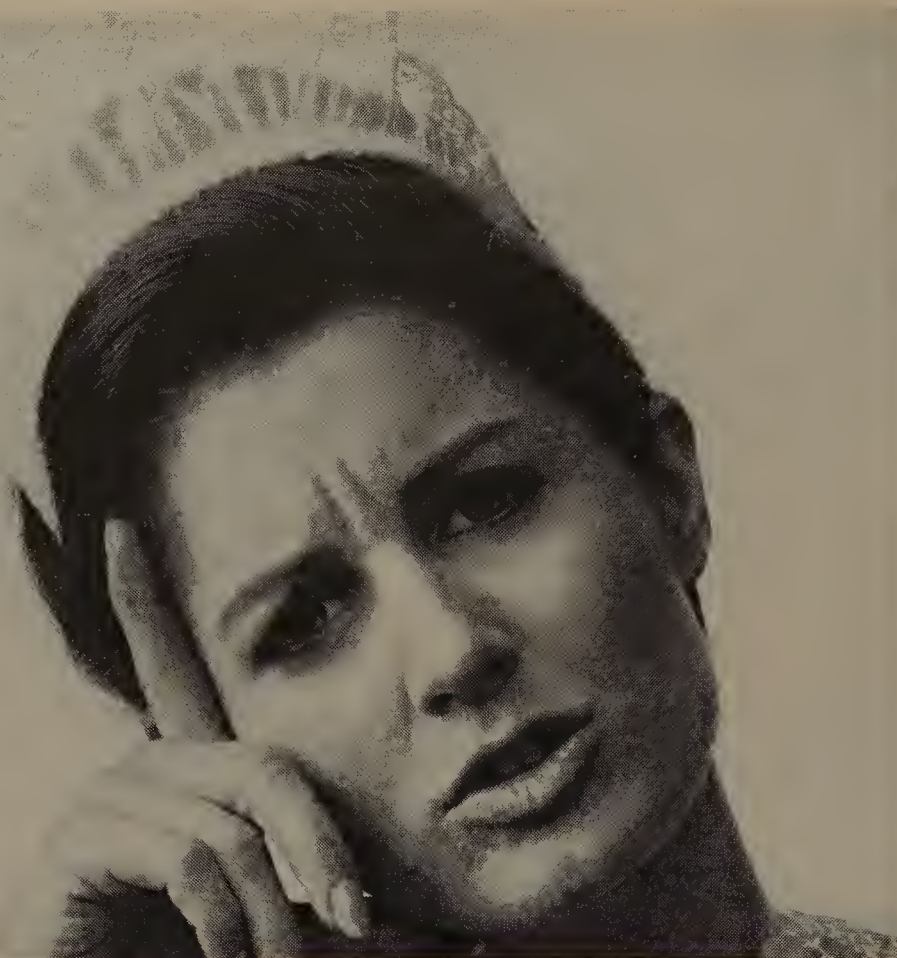


ARDEN ON TIME COVER, MAY 6, 1946



IN 1962

With a degree of dedication not given to many mortals.



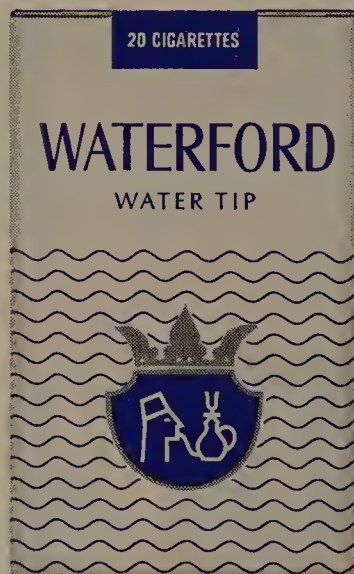
Why would an heiress go around pinching cigarettes?



Because she smokes new Waterford with the water tip...the tip you pinch for flavor.

There are tiny capsules of water suspended in the tip of every Waterford cigarette. Before you light

up, you pinch the blue lines on the Waterford band. This releases the moisture. That's all. You're ready to enjoy the newest taste in smoking today.



Can I pinch a Waterford?

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

a gross income estimated at well over \$15 million a year; but it was in her salons, invariably marked by a red entrance door, that she created the basic Arden mystique by militantly advertising that "every woman has the right to be beautiful."

Tip to Toe in Paraffin. Elizabeth was a dynamic perfectionist. She could spend months sniffing half a dozen sachets a day in order to find "the most wonderful smell in the world," and insisted on having the bows on packages retied again and again until they reached the exact, proper tilt. Since very few mortals were capable of her degree of dedication, the turnover among Arden employees was a byword in Manhattan career circles; but her exacting policies made great sense to her customers. Inside her salons (now numbering 50 in 33 countries), she similarly tried to perfect the Total Woman—physically, mentally and emotionally—by having her rubbed, scrubbed, pounded, patted, stretched, scented, oiled, tinted, and occasionally encased from tip to toe in paraffin.

The ultimate expression of the Arden philosophy that "modern beauty is not a veneer of makeup, but intelligent cooperation with nature to develop a woman's finest natural assets" could be found at her two "Maine Chance" farms. She opened the original in Mount Vernon, Me., in 1934, followed up in 1947 with a second in Phoenix. Described as "magic isles where cares and worries vanish," they prescribed a regimen of exercise, treatment, swimming and riding, all on an austere diet that ruled out fatty foods and liquor if the customer was overweight. Fees at Maine Chance have always been high (currently, \$750 to \$800 a week), and the clientele has included Mrs. Clark Gable, Mrs. John Foster Dulles, Ava Gardner, Edna Ferber, Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, Gwen Cäfritz, Perle Mesta, Clare Boothe Luce, Mamie Eisenhower, and Bea Lillie (who came not to reduce, but to put on weight).

"To Get Along, Fight." Racing fans knew Mrs. Graham best for her third Maine Chance Farm, built for horses, not women, in Lexington, Ky. She bought her first race horse in 1931, and by 1945 she had built her stable into the nation's top money winner (TIME cover, May 6, 1946). Arden babied her horses as much as she did her customers, piped music into their stables, ordered her grooms to treat the animals' cuts with Ardena Eight Hour Cream, massage their legs with Ardena Cleansing Cream. Because, or in spite, of this treatment, her Jet Pilot won the 1947 Kentucky Derby. Trackgoers remember her for post-time pep talks to her jocks in the paddock, when she exhorted them: "Get out in front and go, go, go!" They responded, and in much the same way as did her executives, when she pounded her fist on the desk and cried: "To get along in this world, you've got to fight, fight, fight!"

Italy Italian Style. Let yourself go.



Do it now through spring, during *Italy's In-Season*. Be part of it: gala openings, harvest festivals, couture showings, palazzi most travellers never see. There's more going on now—and you get more for your money.

Best of all, you'll get to know the people, involve yourself in a new, stimulating way of life. You'll see *our Italy*. And who's a better guide than Alitalia Airlines? Who offers more?

A new "Invitation to Italy" booklet helps you meet Italians on an individual basis. It features workshops where you can see how fine Italian products are made; and lists shops, hotels, and restaurants throughout Italy which extend special courtesies. (Over 600 nationwide organizations and firms are participating, and this is the first time such a plan has been offered.)

To see more, take an Open Road Tour. Rent a car, then follow a planned itinerary that takes you all over Italy.

(Or take our 15-day escorted tour. Costs only \$559.)

See your travel agent, or mail the coupon. Then let yourself go.

Once you get there, you may never want to leave.

Photographed at Rome's Casina Valadier, a place to see—and be seen. Left to right are Prince Marcantonio Borghese, composer; Renato Balestra, fashion designer; Francesca Smargiassi, United Nations; Katharina Williams, actress; Pino Lancetti, fashion designer; Nato Palumbo, interior decorator; Rossella Como, actress; and Gaetano Savini Brioni, Brioni men's wear.

Italy's In-Season, Alitalia Airlines
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019

DEPT. T-1028

Please send me

☐ More information on "Invitation to Italy" booklet
☐ Open Road Tour brochure ☐ Escorted Tour brochure

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My Travel Agent is _____

ALITALIA
AIRLINES

Price based on 21/14 day round trip jet economy tour basing fare from N.Y.

INSTRUMENTATION

Pen-line Diagnosis

The visiting doctor at the A.M.A. meeting had just had a little blood drawn from his arm. He watched while a technician dropped the specimen into the machine. Within a minute, he saw pastel-colored samples of his diluted serum being pumped through a dozen spaghetti-thin plastic tubes. Lights be-

testing 10,000 blood samples a year at a price to the patient of \$9 for the dozen chemical determinations. Only one technician is needed during a day when the machine makes an average of 40 analyses—it is capable of 30 an hour.

Product of inventive research physicians and Technicon technologists, the autoanalyzer performs many delicate and highly sophisticated chemical and physical tasks in less time than it takes



ALFRED STATLER

AUTOMATED BLOOD ANALYZER AT WORK

Whirl it, divide it, color it, light it, convert it and say it right out.

gan to flash on and off, and a mechanical pen started to trace a red line on a chart. The doctor noted with equanimity that the thin red line passing through the columns of the chart was reporting normal amounts of calcium, albumin and cholesterol in his blood. Then the pen came to the last column, cryptically marked S.G.O.T. (serum glutamic oxaloacetic transaminase—an index of liver function). As the red line jumped to the top of the chart, above the 250 mark, the doctor exclaimed, "My God!" It was his first intimation that he was a victim of hepatitis.

By the tens of thousands, such diagnostic tests are now being run routinely in 80 U.S. hospitals, which have installed the machine called SMA-12 (sequential multiple analyzer, with twelve channels), produced by Technicon Instruments Corp. The saving in time and money to hospitals and patients is growing steadily.

Cheaper by the Dozen. Standard tests for single blood factors generally cost a patient from \$2 to \$5; half a dozen tests may cost a package price of \$15 or so. The old-fashioned process is also costly in technicians' time, while doctor and patient wait hours or days for the results. Dr. Albert L. Chasson told a Technicon symposium last week in Manhattan that the SMA-12, which he operates at Rex Hospital in Raleigh, N.C., is

to describe them. First, the 3-milliliter blood sample (less than a teaspoonful) is centrifuged to get rid of the cells; the analyzer works with the serum that remains. The machine divides the serum into twelve portions and sends them racing through the plastic tubes by power from roller pumps.

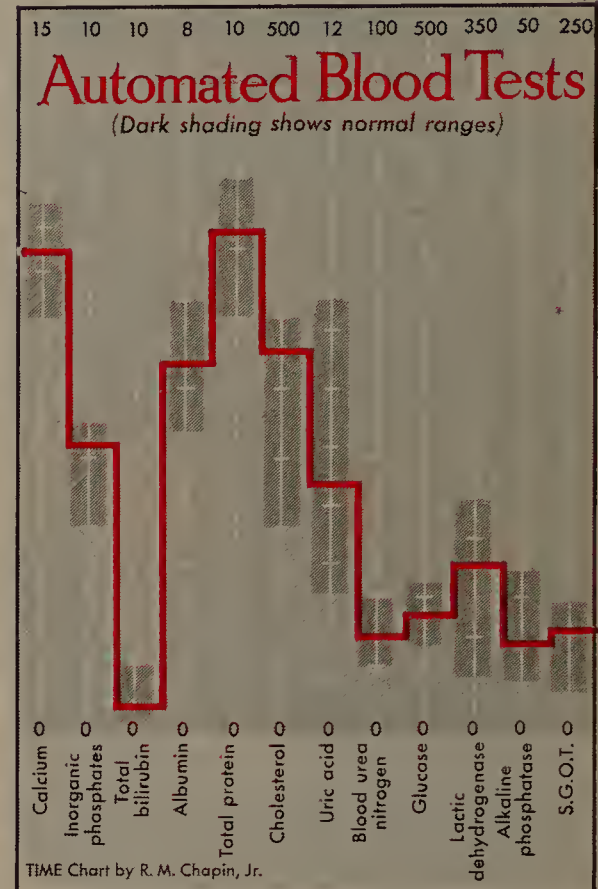
Along the way, every sample is appropriately diluted and mixed with a specific reagent for each of the twelve tests. The resulting rivulets are variously colored, according to the reagent used and the interaction between reagent and serum.

Near the output end, each sample drops into a tube on the rim of a colorimeter that looks like a twelve-spoke wheel. A powerful light flashes a beam through the tubes, and photo-electric cells measure the intensity of the transmitted light. A computer converts these readings into values for the pen to draw on the chart paper (*see diagram*).

Diabetes Disclosed. The autoanalyzer has two main functions: it can be used as a general diagnostic screening device, and it can be used in hospitals for patients whose primary ailments are already known, but who may benefit from a careful check on their blood chemistry.

When the SMA takes on all comers, as at an A.M.A. convention, it turns up a surprising number of previously undiagnosed abnormalities. Dr. Vernon E.

Martens, director of the Washington Hospital Center's laboratories, now in charge of the A.M.A. screenings, reports that 23% of the physicians tested had higher-than-normal cholesterol levels, 15% had high uric acid, and 6% revealed some kidney trouble. In the last screening, six cases of unsuspected diabetes were disclosed. Similar findings could be expected in any group of professional men in the same age range.



CANCER

Adventists' Advantage

The tens of thousands of Seventh-Day Adventists in Southern California suffer from most of the same diseases as their non-Adventist neighbors, including cancer. Yet on the average, the Adventist men live longer. Most conspicuously, they have only one-fourth as much lung disease as other Californians. Why?

Only part of the answer, say two of the Adventists' doctors in the A.M.A. *Journal*, may be found in their tendency to follow a modified vegetarian diet and their strict adherence to a regime of exercise and good hygiene. The major explanation for the Adventists' better health, say Dr. Frank R. Lemon and Dr. Richard T. Walden, is the fact that they do not smoke.

The doctors studied the five-year health records of 11,000 Adventist men over age 30. Among the 850 deaths, only nine were due to lung cancer, whereas 56 such deaths would have been predicted from statewide averages. Furthermore, none of the nine who had been killed by lung cancer had been a lifelong Adventist—all had joined the sect after years of smoking. Drs. Lemon and Walden have yet to find a single case of typical lung cancer in an Adventist who never smoked.

Photographed in Kentucky at the Old Taylor Distillery



Kentucky Landmark:
The Old Taylor Distillery
at Frankfort, built
in 1887 by Colonel
Edmund H. Taylor, Jr.

Here in this castle built of native Kentucky limestone, a great Bourbon was created... and continues to be made in the grand tradition. A Bourbon so smooth, so rich, so rewarding that today's moderns, who seek out the best in taste, make it their own. Shouldn't you?

Everything's old fashioned
about Old Taylor
except the people who drink it



Old Taylor's timeless
flavor is a 19th-century
secret. Enjoy the secret
with us!



HOW MANY TRIANGLES OF ANY SIZE ARE IN THIS STAR?



It's puzzling. Just like the name of our company.

You probably think that the American Can Company just makes cans. But that was where we started 65 years ago. Hence our name.

Now we are diversified into three major areas: container and packaging products . . . industrial and consumer paper products . . . and chemical products.

There are more than 1700 products in all. From Dixie® cups to the stannous fluoride in toothpaste. From blown plastic bottles to an innovational fabric that's actually knitted from paper. From ice cream cartons that "zip" open to a process for chrome coating aluminum.

It all adds up to the fact that every day just about every single person in the U.S.A. uses—or comes in contact with—at least one of our products.

*This is progress.
This is growth.*

This is the American Can Company today. A company as puzzling in name as the star is in the amount of triangles it has. Did you see 20? Then you're someone who already knew that there can be more to something than first meets the eye!

*American Can Company
problem solvers in packaging,
paper, chemistry
100 Park Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10017.*



**AMERICAN
CAN COMPANY**

AtlanticRichfieldCompany
makes chemicals for over 4,800 uses.
And is spending \$20 million
a year to produce more.

**“Forget the big numbers. When do I get
a soap that’ll do away with shaving?”**



More than 86% of the people at ARCO Chemical Company Division of Atlantic Richfield Company are in research. Working with petrochemicals for products that people want; and on products they've never even thought about. But while research goes on, so does production. And Atlantic Richfield produces 550,000 pounds of waxes a day. As well as quantities of aromatics, olefins and industrial ammonias. Plus 200,000 pounds of vital ingredients for the new biodegradable detergents. The kind that are doing so much to restore the beauty of our rivers and streams. And now that Atlantic Refining Company and Richfield Oil Corporation have merged, we'll be able to produce even more of the products Americans want—and some they've never ever thought about.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany • Philadelphia, Pa.



THE PRESS

CORRESPONDENTS

Femininity at the Front

The new white and blue outhouse 50 yards from the airstrip at An Khe is notably different from all the others in the combat area of South Viet Nam. The men of the 1st Air Cavalry who carved the half-moon on the door have painted the inside blushing pink, and they have even equipped the little building with porcelain and plaster conveniences. "For lady correspondents," the troopers proudly explain. Their handiwork is eloquent testimony to the growing presence of Viet Nam's female press corps. From a total of two women last year, the roster of regulars has grown to nearly a dozen. As many more have passed through on two- or three-month tours.

Newcomers or old hands, the women are frequent visitors to the front lines, where reaction to their presence is varied. When one of the women turned up at the headquarters of a Marine fighter squadron in the Mekong Delta, the C.O. gave her a curt order: "You'll wear fatigues all the time. We don't want women with legs down here." Out in the boondocks, another one of the girls was greeted by a battle-weary Army sergeant who asked quietly: "Will you please just say something? I haven't heard an American woman speak in five months."

As far as the men of the Saigon press corps are concerned, on any military operation, the girls inevitably become a hindrance. "Still," admits A.P.'s Peter Arnett, "it's a delightful change to have them around." A few of the more delightful of the species:

Betsy Halstead at 24 is one of the youngest and most experienced female correspondents in Viet Nam. A Temple University graduate, she arrived with her husband Dirck two years ago—he to run U.P.I.'s photography desk, she to report for the bureau. Since then, the fast-moving Philadelphian has scored an impressive number of beats. She was the first reporter to witness and photograph a B-52 raid, and she was first to interview the mayor of Danang after Premier Ky called him a Communist and erroneously announced that he had fled the city. In her tailored sage-green flight suit, the pert, 5-ft. 2-in. redheaded veteran of the Air Force's Okinawa survival course is well known throughout the country. "I've learned to keep quiet and not to argue," she says. She knows that "you can always sweet-talk someone into doing something for you." Perhaps more important, "when telephone operators hear a female voice, they always try harder to get a connection through"—an incomparable asset when fighting the fouled-up communications of Viet Nam.

Denby Fawcett, 25, a Columbia University alumna, was a surfing, skindiving Hawaii wahine only a few months ago.

Then her boy friend was sent to Saigon by the Honolulu Advertiser, and Denby, who had once written women's features, got the Advertiser to send her after him. The boy friend soon left Saigon, but Denby stayed on to run the paper's bureau alone. In off-hours, the tanned and shapely blue-eyed blonde is one of Saigon's most eligible females, but she has little time for socializing. When she is not covering political upheavals in the city, she is usually chasing down front-line action. When Viet Cong bullets began spattering around her near Danang, she took pictures first, cover second. Once the sound of a not-too-near mortar shell prompted four Marines to fling themselves over her "protectively." Says she: "They're always doing cute things like that in the field."

Esther Clark, 46, has been covering military affairs for the Phoenix Gazette longer than most of the Saigon news-women have been out of grade school. Since 1948, she has jetted through the sound barrier, been the first woman reporter to spend a day at sea aboard a submarine, and received an Air Force award for outstanding service by a civilian. Like most of the others, the soft-spoken brunette has studiously resisted being toughened into "one of the guys." Now in Viet Nam because "I felt I had to try explaining to the people at home what is going on," she has based herself in Danang. "I detest Saigon," she explains. "The war seems so remote from there." In fatigues and big-brimmed slouch hat, she spends most of her time talking to the troops. "After five minutes," she says, "they get the idea I'm not a greenhorn."

Michele Ray, 28, boasts an odd assortment of journalistic qualifications. A former fashion model and *Elle* magazine cover girl, the slim 5-ft. 10-in. Frenchwoman is a professional race-car driver and is making her own 16-mm. movie in Viet Nam. She is single-mindedly persistent in search of what she wants. "I first go to the Americans," she purrs, "and if they don't tell me, then I go to the Vietnamese—they always tell me everything." As a freelancer, she recently spent eight days with the Green Berets. Grateful for her presence, they named a search-and-clear mission "Operation Michele" in her honor. The Green Berets got 15 Viet Cong, and Michele got leeches on her long, lovely legs. But she enjoyed the mission because "on small operations you are more like the Viet Cong. It is more sporting and more dangerous."

Beverly Deepe, 30, who worked for the New York Herald Tribune until its demise, is now freelancing. She has logged more continuous time in Viet Nam than any other correspondent. On her way round the world in 1962, she stopped off in Saigon, then stayed on to build a reputation as an energetic reporter who preferred to operate on her



DIRCK HALSTEAD

BETSY HALSTEAD



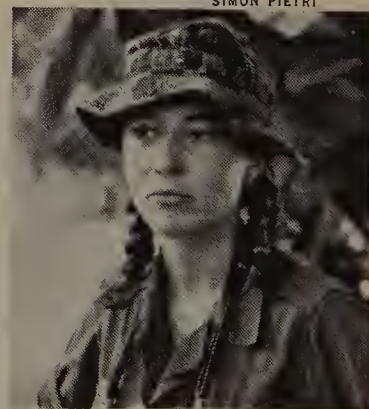
DENBY FAWCETT

ZALIN B. GRANT



ESTHER CLARK

SIMON PIETRI



MICHELE RAY

LEMINH



BEVERLY DEEPE

Saying something in sweet talk.



Enjoy A&C Grenadiers, the cigar that's going places.

Anywhere you travel these days, you see men lighting up...and settling down to the real pleasure of A&C flavor.

Flavor that comes from A&C's unique blend of fine imported and choice domestic tobaccos.

Flavor that has sales soaring.

Flavor that's made A&C a favorite travel companion of men who are going places.

Light up an *A&C Grenadier* (shown actual size).

Or choose a Panetela, Tony or any one of A&C's nine other shapes and sizes.

Buy a box or pack...you won't want to go anywhere without A&C again.

Antonio y Cleopatra

Tastes so good it never lasts long enough.



Product of *The American Tobacco Company* © A. T. Co.

own. She developed valuable contacts among the Vietnamese; her friendship with deposed Premier Nguyen Khanh, for example, won her a revealing exclusive interview in which Khanh tried to establish his own political standing by taking a militant, anti-American stand (TIME, Jan. 8, 1965). Beverly finds the "biggest challenge as a woman correspondent is that most of the American troops expect me to be a living symbol of the wives and sweethearts they left at home. They expect me to be typically American, despite cold water instead of cold cream, fatigues instead of frocks. Always it's more important to wear lipstick than a pistol."

JOURNALISTS

Soviet Self-Criticism

"There is an old French anecdote about the Englishman who, having crossed the Channel for the first time, lands in Calais and observes that the first woman he meets has red hair, and thus quickly concludes that all French girls are redheads. He is a good example of the Soviet journalist."

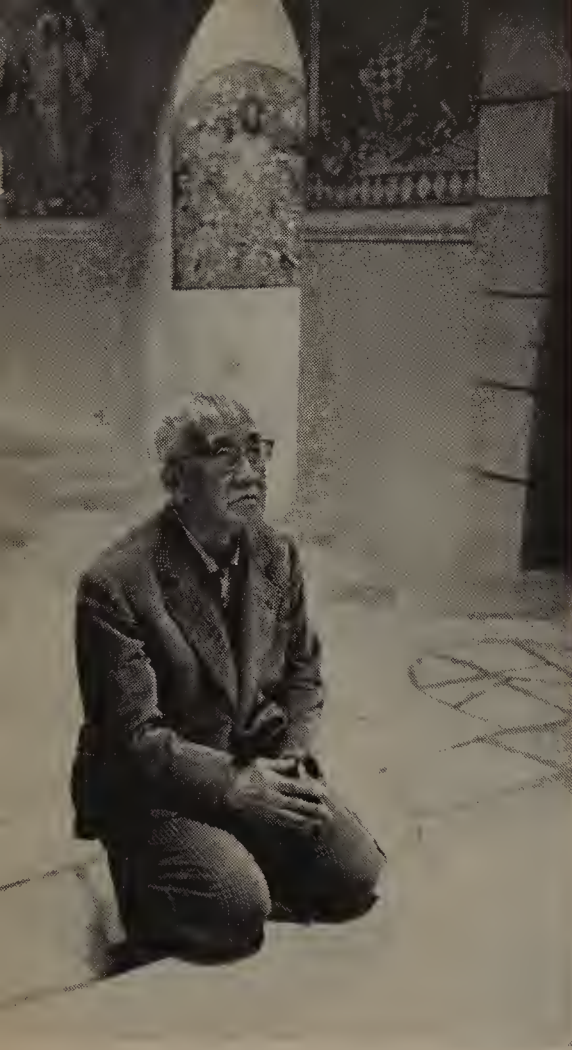
Such a jeer at the Soviet press is common enough in the West; this time the quip appeared in *Soviet Press*, a monthly magazine that is circulated largely among Russian newsmen. The criticism had an added impact because the speaker was Ilya Ehrenburg, 75, one of Russia's best-known journalists. Ehrenburg admitted to his interviewer that while he spends more than half an hour a day reading the French newspaper *Le Monde*, he seldom devotes as much time to any Soviet paper. His explanation was blunt: "The Soviet stories are much more poorly written. Many important events outside as well as inside our country are not even reported. There is a congenital lack of curiosity on the part of the editors and a lack of skill on the part of the reporters."

Soviet journalists who are sent abroad, said Ehrenburg, rarely demonstrate any enterprise; they are content to feed back the clichés their editors seem to want. "How silly, for instance, to deduce 'excesses of capitalism' from the fact that in England there exist barbershops for dogs and in France there is even a restaurant for them." People who are kind to dogs, said Ehrenburg, are likely to be kind to human beings. "After all, we too are admonishing our street urchins to love cats and dogs instead of torturing them." It is just as bad, he added, for reporters to concentrate on slums in Europe and the U.S. "Such slums, unfortunately, also exist in the socialist countries."

Soviet journalists, said Ehrenburg, should imitate some of the better practices of the Western press. A correspondent, he said, should "speak the language of the country on which he reports, maintain close contact with all circles of society, keep his ear open to a variety of contradictory opinions, and only then sum up his impressions."

Yes.





JEAN MARQUIS

FOUJITA IN HIS CHAPEL
To atone for 80 years of sins.

PAINTING

Wild Man of Wisteria

He was called the Don Juan of the Slanted Eyes. He disrobed an era of Montparnasse models and claims to have painted 3,000 nudes. He once tattooed a watch on his wrist and a ring on his finger; when wealthier, he capped the radiator of his chauffeur-driven automobile with a Rodin bronze. He arrived in France from Japan in 1913 wearing a purple morning coat and a pith helmet; eleven years later he was the most fashionable painter in Paris. Tsugouharu Foujita, now 79, is a living souvenir of the days when the School of Paris was in kindergarten.

Foujita is still painting. Last week he joined that select group, with Matisse, Jean Cocteau and Le Corbusier, who have created their own chapels. He was baptized only seven years ago (he took the name Leonard in honor of Da Vinci), and with age he decided, "It is time to think about a spiritual legacy." He convinced the director of the Mumm champagne firm to put up \$300,000 to build and landscape the chapel above their wine caves near Reims. Foujita did 1,076 sq. ft. of frescoes inside the 47-ft.-long chapel, including a side chapel honoring the Madonna of the Vines, who sits on a wine cask and offers grapes to the infant Jesus.

"I built this chapel to atone for 80 years of sins," says Foujita. He certainly gave himself opportunities to accumulate them. Descendant of a warlike

samurai family, the Foujiwara (meaning "wild fields of wisteria"), the painter hobnobbed with Picasso, Apollinaire, Isadora Duncan and the catlike artists' model Kiki. Alexander Calder once exhibited his miniature circus at Foujita's soirees.

When World War II broke out in Europe, Foujita fled back to Japan only to find more of it. There he did military paintings from photographs. After Japan's defeat, his samurai cousins, a marshal and a count, were held to be war criminals; but the artist was found blameless, and he rushed back to Paris. He is still exuberant, worked ten hours a day on his Reims chapel for the champagne growers. But he did not indulge in their product. Says he dryly: "I never touch a drop of alcohol."

Still O.K.

German expressionists, too, are supposed to be historical relics these days. Take Oskar Kokoschka, for example. In pre-World War I Prague, they gleefully translated his Czech name literally—"bad weed." Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination helped spark World War I, once growled, "That fellow's bones ought to be broken." He wrote plays that people called mad, but mainly he painted pictures that few people liked. Hitler unhesitatingly banned him as "degenerate." Kokoschka cheerfully outlived them all; today, at 80, he is more generative than ever.

To celebrate his eightieth year, he has had seven one-man shows. The latest, with 68 oils and 64 watercolors, drawings and graphics, opened last week in New York's Marlborough-Gerson Gallery. "My paintings are really a personal diary of my life," he says. This year, for instance, he did a view of the Soviet

DAVID GAHR



KOKOSCHKA & PORTRAIT OF ADENAUER
Never so generative.

zone from a skyscraper near the Berlin Wall. "Before me I saw a lunar landscape," he recalls. "I wanted to record this part of a country sentenced to death." As a commission for the German government for \$50,000 (which he gave to children's charity), he painted his 1966 portrait of Konrad Adenauer as a figure illusory and shrinking in form, as if wasting away. "He's very cunning, stately, vital," says Kokoschka of the 90-year-old former German chief of state, adding in admiration, "For three weeks he posed, never wanting to sit. 'You are standing,' he said. 'So can I.'"

Old age does not always win such praise from O.K., as he signs his works. A far more personal statement is a recent oil, *Saul and David*, full of the swirl of clashing colors and impetuous brushstroke. Explains the painter: "I painted David next to the angry old man. The old man is biting his teeth because it's over." Then slapping his knee with vigor, Kokoschka adds, "He is furious at being 80, as I am."

EPOCHS

Where Both Sides Gained

During the 13th century, King Alfonso the Wise produced the first illustrated history of Spain. The rare book showed that just as art may serve as magic, nature's mirror or man's mirth, it is also a priceless visual testament to the past. Seeing history in art fascinates Photographer Bradley Smith, who spent two years in Spain taking pictures of more than 235 art works, from the 20,000 B.C. cave paintings of Altamira to the present-day works of Miró and Picasso.

This colorful calendar of events is an approach that Smith, 56, first attempted with a book on Japan. To get the best possible photographs for his present work,* he mounted flimsy scaffolds in Moorish mosques, prowled the chill cellars of El Escorial, and nestled in the niches of the Prado. One of the most fascinating chapters of the book depicts the 800-year-long confrontation of Moor and Christian (see color pages), a conflict that forged the Spanish spirit, united a nation and changed Spain's art forever.

Chain Mail & Battle-Axes. What the book proves in pictures is that, while in the clash of two peoples both may lose, in the clash of two cultures both may gain. When 12,000 Arab troops landed at Gibraltar in A.D. 711, the invaders brought along with their scimitars a civilization that was far in advance of anything found in Europe during the Dark Ages. With the conquering Mos-

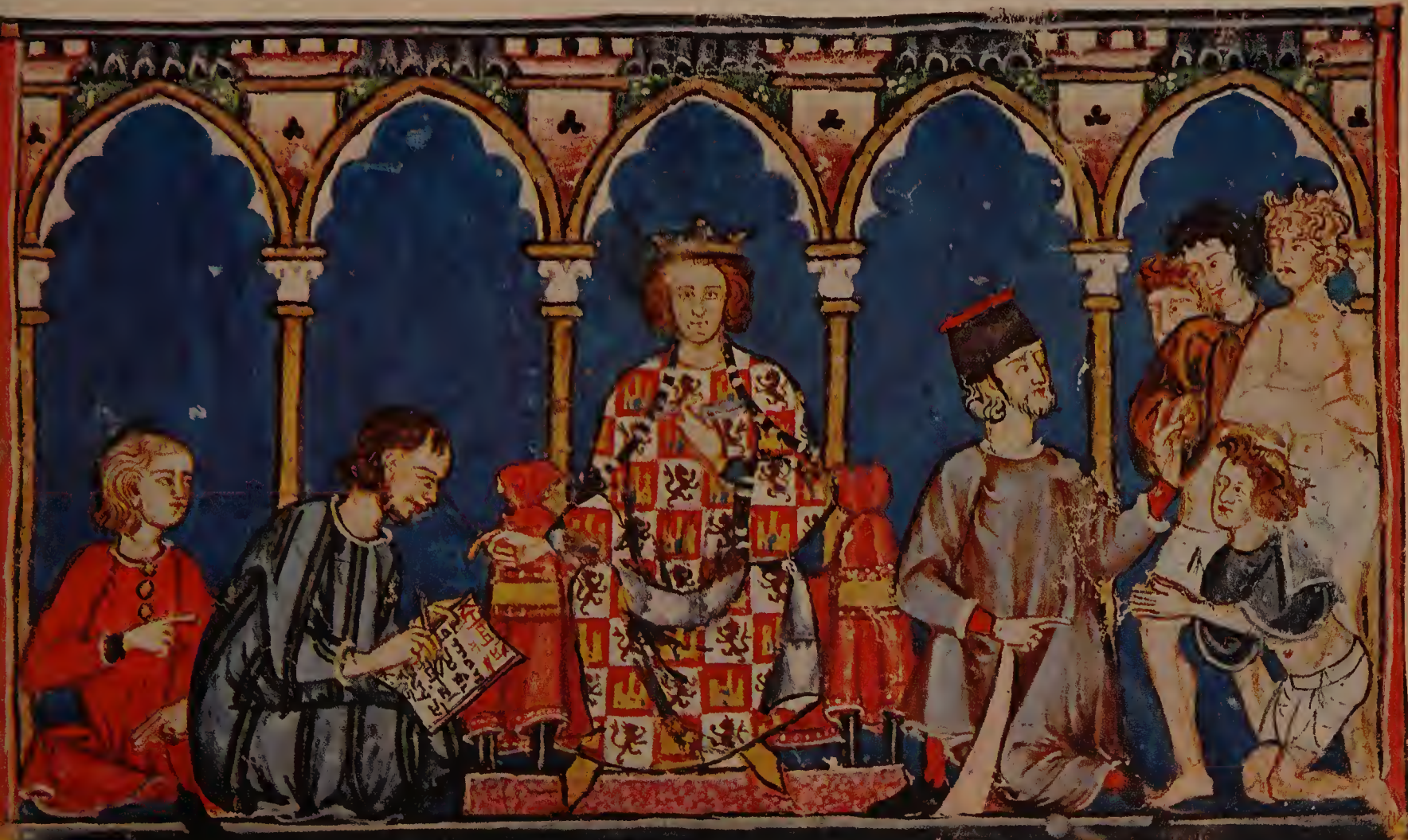
* *Spain: A History in Art* by Bradley Smith. 296 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$30 (\$24.95 before Christmas).

ART AS history: A great confrontation



EL ESCORIAL

For nearly 800 years Spain, and all Christendom, rocked with the confrontation of Moslem and Christian cultures on the Iberian Peninsula. The shock of conflict was recorded in illuminations commissioned in the 13th century by Christian King Alfonso the Wise, shown below presiding at his court.





THE MUSEUM OF ANCIENT ART, BARCELONA

On eve of invasion of Majorca in 1229, spy (center) in Catalan mural overhears

timorous knights (left). Next day King Jaime I (right) led troops to triumph.



EL ESCORIAL

Shifting alliances are depicted in miniature on parchment. Christian lord

(left) pledges friendship with Moslem, who nonetheless betrayed him.





THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA

Cult of chivalry swept even Moslem Spain in 1400s. This Moorish ceiling painting gives Moor both victory and fair lady.

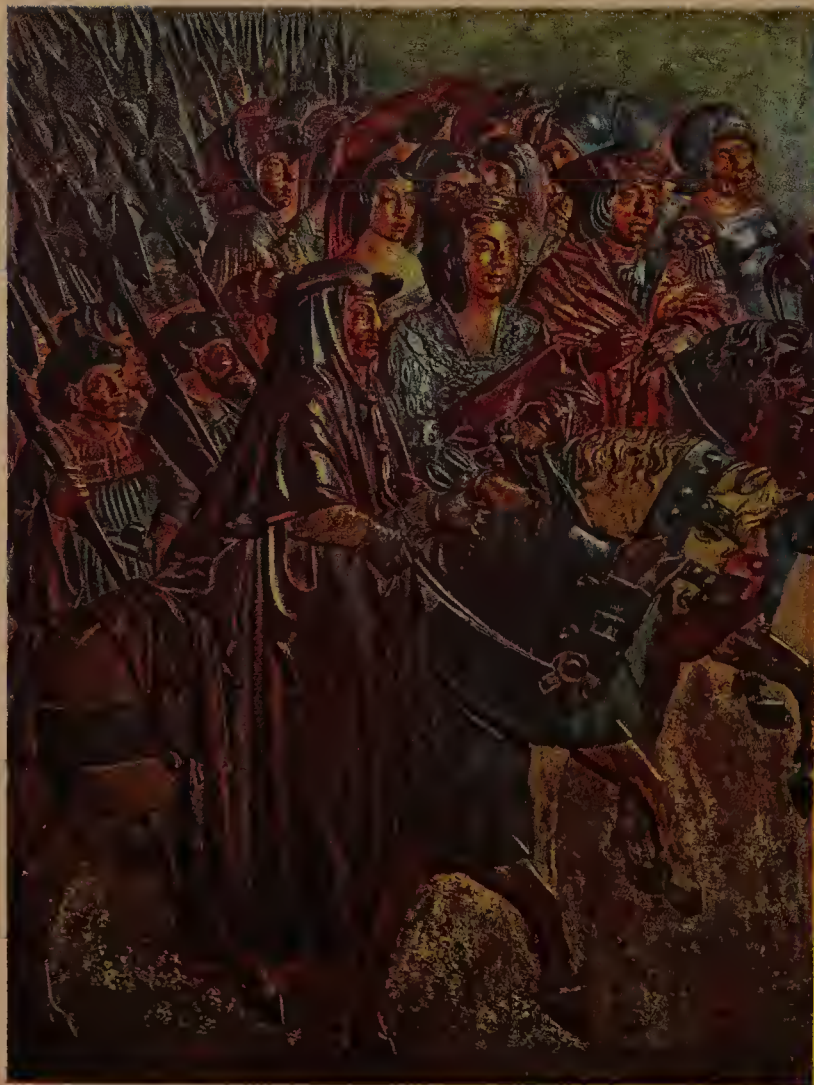
EL ESCORIAL



EL ESCORIAL

Thriving city life included open apothecary stalls. Physician offers Moors and Christians potions for their shopping bags.

Age of sport flourished in Spain, including an elementary form of stick or baseball. Sequence shows game from delicate pitch to pop-up fly.



Among Ferdinand and Isabella's proudest accomplishments was final expulsion of Moors from Spain in 1492. Polychromed altarpiece of Granada shows royal entry into that city (left), baptism of Moslem women (right), and flight of Abu Abdula, Granada's last Moorish ruler, into North African exile.



THE ROYAL CHAPEL, GRANADA

lem armies came algebra, advances in medicine, chess, astronomy, paper instead of papyrus. Compared with heavy Romanesque, their architecture seemed to defy gravity, lifting lacy ceilings that appeared to float like airy tents above thin columns of jasper and porphyry, while within each courtyard water splashed from fountains, turning their Islamic buildings into cool cases in stone.

Under the Omayyad caliphs, Moorish Spain became the strongest, richest nation in Europe. Shortly after the first millennium, the caliphate splintered into tiny Moorish principalities. In the era typified by El Cid, the soldier of fortune who served both Moslems and Christians, chivalry became a warring way of life for Christians. Spanish knights or *caballeros*, often owning nothing but horse and armor, served to oust the Moors. Monks wore chain mail and were led by bishops wielding battle-axes. The conflict, for Christians, took on the character of a holy crusade, but it was warfare often punctured by periods of peace. Both Moor and Christian often found it more convenient to be brothers than enemies, and fast friendships often developed.

The power struggle had little to do with the pleasures of life learned from the Moors. Bullfighting became a sport shared by all the populace, and even an elementary form of baseball emerged. The cult of courtly love crossed the Pyrenees, and was adopted by Moorish lords, who in song and painting boasted of their prowess, both as warriors and lovers. *Mudéjar* art, produced by Moslems living under Christian rule, flourished. So did medicine and many of Spain's great universities date from this fruitful period. When in 1492, the year Columbus discovered the New World, the last Moors, as well as the Jews, were finally driven from Spain, they left behind as their legacy a new nation cross-fertilized by the cultures of three religions.

Haunting Harmonies. Today, some echoes of the past conflicts remain. In Fez, ancient Moorish families still jealously guard as heirlooms the keys to their former castles in Spain. And in Spain, it was only last week, in fact, that a high Spanish official paid a formal visit to the historic Jewish synagogue in Toledo, probably the first event of its kind since the expulsion of the Jews.

But if wounds take centuries to heal, the hardy culture that grew from conflict has proved endlessly enriching. The taste for decorative, geometric art is still shown in Spain's intricate metalwork and cabinetry. The turn-of-the-century architect, Antoni Gaudí, resorted in his unfinished Church of the Holy Family in Barcelona to restless linear rhythms that recall the Moorish Alhambra. Andalusian laments still recall an Arab origin, and even the haunting cries of flamenco suit a caliph better than a king.

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these securities. The offering is made only by the Prospectus.

NEW ISSUE

\$75,000,000

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

6% Sinking Fund Debentures due May 1, 1992

Price 100%

(Plus accrued interest from October 15, 1966)

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any State only from such of the several underwriters as may lawfully offer the securities in such State.

White, Weld & Co.

The First Boston Corporation	Kuhn, Loeb & Co.	Blyth & Co., Inc.	Drexel Harriman Ripley Incorporated
Eastman Dillon, Union Securities & Co.	Glore Forgan, Wm. R. Staats Inc.	Goldman, Sachs & Co.	
Hornblower & Weeks-Hemphill, Noyes	Kidder, Peabody & Co. Incorporated	Lazard Frères & Co.	Lehman Brothers
Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co.	Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Incorporated	Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis	
Salomon Brothers & Hutzler	Smith, Barney & Co. Incorporated	Stone & Webster Securities Corporation	
Wertheim & Co.	Dean Witter & Co.	A. G. Becker & Co. Incorporated	Paribas Corporation
			Hayden, Stone Incorporated

October 20, 1966

**Office help
shortage got
you down?
Cheer up!**



**call for a
MANPOWER
WHITE GLOVE
GIRL[®]
MANPOWER**

THE VERY BEST IN TEMPORARY HELP
Over 400 offices throughout the world



**New palm-size
Magnavox with
room-size sound!**

This jewel-like Magnavox radio will bring you ultra-dependable listening enjoyment wherever you go. It comes on instantly, has power to pull in distant stations with room-filling sound. At your Magnavox Dealer (Yellow Pages) with batteries, earphone and presentation case . . . only \$19.95!

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

ASTRONOMY

Dr. Sun & the Moon

Generations of schoolboys who have been taught that moonlight is nothing more than reflected sunlight may well have been misinformed. More and more scientists have become convinced that the moon occasionally generates light of its own. During periods of intense solar activity, say modern astronomers, high-energy protons expelled from the



PHYSICIST SUN & METEORITE SAMPLE
Glowing with stored-up light.

sun strike luminescent meteorite material on the lunar surface, and the collisions cause some areas of the moon to glow. Now a Chinese-born, Westinghouse Electric Corp. scientist has gone a step further. An ever-shifting, narrow strip of the moon, he believes, constantly emits a glow of its own.

Lunar Bombardment. Writing in *Nature*, Physicist Kuan-Han Sun suggests that a combination of the solar wind, meteorites, and lunar temperature changes provide ideal conditions for thermoluminescence—the release of stored-up energy in the form of visible light during a rapid temperature rise. Like other bodies in the solar system, Sun points out, the moon is constantly bombarded by a solar wind consisting of charged, low-energy particles boiled off the solar surface and “blown” into space. Because these particles, which are mostly protons, follow magnetic lines of force, they can strike the moon from all directions, hitting its dark side as well as the side that faces the sun.

On the sunny side, where temperatures rise as high as 250°F., the luminescent meteorite particles that litter the lunar surface give off a small amount of light as soon as they are struck by the solar protons. On the dark side, the meteorites cannot luminesce because of the -240°F.

cold; instead, they absorb the energy of the protons. During the two-week lunar night, Sun estimates, one pound of meteorite particles would soak up more than enough energy to burn ten 100-watt light bulbs for one hour.

The revolving moon brings lunar dawn, and temperatures rise quickly. The meteorites give up their stored energy in the form of visible light. Thus, Sun suggests, in a strip less than 100 miles wide alongside the lunar terminator—the line that divides the moon's areas of day and night—the moon emits light of its own, which may be almost as intense as its reflected sunlight.

Simulated Solar Wind. To test his theory, Sun borrowed samples of meteorites believed to be similar to those on the moon. Using liquid nitrogen, he cooled them to -320°F. and bombarded them with high-energy electrons that simulated the impact of solar-wind protons for a 14-day period. No glow was produced. When Sun removed the liquid nitrogen and rapidly heated the samples, however, they began to give off vivid and pulsating light. The Westinghouse physicist is now working on further laboratory tests to support his theory. He believes that it can also be confirmed by careful telescopic analysis of light emanating from the vicinity of the lunar terminator. If, as he suggests, that band of moonlight is noticeably brighter than the rest of the moon's daytime surface, he will always be remembered as the Sun who cast new light on the moon.

AGRONOMY

The Benefits of Sowing Wild Oats

To the ancient Hebrews, the grain rust that so often attacked their crops was nothing less than God's punishment for their sins. The Romans, who knew the same agricultural scourge, placed a special god in charge of it and prayed to him for mercy. In *King Lear*, Shakespeare blamed rust's presence on a “foul fiend” named Flibbertigibbet. Whatever its origin, the fungus is still thriving; its red, yellow and orange splotches on stems and leaves cause a grain-crop loss of hundreds of millions of dollars every year. And every time that modern agronomists breed a resistant grain, within a decade or so a new and devastating rust develops through natural mutation.

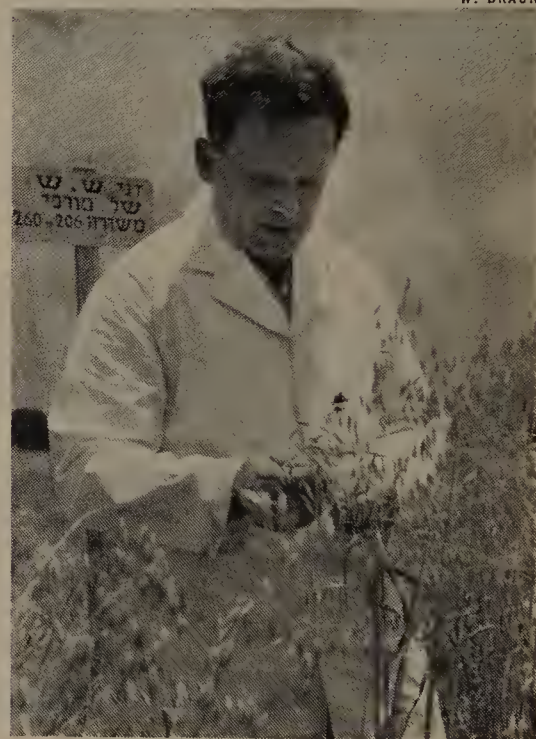
A recent mutant, oat rust 264, has been one of the nastiest of all, defying all efforts at control. Now, after a long search, the Israeli scientist who first identified the virulent fungus back in 1953 has not only found a wild strain of 264-proof oats, he has a plan that will enable farmers to prepare for the inevitable appearance of the next new deadly mutant.

Survival of the Fittest. Financed by a grant from the U.S. Agriculture Department, Plant Pathologist Isaac Wahl began his search for resistant oats in

Israel—on the theory that the varieties of wild oats growing there must have built up some sort of immunity. “In the process of evolution over millions of years,” he explains, “the survival of the fittest applies to cereal grains, too.”

Scouring the Israeli countryside for four years, he collected 2,350 samples, inoculated them with rusts and put them through rugged environmental tests in hothouses and in the fields. The most promising 100 samples were sent to the U.S. Agriculture Department; along with 4,000 resistant selections from other countries they were subjected to 264 and other strains of rust. From the fierce competition, a strain of wild oats that Wahl had found near Israel's Mount Carmel emerged the winner.

A Troublesome Trait. Designated 6-105 by the Agriculture Department, the new wild oat, which has a high protein value, resists the rusts that destroy 6% of the U.S. oat crop every year. To eliminate its tendency to lose some of its kernels before harvesting, it is currently being bred with existing commercial varieties at Agriculture Department stations in Midwestern and Southern states. When that troublesome trait is eliminated and varieties bred from 6-105 finally go into large-scale produc-



PLANT PATHOLOGIST WAHL
Stemming Flibbertigibbet's attack.

tion, they could save the U.S. farmer upwards of \$26 million per year.

Against the day when 6-105 and other thriving strains fall victim to new mutants of rust, Wahl is already working with Israeli Geneticist Daniel Zohary to breed fungi-resistant grain strains that will, like plasma in a blood bank, be immediately available for sowing in areas hard-hit by rust epidemics. They have already found new wheat and barley strains that are apparently resistant to rust. Says Wahl: “We must build up a bank rich in strains so that we are never again caught by a scavenger like 264.”



Yours?

Of course not. Although it looks a little like your own thumbprint, a close examination would show that dozens of details are different.

Insurance plans look like each other, if you don't look too closely. But there are dozens of details that can make the difference between your insurance plan and somebody else's.

Your Bankerslifeman promises that the insurance plan he designs for you will be yours in every detail, as distinctive as your own thumbprint.

It's insurance planned to fit your needs now, which can have flexibility to permit needed adjustments as your situation changes . . . as your income changes.

Your Bankerslifeman can help you plan funds for your children's education. Money to cover estate expenses or mortgage payments. Retirement income that neither you nor your wife can outlive.

Chat with your Bankerslifeman. He can help you with an insurance plan as personal as your own thumbprint.

BANKERS *Life* **COMPANY**

DES MOINES, IOWA

Over \$6 Billion of Life Insurance in Force

Every radio and television station should continually present the sound of different drums. The broadcaster has the biggest podium or soapbox a community can have. Many very different opinions should be heard from it. Encouraged by it. And even amplified by it. Even if some of these opinions may cause the rising of hackles.

It's the responsibility of the broadcaster to do more than just reflect current popular thinking and taste. There are opinions and ideas which are not yet popular. But are, nonetheless, extremely valid. And they may cause people to re think or reaffirm their present opinions. And they must cause a definite widening of scope and lifting of horizons.

It is this climate that nurtures new thinking, and permits existing ideas to grow bigger. It is this climate that today's broadcasters seek to create.



BOSTON WBZ • WBZ-TV
NEW YORK WINS
PHILADELPHIA KYW • KYW-TV
BALTIMORE WJZ-TV
PITTSBURGH KDKA • KDKA-TV
FORT WAYNE WOWD
CHICAGO WIND
SAN FRANCISCO KPIX

WESTINGHOUSE BROADCASTING COMPANY

TRAFFIC

Somebody Up There Watching

Not satisfied to snag speeders with only prowling cars and radar traps, the Florida highway patrol has a three-plane air force. At a couple of dozen locations, Florida highways are festooned with white stripes a quarter-mile apart. Orbiting at altitudes of 800 ft. to 1,500 ft., a trooper in a Piper Cub can clock cars whizzing by below. If his stop watch says a car has raced over the quarter-mile stretch too fast (less than 12.8 sec. in a 70-m.p.h. zone), the flying cop radios a cruiser on the ground to make the arrest. All of which goes

analysis in a ruling that suspended the use of radar and electronic timers as well as airplanes. Under current Florida law, said Faircloth, the information provided by all these gadgets is hearsay evidence and is therefore inadmissible. To restore electronic enforcement, Faircloth urged the state legislature to legalize such information by classifying it as prima-facie evidence. If the legislature agrees, Florida courts will be able to accept the evidence as conclusive whenever the defendant fails to rebut it.

The prima-facie technique has been adopted by legislatures or courts in many of the 45 states where police now use radar. Joining four other states,



FLYING TROOPER HUNTING SPEEDERS
Shot down by legal flak.

a long way toward explaining why the highway patrol last year caught a record 3,500 speeders.

It is a record that is not likely to be broken soon. Just before the Labor Day traffic jam, Pinellas County Prosecutor Alan Williams fired a hail of legal flak at Florida's aerial constables by refusing to prosecute one John C. Winslow Jr., charged with speeding over a bridge-causeway between Tampa and St. Petersburg. The prosecutor declared that he had no other choice because a state statute limits arrests without warrant to offenses committed in the arresting officer's presence. "I'm not criticizing the use of an airplane," explained Williams, "but a police officer [on the ground] who hasn't observed a man committing a misdemeanor can't arrest him for it."

To the highway patrol's dismay, Florida's Attorney General Earl Faircloth last week went far beyond Williams'

Connecticut's top court recently went even further by ruling that all judges in that state can take "judicial notice" of the principle of radar, meaning that they can assume that the gadget works as claimed when properly set up and operated. A motorist caught speeding in Connecticut by radar has little chance of acquittal. The odds are that motorists in Florida and elsewhere may eventually have no better legal luck with aerial surveillance.

FOREIGN LAW

Until Proven Innocent

Ever since he drove across the border into Mexico, Dykes Simmons, 38, has had good reason to reflect upon the problems of American suspects abroad. For seven years, while he has sweated out a death sentence in his sun-baked prison cell in Monterrey, the Fort Worth crane operator, now a convicted mur-

derer, has pondered the harsh fact that whatever Mexican law says, an American defendant may well have to prove his innocence in the face of assumed guilt. In a U.S. court, a prosecutor would have had to prove Simmons' guilt beyond a reasonable doubt—a difficult, if not impossible, task.

Illegal Line-Up. Dykes Simmons is the first American ever to be sentenced to death by a Mexican court. The crime for which he was condemned to face a firing squad occurred on the night of Oct. 12, 1959, after Simmons entered Mexico from Laredo, Texas, about 45 minutes behind a Monterrey dentist named Raúl Pérez Villagómez. Roughly 43 miles south of Laredo, the dentist's car broke down. Leaving his younger brother and two sisters behind, Villagómez went for help. When he got back to his car, his brother and one sister were dead, riddled with .22-cal. bullets. Hilda Villagómez, 18, had been shot seven times, and was barely alive.

At the hospital, where she survived for 17 days, Hilda described the gunman as a tall, blond, 200-lb. American who had stopped in his southbound car, tried vainly to start the Villagómez car, and started shooting when the youngsters giggled at his failure. He wore a white shirt and dark trousers, she said, had two gold teeth, and drove a blue 1958 Chevrolet with Texas plates. Mexican police immediately began a massive man hunt for all Americans who had crossed the border at Laredo on Oct. 12. In a dusty village 130 miles northwest of the murder scene, they picked up Simmons—and immediately freed him as the wrong man.

Sightseeing Mistake. Not only was he 3 in. shorter and more than 35 lbs. lighter than the fugitive Hilda had described, but he had dark hair (now grey) and no gold teeth; he wore different clothes and drove a two-toned 1954 Oldsmobile. Told that it was all a mistake, Simmons spent the next day sightseeing and swimming only 50 miles from the border. He might better have headed for home. While he relaxed, the police learned that he had been convicted of burglary and auto theft in the U.S. Besides, he was technically a fugitive from a Texas mental hospital, and he had signed his tourist's card with his brother's name (because the car was registered in that name). Most important, Mexico was crying for an arrest.

Picked up once more, Simmons was threatened with a cocked gun in a vain effort to make him confess, then hauled to Hilda's hospital room, where the dying girl had already identified the killer as everyone from her own doctor to one of the FBI's ten top fugitives. In such cases, the penal code of the State of Nuevo León specifies that the suspect be placed in a line-up with similar persons in similar dress. Simmons was ordered to wear a white shirt and dark trousers and brought into the room with white-coated doctors. Hilda by then could hardly speak; a bullet had de-

Announcing the most useful checking account in the world

In addition to the benefits of
a regular checking account,
now you can

Ban

check cashing problems with an
extra \$500 in *guaranteed* checks
... called Bancardcheks

Have a checking account that's
better than any credit

card

because you can use
Bancardcheks anywhere,
24 hours a day — just like cash

And whenever you need it,
you can even cash a

chek[®]

bigger than your balance
without being overdrawn

Now available at banks serving
786 American cities. Talk to the
bank in your town that has...

Bancardchek

CHECKING ACCOUNT

©1966—First/Group, Boston, 02146

stroyed her tongue and upper teeth. The prosecutor leaned close and only he heard her alleged words: "Yes, it is he. May God forgive me if I am wrong."

Present at the time was a U.S. consular official with only one duty: the standard consular task of seeking for arrested Americans the same justice enjoyed by the arresting country's own citizens. In Simmons' case, however, the U.S. official failed to protest the patent violation of Mexican line-up law. He had never heard of it.

A "Confession." Simmons is convinced that U.S. consular officials dealt him an even worse blow three weeks later after Mexican newspapers headlined a "confession" by another man—a psychotic Texas physician who had been arrested near Múzquiz for running around naked while shooting up an Indian village with a .22 rifle. Not only did the doctor roughly answer Hilda's description, but on the day of the murder he had been seen carrying a .22 pistol only six miles from where the shooting occurred. According to newsmen and the Múzquiz police chief, the doctor repeatedly stated that he had killed "three children" on the Monterrey highway because "they laughed at me."

With the permission of a Mexican judge, U.S. officials drove the demented doctor across the border (after putting him in a straitjacket) and deposited him in a Waco mental hospital. Since released, he is now practicing in Houston. Bullets from his assorted weapons have never been matched against those used in the Villagómez murder, and no solid evidence links him to the Villagómez crime. Nor has any American in living memory ever been extradited to Mexico.

Simmons, who was left behind to try to prove his innocence, had two Mexican lawyers, neither of whom spoke enough English to communicate with their bewildered client, one of whom is now a fugitive facing embezzlement charges. Though the defendant voluntarily took two lie-detector tests, which are sometimes admissible in Mexican courts, the inconclusive results were ignored. The murder gun was never found; a clear tire mark at the scene did not match Simmons' tires; hundreds of curiosity seekers obliterated all fingerprints on the death car before police thought of checking it for fingerprints.

Adamant Innocence. Simmons' lawyers argued that he should be returned to Texas as a mental patient who had no criminal responsibility under Nuevo León law. Nevertheless, without a jury, Simmons was found guilty in March of 1961, largely on the strength of Hilda's alleged identification. Although an appellate court tossed out that key evidence as illegal in 1962, the original trial judge simply pronounced Simmons guilty once more on the basis of disputed facts and such other items as his falsified tourist card and "penal antecedents." In 1964 the Mexican Supreme Court upheld that verdict; last month Simmons' bid



PRISONER SIMMONS

He should have headed for home.

for legal exoneration by the state's governor was turned down.

It is hardly likely that he will ever be executed. Nuevo León abhors capital punishment, has sent no one to the firing squad for 61 years. Moreover, Simmons' death sentence will be automatically cut to 25 years in 1970 because he will have survived a final death rap for five years. He has also been told that he will "probably" be freed if he petitions Nuevo León's governor for commutation. But Simmons is an obsessively stubborn man: he refuses to make any move that might be tantamount to admitting guilt.

Blood-Music. He has, however, twice tried to escape; he was shot during one attempt and received an additional four-year rap. In 1964, after his visiting mother found him "frightfully beaten" and lying in a pool of blood on the floor of his solitary confinement cell, U.S. officials vigorously protested his treatment. Simmons is now permitted such amenities as a TV set, a stereo phonograph, a typewriter and daily visits from his wife, Beatrice, a U.S. nurse whom he married in prison when she visited him there in 1964. Beatrice, though, is about to leave Mexico for lack of money. Because her husband rejects any face-saving deal, State Department officials insist that nothing more can be done for him.

McHenry Tichenor, board chairman of TV Station KGBT in Harlingen, Texas, has devoted much of his time and money for the past two years investigating the case; he, among others, is satisfied that the once psychotic doctor is the real killer. A young Beverly Hills lawyer named Dennis Fredrickson, who tried to aid Simmons in Mexico, is also convinced that top-level U.S. diplomacy could free him. Such an effort might be sparked early next year when the Senate Subcommittee on American Republics Affairs holds its scheduled hearings on the Simmons affair.

One thing this Coronastat 55 won't do is "nickel and dime you to death" with hidden extra charges.

Some people order a photocopier expecting to pay such-and-such per copy and wind up getting quite a surprise when the first *bills* come in. One bill is for the number of copies they made. And another — the unexpected one—is for things like paper, supplies and service.

With a Coronastat™ 55™ in operation you pay only for the copies you make. There are no "hidden costs." Yet the copies you make on a Coronastat

55 can cost less than two cents each.

Let us send you a cost-per-copy chart that will show you our costs in comparison with those of other leading copiers. You can figure out for yourself just how much you'll save with a Coronastat 55 at work in your office. It may be hundreds—and could be thousands of dollars a year!

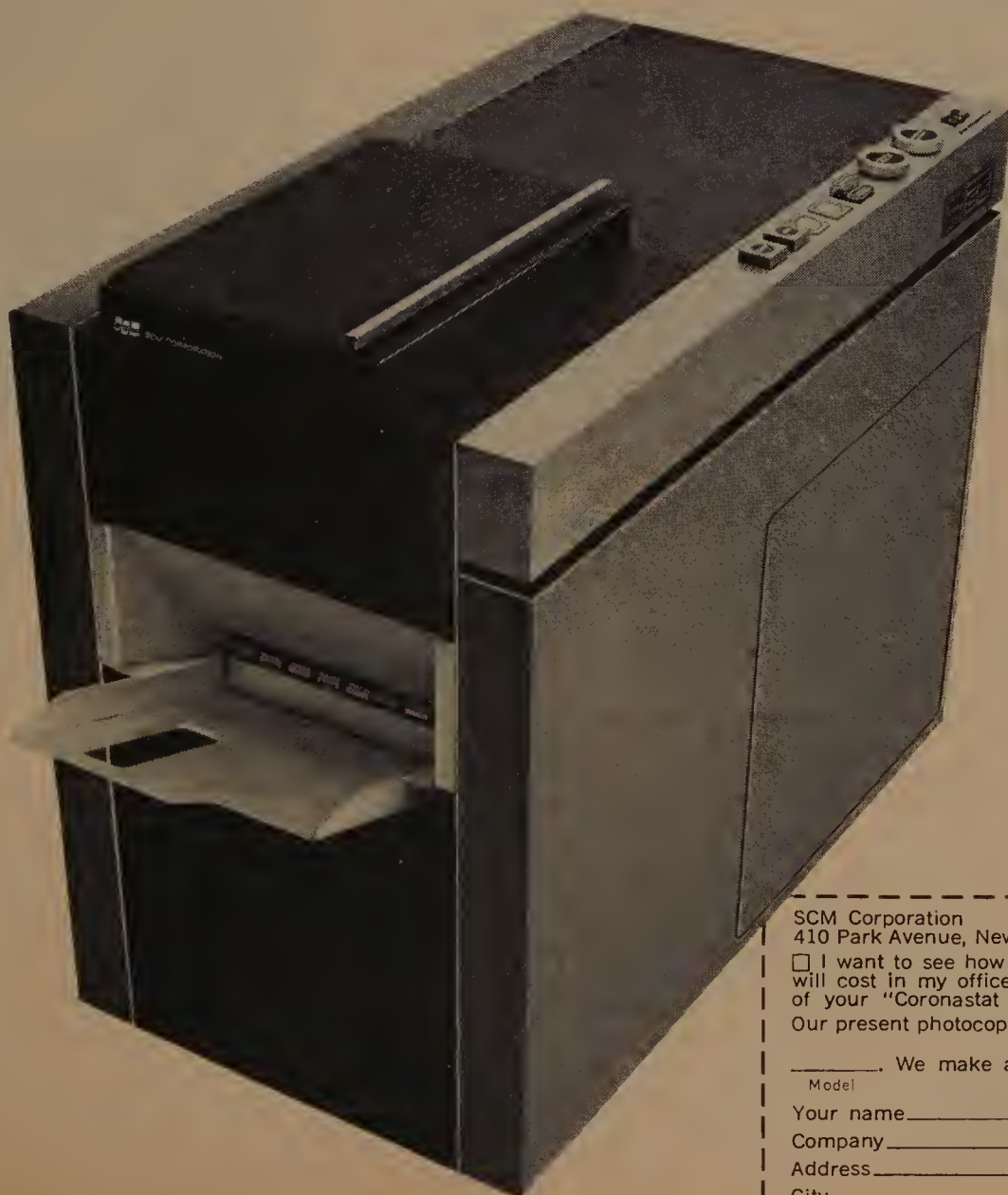
There are other savings a Coronastat 55 brings as well. No special wiring is needed. (You can even wheel

the Coronastat 55 from department to department if you wish. Just plug it in.) The size is right, too. This console copier will fit where others won't.

Whether you have a copier in operation now or are thinking about buying your first photocopier, it will pay you to find out all there is to know about Coronastat 55.

SCM ELECTROSTATIC COPIERS

SCM CORPORATION, 410 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022
OFFICES IN CANADA AND MAJOR CITIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



SCM Corporation T-10-28
410 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022
☐ I want to see how little Coronastat 55 photocopies will cost in my office. Please send me my free copy of your "Coronastat Copy Cost Comparison Chart."
Our present photocopy equipment is _____ Brand name _____
_____ We make an average of _____ a month.
Model _____ No. of copies _____
Your name _____
Company _____ Title _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Bim Bom Ban Bang On

Eh?, by Henry Livings, is a comedy of incongruity, unpredictability, originality and farcical absurdity. Its hero, Valentine Brose (Dustin Hoffman), is a Buster Keaton in a mod outfit who occasionally breaks into sly and menacing smiles. His mind is a running assault on logic. He is a living non sequitur. But his madness is the sanity of seers.

In this Off-Broadway import from England, the setting is a boiler room, and virtually the only prop is the boiler. This behemoth is a triumph of mechanical indigestion, hiccuping, squealing, glug-glugging, roaring, and occasionally subsiding with a grandiose belch. Anyone who thinks the machine

LEONARD MC COMBE—LIFE



DIRECTOR ARKIN

Anatomy of the mass.

will subdue the man is in for a head-spin. No machine, man, or woman can tame Valentine Brose. When he applies for the boilerman job, he hopes the hours will permit him to collect his unemployment checks from a previous job. During the interview with Works Manager Price (Dana Elcar) he exudes balmy assurance, balmy panic and total inertia: "I'm satisfactory all right. Always been satisfactory. All my school reports: satisfactory satisfactory satisfactory. I went to the Grammar School, you know. I did Latin. *Satis* meaning enough, *factory* meaning works: Satisfactory. Had enough of work."

Told by Price that he must be on hand at 11:55 p.m. to press a button, Brose instantly bridles: "Didn't you tell me it was an easy job?" Price is all for throwing this cheeky beggar out, but Brose won't buy it: "I'll get you, don't you worry. Some night when you're going for your bus. Scuffle, then clunk. There won't be much blood to speak of, just an agony and an aching, and not

being able to drag yourself along the wet pavement."

Brose is equally candid with the personnel director, Mrs. Murray (Elizabeth Wilson). Mrs. Murray is a corset-bound volume of Freudian clichés. She is both primly inhibited and latently lecherous, and Brose sniffs out the strange musk of her personality: "Like when you said what was my relations with my mother, I just couldn't stop myself saying 'son'; it came straight out. I've been wondering what the proper answer was, her being dead."

Out of the blue, Brose will say: "Bim bom ban on his brain pan." Except for a slight slackening of the pace in Act II, it's bim bom ban, bang on, all the *wEh*. Brose moves his pink-nightie-clad bride (Alexandra Berlin) into the boiler room and begs her for understanding. Says she fretfully: "The trouble with getting inside your head is that once I'm there I'm on my own." Brose has been growing mushrooms in the boiler room, and near curtain's drop they sprout hallucinogenic caps. Brose munches on one and can see Mrs. Murray naked. She flees, trying desperately to shield herself with her personnel folder. "D'you like happy endings?" says Brose with a happy wink.

In his directorial debut, Actor Alan Arkin (*Luv, The Russians Are Coming*) snake-dances the cast through this gorgeous farce and produces sight gags to match the early silent two-reelers. The players are perfect, and Dustin Hoffman is pluperfect. Apart from turning Harold Pinter upside down and dispelling all the potential menace in laughter, Playwright Livings achieves one added distinction: he has done an anatomy of modern mass man. As the stereotype has it, this is the man who will be reduced to electronic button pushing and social homogeneity, tutored to spend his leisure time with Shakespeare and symphonies. Brose shows no such inclinations. Industrial technology is a fascinating toy to him, and he is the contented child of pop culture; yet he has a curious, steely desire to think for himself. The old sanctions of God, church, state, family, boss, work have all dropped out of his ethical vocabulary. He is a law unto himself, frenetically comic, highly individualistic, a little man of unpredictable size.

Plop Art

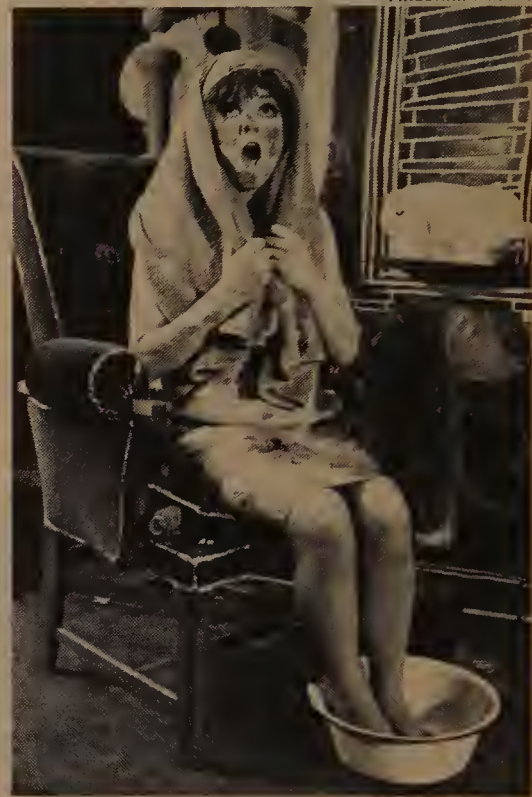
The *Apple Tree* has brought forth three moldy figs: a musical trio of satirical skits starring Barbara Harris and Alan Alda. Good satire is a difficult form of pertinent irreverence. Flabby satire, with tired targets like *Tree's*, is unearned derision full of cartoon comedy and plop art.

Plop No. 1 is a Garden of Eden spoof adapted from Mark Twain's *The Diary of Adam and Eve*. Eve chews out Adam before he chews on the apple.

She wants the grass "shortened." She wants their three-board wigwam painted because she hates brown. Their Eden is no paradise of humor. Adam: "I have to empty the four-pronged white squitter." Eve: "You mean the cow." Eve discovers love, but the snake must have slipped her the lyrics.

Plop No. 2 brings on a parcel of kitchy-kitchy-koo girls for Broadway's standard Babylonian revels. Captain Sanjar, who has dallied with the Princess Barbára, is ordered to trial by her father, the King. He must open one of two doors behind which lurk, respectively, a hungry tiger and a nubile damsel. The skit preserves the tricky non-ending from Frank Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger?*, but it scarcely matters. To fill in the non-beginning and the non-middle, the dancing girls thrash

FRIEDMAN-ABELES



HARRIS IN "TREE"

Lyrics by a snake.

around like palm trees in a tropical hurricane. A hurricane has a better plot.

Plop No. 3 feebly splashes a slavey with the sequins of movie stardom in some hollow mockery of the fame-and-success myth. Cinderella should sue.

The myth of Director Mike Nichols, invulnerable up to now, has been that he could bust a comic rib with an onion-skin script, but *The Apple Tree* is too thin for even his nimble touch. While Barbara Harris is as saucily mocking as ever, it becomes clearer with each performance that she is more of a zany caricaturist and mimic than she is an actress. She can do instant impersonations of people and moods, but except for her 1962 performance in *Oh Dad, Poor Dad*, she has never developed a character. In the past, Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick have written beautifully articulated scores for *Fiorello!* and *Fiddler on the Roof*. In *The Apple Tree*, the score, like the show, lacks everything, including earplugs.

Our product is furniture . . . but our business is people



Why Johnny Won't Be a Dropout!

How . . . Now . . . Brown . . . Cow. These familiar "sight and sound" words used to teach reading have not changed over the years. But the means of instruction and teacher / student communication have changed considerably.

Today many schools use an ingenious and inexpensive electronic unit developed by American Seating to help students improve their reading skills. We call this new specialized learning aid a

portable "Suzette."

Suzette enables the teacher to give each student the individual attention he deserves for his own particular problems. It helps the slow learner keep up with his classmates . . . prevents him from getting discouraged. For it is the inability to read rapidly or comprehend what has been read that breeds the high school dropout. When reading is a slow, difficult task, classes cease to be stimulat-

ing or fun; and a student becomes a dropout candidate.

Teachers have found the portable Suzette invaluable when working with students in developmental reading—just one of the many uses for the Suzette. Students use the unit to study everything from classical music to French and Spanish.

Interested? Let us tell you more about American Seating and its many products. **Write today.**

American Seating Company

Classroom furniture • Laboratory science furniture • Church furniture • Theatre and auditorium chairs
Hospital and nursing home patient-room furniture • Folding and stacking chairs
Stadium and gymnasium seating • Transportation seating



American Seating Company,
Dept. 11104, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49502.



MAMAS & PAPAS: DENNY, CASS (TOP), MICHELLE, JOHN

ROCK 'N' ROLL

The New Troubadours

"Zeeks!" gasped one teeny-bopper. "You can't even dance to it!" She was referring to the Beatles' latest release, *Eleanor Rigby*, in which the shaggy four sing to the accompaniment of a double string quartet. *Rigby* is typical of the newest and in many ways most welcome upheaval to rock rock 'n' roll in years. To begin with, the familiar big beat of rock 'n' roll is receding—not in sales, but in decibels. The reason is simply that there is a big message in lyrics nowadays, and the kids want to hear it.

In the past, the amplified din was so intense that the singers were wailing away in tongues that sounded like a cross between banshee and Bantu. Now, after the takeover of the folk rockers, the words are understandable and, in some cases, even worth understanding. In recent months the pop market has



GARFUNKEL & SIMON



THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL: ZAL, STEVE, JOHN, JOE
Saving it from the tyranny of Berlin.

been penetrated by a new and impressive clutch of poet troubadours. They are mostly ex-folk singers who turn out their own numbers, are older than their forerunners and more musically sophisticated. They write songs with titles like *A Single Desultory Philippic* and *Sunshine Superman*. The recurring themes are loneliness, alienation, and lovers who walk "on frosted fields of juniper and lamplight." Take *Shadow Dreamsong*:

It's a crystal ringing way she has about her in the day.

But she's a laughing, dappled shadow in my night.

On the music side, the new troubadours are experimenting with all manner of sounds and complex musical modes. Says Jazz Bassist Steve Swallow: "There is a scarcity of young jazzmen because the most talented young people are playing rock 'n' roll. They have saved songwriting from the tyranny of Irving Berlin."

The best of the new groups:

► The Mamas and the Papas are two beards, a beauty and a Big Bertha. After knocking around the fringes of folk music separately for a few lean years, they joined forces in 1965 and made their first single, *California Dreamin'*. It went straight to the top of the bestseller charts, as did their next release, *Monday, Monday*. Papa John Phillips, 25, an Annapolis dropout, is the group's songsmith, and what his lyrics lack in depth his melodies make up in lilting appeal. Phillips' wife Michelle, a willowy ex-model, is the spiraling soprano; Denny Doherty, 24, sings a secure tenor. Anchor girl is rotund (200 lbs.) Cass Elliot, 23, whose ringing contralto gives the quartet its oomph. Together they build a buoyant vocal blend that floats easily through intricate harmonic shifts, toying with rhythms that are as fresh and bracing as ocean breezes. The quartet is now on a highly successful college tour, stands to make \$1,000,000 this year.

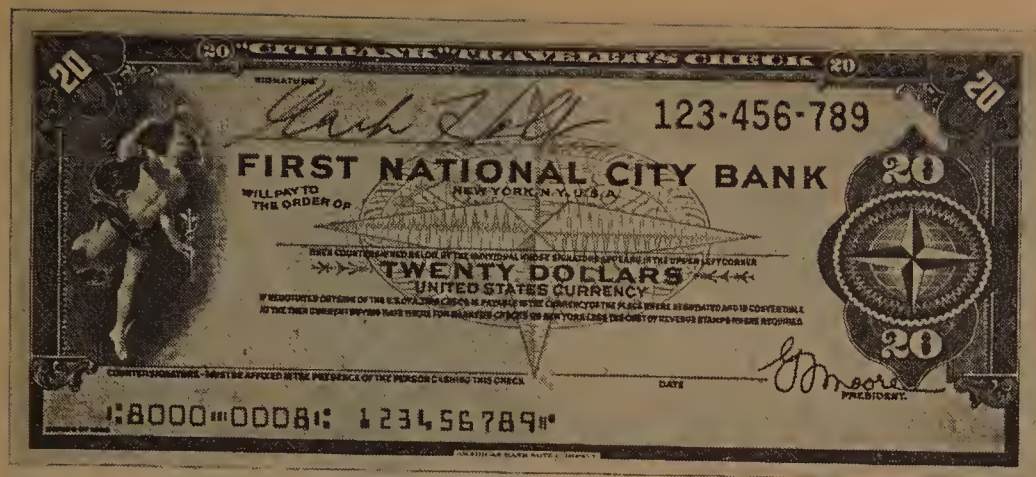
► Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel, both 23, are the most literate of the new troubadours. Their low-key harmonizing has sold nearly 6,000,000 records in the past year. They sing about man's failure, naturally, to communicate:

You're a stranger now unto me, lost in the dangling conversation,

And the superficial sighs, in the borders of our lives.

The team switched from folk singing to folk rock because "those mountain songs didn't say anything to the kids in the 22-story apartment house." Songwriter Simon, a short moonfaced lad whose lyrics are studied in a few high school English courses, does not admit to any big message. "We are just creating doubts and raising questions," he explains. Garfunkel, a Columbia University graduate student who sports a Dr. Zorba shock of electrified hair, says: "Pop music is the most vibrant force in music today. It's like dope—so heady, so alive."

► The Lovin' Spoonful are four shag-



Other travelers checks are every bit as good as First National City Bank's

...until you lose them!



Typical narrow street in Toledo, Spain, where El Greco lived. Visit the tombs of the kings of Spain here. But don't bring losable cash. Bring First National City travelers checks. They're good all over the world. Their big advantage—a faster refund system. See below.

Other leading travelers checks, like First National City travelers checks, can be cashed all over the world.

But if you think all travelers checks are alike, you may be in for a rude shock if you lose your checks.

With other travelers checks, time-consuming inquiries often are made. It may be days—even weeks—before you get your money back. Who wants to wait?

But, if you lose First National City travelers checks, you don't have to worry. More than 20,000 places around the world can give you a fast refund—right on the spot!

First National City travelers checks come from the leader in world-wide banking, and have been in use over 60 years. They are known and accepted in more than a *million* shops, hotels, restaurants, air terminals, etc., the world over.

Next time you travel, *insist* on First National City travelers checks. They cost just one cent per dollar.

Carte Blanche privileges. With Carte Blanche you can now purchase up to \$300 of First National City Bank travelers checks—(or \$50 in cash and up to \$250 in travelers checks). Simply present your own check and your Carte Blanche card at any of more than 300 First National City Bank offices in 45 countries.

First National City Bank Travelers Checks Sold by banks everywhere

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

New Magnavox "Tubeless" TV... in the most beautiful, liveliest portables ever!



Futura — 71 sq. in. screen, transformer powered.
TOP: Ranger — 43 sq. in. screen. Enjoy it anywhere
with Rechargeable Battery Pack (optional).

Solid-state components replace tubes (main cause of TV failure) for lasting reliability ...and superior performance. Variety of colors, styles. Sold *direct* through franchised dealers (Yellow Pages) saving you middleman costs. Portable TV from \$89.90.

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Fairfield — 172 sq. in. screen. Videomatic Tuning.



gies in their 20s who trade in "good-time music." The most versatile of the new groups, they mix hard rock and country, funky blues and jug-band music. Biggest Spoon is John Sebastian, who, with Zal Yanovsky, a grinning zany in a ten-gallon hat, handles the songwriting. Joe Butler works out on drums, Steve Boone on the bass, guitar and piano. "Together," says Sebastian, who is the son of Classical Harmonica Player John Sebastian, "we make up about one fairly efficient human being." There are no protests in their songs, just new and often bizarre wrinkles on lovin' and livin', as in *Summer in the City*:

*Hot town, summer in the city; back
o' my neck gettin' dirty and gritty.
Been down, isn't it a pity; doesn't
seem to be a shadow in the city.*

Easy and relaxed, the Spoonful's lively, freewheeling attack can be as infectious as it is inventive. It's all just natural, says Yanovsky, "like our hair. If you don't cut it, naturally it grows." And so, in the hands of the new troubadours, does pop music.

CONDUCTORS

In the Wrist

In the past decade, four of the most widely praised new Metropolitan Opera productions—Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Berg's *Wozzeck*, Strauss's *Salome* and *Die Frau ohne Schatten*—all had one element in common: Conductor Karl Böhm. It was hardly coincidence. Long recognized as one of the world's foremost maestros, Böhm helped lead the way in elevating his profession to its rightfully high place in opera. Now 72, he dates his career back to the days when many opera houses did not even bother to list the conductor's name on the program. By contrast, his appearances at the Met this season, especially his inspired reading of *Die Frau* (TIME, Oct. 14), have loosed the kind of stormy ovation usually reserved for prima donnas.

In a house dedicated to the cult of the singer, that is a remarkable accomplishment, particularly for Böhm, since he is the antithesis of the flashy, scene-stealing conductor. Where some maestros seem intent on bending the score to fit their own interpretation, Böhm thinks of himself as the trustee of the composer, lets the music speak for itself. His attack is clean, crisp and controlled, and he adheres to the dictum of his close friend Richard Strauss: the basic duty of the opera conductor is to buoy up rather than drown out the singers. Böhm's stickwork, as spare and exacting as needlepoint, is also an inheritance from Strauss, who, to contain his enthusiasm, often conducted with his left hand in his pocket. Years ago, during a Dresden performance of *Die Frau*, Strauss forgot himself and signaled a climax by thrusting both fists in the air. Böhm later chided him for it. At the next performance, the com-



CONDUCTOR BÖHM
As precise as needlepoint.

poser introduced the climax by shaking only his right hand in the air; with his left, he waved to Böhm, sitting in a box.

Young Upstart. As a child in Graz, Austria, Böhm tagged after the town band to play make-believe maestro. At the insistence of his father, he entered law school, but often cut classes to serve as substitute conductor and pianist at the Graz Opera. At 25, he took a few hours off from rehearsals to pick up his law degree, then rushed back to conduct a performance of *The Flying Dutchman*.

It was obvious that law would always play second fiddle under Böhm. In the '20s he worked under Bruno Walter, then moved up to become music director at the opera houses in Darmstadt, Hamburg and Dresden. In Vienna during World War II, Böhm, a Roman Catholic, secretly harbored a Jewish industrialist for a year and a half while he continued conducting. In 1954, he was appointed general manager of the Vienna State Opera, resigned a year and a half later to become one of the most sought-after conductors on the international circuit.

"Wot! Wot! Wot!" Today, still remarkably spry for his years, Böhm jets between continents to conduct about 80 performances a year, is already booked through 1970. A high-domed, bookish-looking man, he is known among musicians as a conductor long on native talent but short on patience. He is a stickler for punctuality, keeps a collection of 15 clocks ticking in perfect unison in the bedroom of his Vienna apartment. At rehearsals, he can be a demanding despot, responding to mistakes by roaring "Wot! Wot! Wot!" But his dictatorial ways are all in service of the music. He feels, for example, that an opera like *Der Rosenkavalier* must be performed at least 20 times before conductor and orchestra are worthy of it. Having conducted it 120 times himself, he now says proudly: "I have it in my wrist."

How Georgia-Pacific "talks" to astronauts and lays the base to the moon.



Gemini V astronauts Cooper and Conrad searched the earth that lay 123 miles below. Then they saw them. Contrasted against squares of dark, newly tilled soil were 12 white rectangles made from 4,500 panels of particleboard overlaid with a special plastic foam. The astronauts noted the orientation of the rectangles with respect to geographical north. Then workers below at NASA's Gemini Visual Acuity Test Grounds in Laredo, Texas, quickly set each rectangle in a different direction, so the astronauts could take another reading on their next orbit.

Lays Moon Foundation

Meanwhile, at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida, work progressed

on the largest enclosed structure in the world . . . Project Apollo's Vertical Assembly Building. The center for our first flight to the moon, the building's vast concrete floor was formed with a special Fiber-Ply plywood produced by Georgia-Pacific in Springfield, Oregon.

Exclusive with Georgia-Pacific

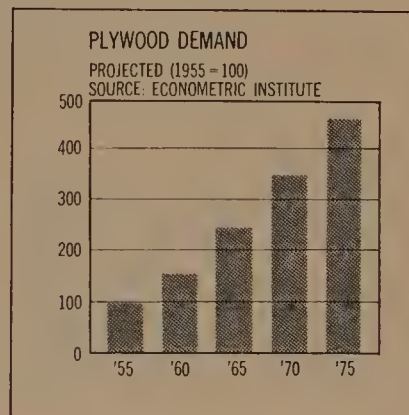
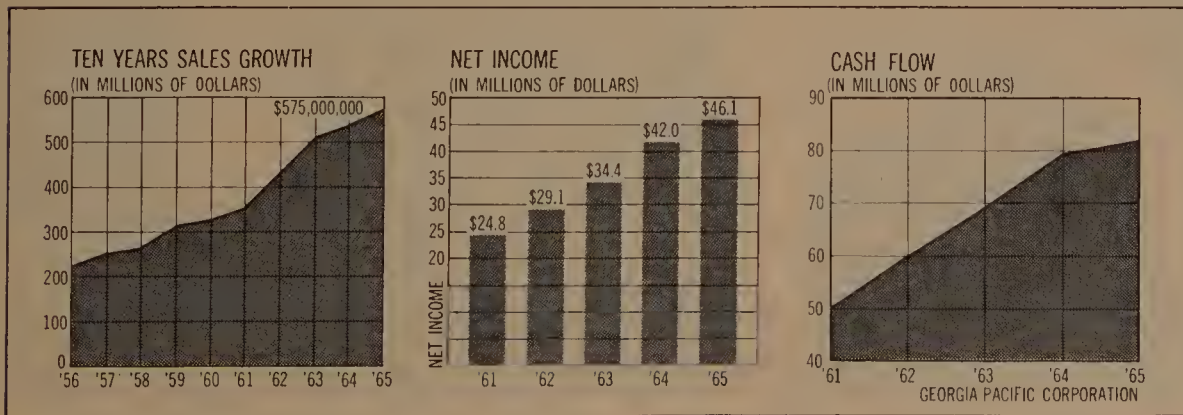
The twenty-story concrete test building at NASA's Saturn V Test Center in Mississippi was also formed with G-P Fiber-Ply Concrete Forms. These tough panels are overlaid with a special fiber that gives contractors a smooth concrete surface and allows the panels to be used again and again. They are exclusive with Georgia-Pacific . . . no other company makes them.

Other Products for Space

Georgia-Pacific products are playing a big role in our country's space program. G-P plywood is being used to make mock-ups of future space vehicles. It also makes strong, durable packaging for sensitive instruments and components.

World's Largest

It's no wonder that NASA and its contractors turn to Georgia-Pacific to fill special needs. After all, we are the world's largest plywood producer. People expect more from us and they get it in exclusive products like G-P Fiber-Ply Concrete Forms. With products like these, Georgia-Pacific lives up to its reputation as the Growth Company.



Georgia-Pacific owns or controls approximately 35 billion board feet of timber. Our forests are managed on a sustained yield basis. We are growing more timber each year than we harvest for our operations.

Plywood / Paper / Pulp / Chemicals / Wood Products / Gypsum / Natural Gas / Metallurgical Coal

For further information write:
Georgia-Pacific Corporation,
375 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022
or 421 S.W. Sixth Ave., Portland, Oregon 97204

GEORGIA-PACIFIC
knows where it's growing
in the space business.



"Savings grow faster than kids when you buy Northwestern Mutual life insurance!"

GEORGE U. NELSON, JR., President of the Lutsen Ski Corporation;
Vice-President and Manager of the Lutsen Resort, Lutsen, Minn.

**Success often
comes early to
those who buy
Northwestern
Mutual life
insurance!**



"I'm convinced that Northwestern Mutual Life leads in providing lowest cost for policyowners."

JOHN T. PIERSON, JR., Harvard Business School Graduate;
President, Vendo International, Kansas City, Mo.



"Northwestern Mutual Life makes the same dollar build an estate and a savings program."

THOMAS G. ROBINSON, President of
Sahlin Electric Company, Madison Heights, Mich.



"I bought long-range peace of mind at a bargain with Northwestern Mutual life insurance."

DONALD R. GRODY, President of the
Lenox Machine Co., Inc., Lenox, Mass.

Coincidence? Perhaps. But alert, successful young men so frequently have their life insurance programs with NML that it almost seems to be more than that.

The fact is, there is a very basic difference in the kind of service Northwestern Mutual Life gives to its clients. For this is a "specialist" company. Although NML is 7th in size among all life insurance firms, it doesn't try to be all things to all people. We concentrate our efforts in the area of personally underwritten life insurance.

As a consequence, we are able to provide a maximum amount of high quality protection for the least money. With consistently high dividends and rapidly growing cash values, we have year after year merited the title of national leader in low net cost life insurance.

That's just one of the advantages NML offers to young men. There are others.

For example, the Additional Purchase Benefit plan affords the insured six opportunities in his life when he may acquire more protection without taking a physical examination.

The ISA innovation (Insurance Service Account) makes it possible to pay in relatively small, uniform amounts each month.

NML representatives, you'll find, are the kind of people who derive real satisfaction from helping others. Today, nearly half of all established agents at Northwestern Mutual are Chartered Life Underwriters . . . the highest professional recognition in the field.

To make certain of a full measure of success for your life insurance plans, why not call your local NML agent? He is listed in the telephone book.

• • •

An unusual career opportunity. NML always has room for capable representatives.

We will be happy to send to you the full story about this rewarding kind of work. We'll tell you in detail about the unique training program we have for our agents. It is complete with seminars, schools, and instruction materials.

We'll also provide you with a free copy of "Perspective," which contains case histories of young men who have done well with our company.

You and Northwestern Mutual may have a very important future together.

Address your inquiry to: Robert E. Templin, Vice President, Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE • MILWAUKEE

There is a difference . . . and the difference grows



You can say a lot about investment values with 200 tons of paper

Goodbody uses that much
every year in its
research reports to customers

Because we're determined
to give Americans the best
investment service possible

It's true. We talk a lot.

But then, our research analysts have a lot to say to help our customers keep informed. In all major areas of investing. To investors who place a premium on solid facts. Enlightened judgments. Judicious recommendations.

We intend to see they get them.

That's why our Research Department used 200 tons of paper last year alone. On booklets and bulletins. Brochures and letters. Reports and reviews. Studies and surveys. Portfolio reviews and analyses. Week in and week out. Bull market and bear.

Take our *Monthly Letter*. It examines promising industries and individual issues. And makes recommendations. Or our other publications which are timely, topical—and interpret current events affecting the market.

For bond buyers, our *Weekly Bond Letter* reviews the past week, gives our opinion on what's ahead in corporate bonds and tax-exempts.

Commodities? We publish the *Weekly Commodity Review and Outlook*, *Daily Grain Letter*, and regular studies on all other domestic and international commodities.

All our clients have access to all this research material. If you'd like to receive some samples, in an area that especially interests you, just stop in at any one of our 85 offices.

You'll find when we talk investment research, we don't mince words.

We're *determined* to help keep you informed.

GOODBODY & CO.

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

2 Broadway, New York 4

OUR 75TH YEAR OF SERVICE TO INVESTORS



Mid & Southwestern Offices

AKRON	ALBUQUERQUE	AUSTIN
BIRMINGHAM	BOULDER	BUTTE
CARLSBAD	CHICAGO	CLEVELAND
DALLAS	DENVER	DETROIT
FT. WORTH	HOUSTON	LOUISVILLE
MILWAUKEE	MISSOULA	SANTA FE

OVER 80 OFFICES THROUGHOUT THE NATION

THE ECONOMY

A Foot in the Icebox

A Hand on the Stove

Has the straining U.S. economy, so close of late to perilous inflation, reached a subtle turning point toward slower expansion? Last week not only Washington's economic wiggle watchers but also bankers in such pressure-sensitive spots as New York, Chicago and Los Angeles caught a few signs of such change. Said Chairman Ransom Cook of San Francisco-based Wells Fargo Bank: "I can see some small slowing down in prosperity."

The symptoms were partly psychological, partly fiscal—and wholly welcome. Among moneymen, panicky talk of a threatening crisis in the financial markets had disappeared as bond prices improved and business reacted to high-interest rates by postponing some borrowing. The length of the work week, new hiring by industry, business inventories and industrial production all showed a downtrend. Though the nation's factories hummed at 93% of capacity, that rate was no higher than it had been at the start of the year. Lagging demand for steel, the economy's most basic ingredient, last week prompted giant U.S. Steel Corp. to announce plans to close its National Works near Pittsburgh. "Across the board," said Inland Steel Chairman Joseph Block, "the pace of new orders is not up to where we thought it would be."

A Question of Price. Washington seems delighted with the slight autumn chill. "The trend," insisted Treasury Under Secretary Joseph Barr, "is definitely toward a rate of growth which the economy can sustain." Added Chief Presidential Economic Adviser Gardner Ackley: "The economy today is pretty much what I like to see."

Still, there were a lot of inflationary forces left. Unemployment shrank a tenth of a point in September to 3.8% of the labor force, thus aggravating the labor shortage. Sales of new 1967 model autos began so briskly that General Motors and Ford tacked on heavy Saturday overtime to lift production. The total economy, which cooled its feverish expansion during the second quarter, heated up again in the third quarter; gross national product rose by \$13.6 billion, and corporate profits reached new highs (*see box, following page*). The Labor Department reported that consumer prices jumped by a substantial 0.3% in September, now stand $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ above their level of a year ago. Higher clothing, housing and medical costs accounted for most of the latest rise. Food prices actually dipped a tiny amount, thanks chiefly to a bumper harvest of fruits and vegetables.

Housewives saw things quite differently. In Denver, irate women organized a large-scale boycott of major grocery stores and chanting female pickets helped persuade two chains to cut some prices by as much as 20%. Emboldened by their success, similar groups popped up in such cities as Buffalo, Baton Rouge, Detroit, Daytona Beach, Dallas, Houston, Albuquerque and parts of Los Angeles County. A group of Denver women, led by Mrs. Ruth Kane of suburban Aurora, set up a National Housewives for Lower Food Prices, filed incorporation papers with the Colorado secretary of state. Actually, says Campbell Soup President W. B. Murphy, chairman of the prestigious Business Council, "the housewife is wrong. The food store is a handy goat." Supermarkets average a mere $1\frac{1}{4}\%$ profit on their sales. The real trouble lies beyond the retailer's reach.

Today's precarious equilibrium be-

tween inflation and recession consists of two imbalances that offset one another: a virtual depression in housing, but a swift rise in Government spending (up \$2.6 billion in the third quarter) and consumer purchases (up \$10 billion). Laments one top Administration economist: "It's like having a foot in the icebox and a hand on the stove."

A Problem of Timing. The Administration clings to the hope that when housing begins to recover, business spending for plant and equipment will turn down. But suspension of the 7% income tax deduction for business investment, passed last week by Congress and sent to the President, is unlikely to affect such outlays before 1968. Because of that timing, there is still some pressure from business and labor leaders for tax increases to fight inflation—but as a last resort.

As federal economists see it now, whether such painful moves will be needed depends mostly on Viet Nam war costs. Defense spending jumped by a startling \$4.2 billion annual rate during the third quarter. So far, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has been mum as to how much money he must have next year. Not until that fog lifts will the economy managers, or anybody else, be able to get a clear glimpse of the 1967 economy.

MERGERS

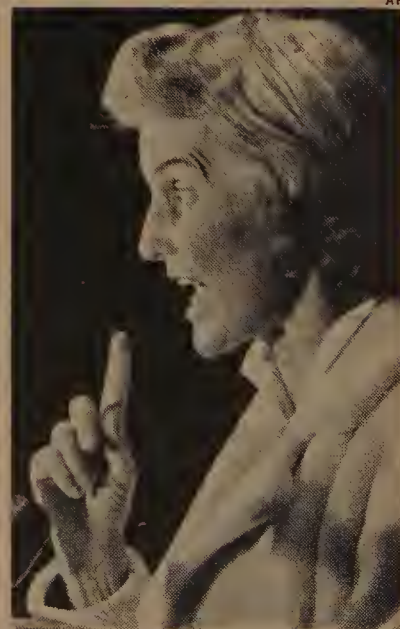
Hertz, Too, Becomes a No. 2

In the rapidly growing and robustly competitive business of auto and truck rentals, Avis, Inc., makes much of the fact that it is only a hard-trying No. 2. Obviously, No. 1 is the Hertz Corp., with a rental fleet now totaling 125,000 vehicles. Hertz's familiar yellow signs are out in 98 countries, most recently including Finland, New Guinea and the



IDLE CARTS AT DENVER SUPERMARKET

The ladies saw things quite differently.



BOYCOTTER KANE

AP

Dominican Republic. Revenues this year will top \$300 million.

Yet last week Hertz itself agreed to become a No. 2 of a sort. The rental firm's chairman, Leon C. Greenebaum, and Radio Corp. of America's chief executive, Elmer W. Engstrom, jointly announced that after an exchange of stock valued at \$185 million, Hertz will become a wholly owned RCA subsidiary.

If the announcement was sudden, it was not exactly surprising. Hertz constantly needs vast amounts of money to purchase new vehicles and open new locations, particularly in foreign nations, where the idea of car rentals has caught

on fast. The tight money market has put a damper on the company, forced it, in Greenebaum's words, to "pull back on some experimental work we've been doing in developing new markets." One pullback, for the time being: a market test in which Hertz had been making extra sports cars available to see how eagerly drivers with more funds and free time would rent them. Moreover, hard-driving Avis last spring pulled a march on its bigger competitor by accepting a takeover offer from International Telephone & Telegraph, which has the money and means to make Avis larger than it is now.

For its part, RCA generates a sizable cash flow in its television operations, has been looking for companies outside the electronic field that it can acquire to keep its cash working profitably.

The Hertz-RCA fusion will mean benefits for both companies. Hertz, with Greenebaum still in the driver's seat, will have more money to expand and keep its lead in the business. Meanwhile, having branched out from automobiles to leasing everything from construction cranes to hospital beds, Hertz may be able to help its new parent. RCA is coming on fast as a manufacturer of computers. But most customers are anxious to lease such equipment rather than to buy it. Hertz's longtime leasing experience will be handy.

PROFITS: Better than Ever

BUSINESSMEN have been worrying that higher taxes, tight money and the rising cost of labor would combine to pinch their profits this year. That feeling was strengthened when a drop in automakers' earnings stalled the six-year rise in total industrial profits during the second quarter. But last week early reports for the third quarter indicated that corporate income has rebounded to a new postwar peak of close to \$50 billion a year after taxes.

Sharp profit increases spread across such industries as electric manufacturing, data processing, papermaking, drugs and rubber. Record third-quarter earnings were reported by such diverse companies as General Foods, Chas. Pfizer, Bristol-Myers, Honeywell, Olin Mathieson Chemical, Sun Oil, Crown Zellerbach and U.S. Rubber. Sperry Rand's after-tax income was up 44% from the third quarter of last year, Republic Steel's 49%, Alcoa's 66%, W. R. Grace's 74%, Polaroid's 77%. Still, profits fell short of investor expectations for numerous companies in aircraft, chemicals, machinery and building materials. A sampling of corporate fortunes in the third quarter:

► General Electric, where 5,900 striking defense workers last week were ordered back to work under a Taft-Hartley Act injunction, enjoyed record sales of \$1.8 billion, up 21%, and record profits of \$99,228,000, up 16% from the third quarter a year ago. Westinghouse, which at week's end settled with 40,000 electrical workers, reported a 14% gain, with profits up to \$31,284,000.

► Radio Corporation of America thrived on color television. Having doubled its production facilities for receiving sets, RCA boosted profits 29% above the previous year's mark, to \$29,900,000.

► Xerox, battling competition from some 40 other electrostatic office copiers, reflected a pressure common in many other industries: shrinking profits per dollar of sales. Despite

peak revenues, profits slipped 8% below those of the second quarter of 1966 (to \$18,719,378), though they remained 27% above last year's third quarter.

► Eastman Kodak, thanks to a rising demand for color film, clicked off a \$82,279,000 profit, up 22% from a year earlier.

► R. J. Reynolds, the nation's No. 1 tobacco manufacturer, cashed in on the growing popularity of king-size cigarettes with record \$37,335,000 profits, up 5.4%, even though sales of regular-size Camels continued to decline in line with the industry trend.

► United Air Lines, shut down 43 days by the airline strike that ended Aug. 19, reported a \$2,017,000 loss as against a \$21,369,239 profit in the third quarter of 1965. The setback was cushioned by \$17,296,000 received from four nonstruck lines under a mutual-aid agreement, and by post-strike earnings of \$6,353,000 in September, when passenger travel spurted 20% above its last-year level. American Airlines, which continued to fly, paid \$29 million to strike-bound carriers, nevertheless earned \$24,447,017—a 52% increase from last year's third quarter.

► Weyerhaeuser Co., giant of the forest-products field, suffered a 17% falloff in profits, to \$16,662,500, despite record sales. Chief reason: a sharp drop in building-materials prices caused by the slump in home building.

► Du Pont, largest U.S. producer of chemicals, blamed weaker demand and rising imports of low-tariff synthetic textile fibers for its first drop in year-to-year quarterly earnings since mid-1963. Profits sank to \$90 million as against \$98 million a year earlier.

► Reynolds Metals, with demand for aluminum outstripping the nation's smelting capacity, dipped into the Government stockpile for metal in order to avert a shortage, pushed its profits to \$15,617,000, up 38% from 1965's third quarter.

RESTAURANTS

Vive les Surgelés!

Many a man groans and bears it when he comes home to find a TV dinner in the oven. Not Pierre Franey. The first time he found frozen dinners in his house at Valley Stream, N.Y., recalls Franey, "I was furious." His gall was on account of Gallic upbringing. Born 46 years ago in Burgundy, Franey began an apprenticeship as a kitchen boy at 14, learned to cook at Paris' Drouant restaurant (two Michelin stars), reached his culinary peak as chef of New York's Pavillon (which would undoubtedly rate three stars if Michelin graded U.S. establishments). Like Friend and Fellow Chef René Verdon, who quit the White House last year after he was ordered to use frozen vegetables, Franey had always had a Gallic horror of anything *surgelé*.

Profitable Freeze. Yet he is also a reasonable man. In 1960, Franey left Pavillon to become vice president and top chef for the Howard Johnson chain of restaurants (785, plus 18 Red Coach Grills). Howard Johnson has been carefully moving into the profitable field of quick-frozen "gourmet" foods for its own dining rooms and for retail sales in supermarkets. Franey, therefore, forgot his French fury long enough to think about improving on the TV dinners his wife had bought.

He discovered that fresh meat holds its flavor better than does meat that was originally frozen at the packing house, then frozen again after being added to a recipe. Also, spices have to be limited in frozen foods because they grow stronger when a dish is thawed and reheated. When friends raved over a dish of Franey's sweetbreads in champagne sauce, without realizing that it had been frozen, Franey and his staff of 15 Howard Johnson chefs went into the quick-freeze business in earnest. Today Howard Johnson, along with its fried clams and charcoal steaks, turns out 24 gourmet dishes in one giant kitchen. Such meals represent a growing part of the chain's \$200 million annual sales.

Franey's workday in his commissary kitchen at Queen Village, N.Y., would make a traditional French chef goggle.

STOCKBROKER TO KNOW



Alan T. Wenzell concentrates on growth — for corporations and investors

Growth. The clear thinking and financing imagination of Alan T. Wenzell, Partner In Charge of our New York Underwriting Department, helps supply growth capital for many of America's industrial giants — present and potential.

Today, he may formulate long-range financial plans for a large corporation—help a newcomer with sound ideas on pricing and the myriad details involved in bringing a first issue to market. Tomorrow, he may wing South or West to tie together complex merger negotiations.

Alan T. Wenzell knows that successful underwriting depends on teamwork by our specialists in New York and key cities throughout the country. Patiently, he trains his staff to prepare an offering properly or smoke out a likely acquisition candidate.

For corporations, his passion for thoroughness provides new capital at lowest possible cost—continuing service and “after-market” interest. And the 250,000 Paine, Webber investors everywhere benefit from the resulting flow of quality new issues with growth potential.

You can benefit too. Visit any of our 49 offices nationwide. Talk with one of our 900 partners, managers or brokers. Alan T. Wenzell helps make them all the Stockbrokers To Know.

PAINE WEBBER JACKSON & CURTIS

Members New York Stock Exchange

A native New Yorker, Alan T. Wenzell was graduated from Harvard College in 1944 and, after service as a Naval Deck Officer in World War II, from Harvard Law School in 1949. He became associated with a leading New York law firm the same year and in 1955 earned partnership status concentrating on securities matters. In 1961, he joined Paine, Webber as a general partner. Mr. Wenzell is a member of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York and is a director of General Cable Corporation and the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies.

NEW YORK

25 Broad Street 425 Park Avenue

BOSTON

24 Federal Street Prudential Tower

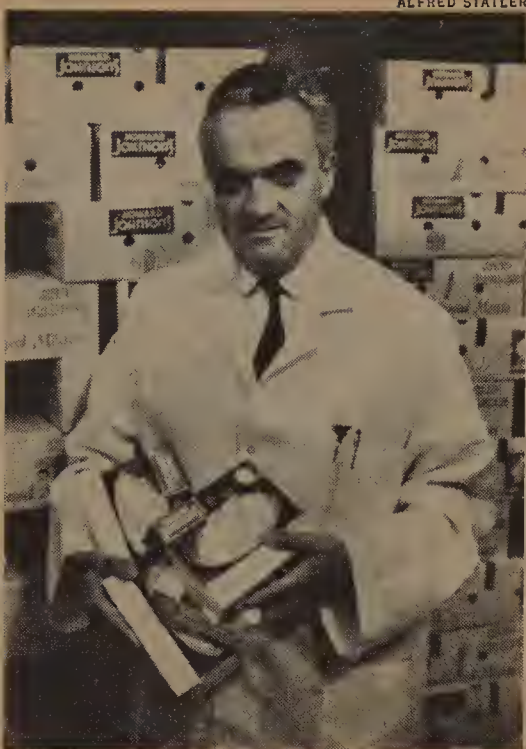
CHICAGO

208 S. LaSalle Street

LOS ANGELES

204 W. 7th Street

AKRON ANN ARBOR ARLINGTON ASHLAND BEVERLY HILLS CLEVELAND COLUMBUS CONCORD DALLAS DETROIT DULUTH ERIE GARDEN CITY GRAND RAPIDS HARTFORD HOUGHTON HOUSTON INDIANAPOLIS LONG BEACH LYNN MARQUETTE MERCED MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS MUSKEGON PASADENA PHILADELPHIA PROVIDENCE ROCHESTER ST. PAUL SAN BERNARDINO SAN DIEGO SAN FRANCISCO SANTA BARBARA SANTA MONICA SPRINGFIELD VIRGINIA WASHINGTON WAUSAU WORCESTER



CHEF FRANEY

And maybe caviar some day.

Howard Johnson mainstays are still the frankfurter (20 million served last year) and the hamburger (15 million); Franey not only approves the quality of the ingredients for these French-frightening delicacies but has added his own touches to them. Principal touch: less fat, more lean. He also oversees the clams and the steaks. Last week Franey was busily processing 100,000 lbs. of Thanksgiving turkey.

Potential Fare. Thanks to Franey, the menu at any orange-topped Howard Johnson restaurant around the U.S. now includes Welsh rabbit, chicken stroganoff, veal scallopini, lamb curry and seafood thermidor. "We're upgrading gradually," says Franey. "You have to keep the average American in mind. But maybe some day we're going to serve caviar at Howard Johnson's."

Still, a Pavillon chef would shudder at the Johnsesque proportions Franey uses. His beef-burgundy recipe calls for 2½ tons of cubed beef, 60 gal. of burgundy wine, 600 lbs. of mushrooms, 700 lbs. of onions and 465 gal. of sauce. It serves 13,000.

EXECUTIVES

The Pinch-Penny Philanthropist

His grandmother lived 101 years and his mother reached 103. Sebastian Spering Kresge, grounding his hope on heredity and a lifelong abstinence from whisky and tobacco, confidently expected to equal them, and he nearly did. But last week, nine months short of his hundredth birthday, Kresge died of pneumonia and complications that doctors gently described as "old age." For the founder of the S.S. Kresge Co.'s far-reaching chain of variety stores, not attaining the century mark was one of the few failures in a long and productive life.

About to turn 99 this summer and aware that he was failing, Kresge, with "great regret," submitted his resignation

as board chairman to Kresge's Detroit headquarters. Son Stanley, 66, succeeded his father as chairman of a company that is now second in its field only to F.W. Woolworth & Co., has 930 variety or discount stores (against Woolworth's 3,266). This year Kresge expects to surpass \$1 billion in sales for the first time, and its annual sales growth rate of 12.5% is matched among retail chains only by Sears, Roebuck.

Traveling Salesman. "S.S.," as Kresge was called by subordinates, was famed for his penury, which he acquired in the eastern Pennsylvania farming country where his Swiss ancestors had established the small (pop. 500) town of Kresgeville 120 years before his birth. Sebastian's father was a hard-pressed farmer who had one farm seized by a sheriff for mortgage non-payment; young S.S. helped support a later, smaller farm out of his \$22-a-month salary as a schoolteacher.

After he turned 21, Kresge gave up teaching for selling. As a traveling drummer in tinware, he saved \$8,000 in commissions by the time he reached 30. One of his customers was Dimestore Pioneer Frank W. Woolworth, to whom Kresge sold a sizable order of tinware. When Kresge noticed that Woolworth's 19 stores were profitably run on a cash-only basis, the traveling salesman thought he saw his future. In 1897, despite a financial panic, he used his savings for a half interest in stores in Memphis and Detroit run by another five-and-dime pioneer, John G. McCrory. Two years later, Kresge bought out the Detroit store and began his own business. It was an instant success, partly because Kresge was willing to work 20-hour days and put all his money back into the enterprise, partly because he was a whiz at spotting "100% locations" where all a town's shoppers passed by. By the time Kresge incorporated the firm in 1912, he had 85 stores. In 1925, with 306 stores in operation and a fortune of \$200 million already piled up, Kresge moved out of day-to-day management.

Kresge knew well how to pinch pennies—or at least nickels and dimes. He bought his clothes off the ready-to-wear racks, traveled in a Pullman upper berth because the fare was lower than for the lower. He allowed himself the luxury of a 10¢ shoeshine, but stopped after his shoeshine boy raised the price to 15¢. Colleagues once persuaded him to take up golf as a hobby, along with beekeeping he had enjoyed since boyhood, but he soon gave up the game because he lost too many golf balls. Invited to speak at the 1953 dedication of Harvard's Kresge Hall, which he had endowed, he stood up and said, "I never made a dime talking," and sat down. He impressed his frugality on employees. Today, Kresge workers routinely turn out lights whenever they leave company rest rooms. Under the glass tops of executive desks is a written remedy against telephonitis: "Is this call necessary?"

Generous Giver. Yet those same employees were beneficiaries of one of the U.S.'s first plans for paid vacation and sick leave. Kresge's Methodist upbringing had taught him to be charitable as well as chary. He became a far-ranging philanthropist. In 1924, before foundations had become popular as tax-relief devices, he established the Kresge Foundation, gave \$1.6 million in Kresge stock to get it started.

Kresge could also be generous at home. He had two unsuccessful marriages before wedding Clara Zitz Kresge in 1928, made a handsome settlement in each case. Some donations were based on his personal code. "If there were any sound arguments to be advanced on behalf of the use of alcoholic beverages," Kresge once said, "I wonder if I might not have discovered them in all these years." On those grounds, when Prohibition arrived he gave \$500,000 to the Anti-Saloon League, and personally organized a National Vigilance Committee to help enforce the 18th Amendment.

At his direction, the foundation also spread its money on wider projects, ranging from a University of Michigan medical-research center and a building at M.I.T. to the little General Hospital in Monroe County, Pa., where Kresge died last week.

By the time of his death, the man who had acquired a reputation as a cheapskate had given away most of his wealth, including 2,500,000 shares of Kresge stock, now worth \$100 million, to his foundation. He had often said, in stating his lifelong ambition: "I really want to leave the world better than I found it."



KRESGE (AT 90) & WIFE AT PENNSYLVANIA HOME
A life's ambition realized.

Crucible's new vacuum furnace now producing ultra-pure steel.

When you're making steel for gears of a military helicopter, good isn't good enough.

The newest accepted way to make ultra-pure steel is with a vacuum arc remelting (VAR®) furnace like the one we just started up at Midland, Pa.

It's the most up-to-date facility of its kind.

Our furnace is automated. Temperatures and other conditions have to be exactly right each step, or we don't go on to the next. In fact, no steel goes to the VAR furnace that hasn't already been carefully checked for quality and uniformity.

Only when the laboratory metallurgists give their

approval, do we re-refine the metal in one of our VAR furnaces, vacuum melting the steel literally drop by drop. It's lengthy. It's arduous. And it's expensive.

But users of our VAR steels agree it's worth it.

Crucible owns important patents on vacuum arc remelting. After all, we started work on it back in the forties when the idea first got around the steel industry.

So we think we know as much or more about it than anybody else.

Crucible Steel Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The mold is removed from an ingot of vacuum arc remelted steel produced in Crucible's newest VAR® furnace at Midland (Pa.) works.





Grand-Dad is no penny pincher.

It's costlier, the way we make our Bourbon.

Such as using small grains in the mash.

And double-distillation, a dram at a time.

We even cast aside a new, handmade ageing barrel when the char doesn't equal a prescribed 3/22".

By not pinching pennies, we've succeeded in making a Bourbon others have moved heaven and earth to match since 1882.

While this makes our price somewhat hard to take, it's the very thing that makes our Bourbon so easy to swallow.



Old Grand-Dad
Head of the Bourbon Family

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof, bottled in bond. Distilled and bottled at the Forks of the Elkhorn by the Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

MIDDLE EAST

The Day the Doors Closed

Little Lebanon, an oasis of stability and old-fashioned economic freedom in the impoverished and riotous Middle East, prospers not only by trade but as a money market. In less than two decades, its bustling capital of Beirut has grown into the world's newest financial center, the shrewd regional banker to everybody from wealthy Arab sheiks to huge U.S. oil companies. Last week, in a crisis that shook the country's fiscal structure to the bottom of its vaults, Lebanon was forced to shut its 93 banks for three days.

The trouble began when Intra Bank, the country's largest, ran out of cash to meet a run of withdrawals and closed its doors—perhaps forever. Among Lebanese, shock spread as it might in the U.S. if a dozen giant banks and industries collapsed together. Intra held 38% of the deposits in Lebanese-owned banks. It owned nine other banks, four of them in Lebanon. It controlled 35 companies, including Beirut's largest hotel and thriving Middle East Airlines, the Beirut port, the cement industry, a gambling casino and a metalworks; in all, it employed 43,000 persons who with their dependents comprise a tenth of the country's population. Abroad, Intra's twelve branches spread from New York to Nigeria, its holdings from a French shipyard to a 27-story office skyscraper on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue.

Belated Pledge. Ironically, Intra was far from insolvent, with more than \$230 million in assets against \$170 million in liabilities. But too much was tied up in risky long-term investments, depriving the bank of needed cash. Predictably, Intra's closing started a run that threatened to bankrupt other Beirut banks. At a twelve-hour emergency night session,

HARRY KOUNDAKJIAN



BEDAS & KUWAITI CLIENT
The nervous found new havens.



WORRIED DEPOSITORS IN FRONT OF BEIRUT'S INTRA BANK
Too devoted to the long-term.

the Lebanese Cabinet ordered a three-day bank holiday to stall for time. To avert another kind of panic, Beirut's stock exchange also closed. So did department stores and shops, bringing business in the city close to a standstill. Finally, the government pledged its \$200 million reserves (mostly in gold) to bail out all the banks but Intra, which it feared might involve too large a risk. When the other banks reopened, the panic subsided.

Authorities abroad closed Intra's branches in Paris, London and Frankfurt. New York's state banking superintendent seized control of the Manhattan branch to protect its depositors. When the three largest U.S. banks (Bank of America, Chase Manhattan and First National City) defied the superintendent's demand to turn over \$2,529,000 of Intra deposits—on the ground that the defunct bank owed them more than that elsewhere—he sued for the money. Some bankers fear that this wrangle could lead to retaliation against U.S. banks abroad.

Stocks in a Suitcase. Barring near-miracles, Intra's failure seems sure to cost its brash, engaging founder and chairman, Yusif Bedas, 53, control of his \$1 billion empire. Born the second son of an Arab schoolteacher in Jerusalem, Bedas fled Palestine when it became Israel in 1948. Rounding up \$4,000, the refugee began his Beirut career as a money-changer in a dingy fourth-floor office, amassed enough capital in three years of flamboyant dealings to start Intra in 1951. To woo his share of the flood of investment money pouring into Lebanon from oil-rich Saudi princes and frightened capitalists from socialist Egypt, Syria and Iraq, Bedas

became adept at handling skittish clients. Once he even hauled a suitcase of stocks from his vault to the mountain mansion of a suspicious sheik to assure him that his hoard was really intact and safe with Intra.

Lebanon encouraged the influx of nervous money with a Swiss-like bank-secrecy law, low taxes and tariffs, complete absence of monetary controls (a freedom found today only in Lebanon and Canada). Spreading his investments farther than his sources of deposit, Bedas moved heavily into European real estate, began issuing traveler's checks, last year even joined New York's McDonnell & Co. in starting a mutual fund sold in the Middle East, Germany, Switzerland and Latin America. Despite the increasing complexity of Intra's operations, Bedas ran it as a one-man show, scoffed at bankers who suggested he might be overextended.

In the end he was, if only because his Arab clients deserted him. For one thing, soaring interest rates have lately made Europe a more profitable haven for cash. Also, Intra became involved in the bitter feud between Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and Saudi Arabia's King Feisal, leader of the Middle East's conservatives. When Nasser-financed newspapers in Lebanon attacked Feisal, Saudi and Kuwaiti sheiks yanked \$30 million out of Intra in one month. On top of that, Lebanon's three-year-old central bank fumbled its chance to prevent the crisis. Asked to help Intra, the bank stalled, then offered only feeble sums in aid, finally failed to advance promised cash on time. Worst of all, as the debacle neared, word of it leaked out from the staff.

Battling against the odds to keep

Intra together, Bedas' directors last week petitioned a Lebanese court for three years' grace to repay their depositors without forced liquidation of assets. Bedas himself began a desperate hunt in New York for enough cash to keep control. Scenting the possibilities of snagging valuable property at distress prices, the Soviet Union turned bargain hunter, sent out feelers but backed away at the hefty asking price. U.S. Shipping Tycoon Daniel K. Ludwig, who recently tried unsuccessfully to merge his tiny Lebanese International Airways with Bedas' bigger line, expressed interest in buying stock control of the whole Intra empire. So did a consortium of European banks.

Having muffed its chance to prevent disaster cheaply, the Lebanese government drafted a law allocating \$17 million to pay off Intra's small depositors. Then at last it began considering how to strengthen the supervision of its banks.

D.P.A.—PICTORIAL



DEL BO & MINE-UNION LEADER

Never too small to export problems.

WESTERN EUROPE

Community in Disarray

The European Coal and Steel Community, the first of the grand international enterprises undertaken by Western Europe after World War II, formed the nucleus of the Common Market, and ever since has been considered a model for economic development. The Community promoted steel and coal production, cut tariffs, achieved fair pricing, and took much of the malice out of Franco-German industrial rivalry. Now, however, just when it should be congratulating itself on its long-term success, the Community seems to be falling into disarray.

The organization's very reason for existence is to solve coal and steel problems for Western Europe as a whole. Yet the Community's Italian president, Dino del Bo, who reportedly has threatened to resign, says that "since June we

have watched a development of replacing a community plan with dangerous and unacceptable national plans."

The French government has threatened to give its own steel industry a competitive edge by granting it a \$600 million low-interest modernization loan and by buying more cheap American coal. Germany says it may help its overstocked and overpriced coal industry with a straight subsidy. The Italians and the Dutch are happily selling steel from their new, competitive seaside plants wherever they can.

Beyond Needs. When the organization was established in Luxembourg in 1952, coal and steel were urgently needed for the reconstruction of Europe. Now there is too much of both. Then, coal supplied 75% of Europe's energy needs, but coal's proportion of the total has been cut to 35% by the increasing use of other fuels, mainly oil. Demand for steel continues to grow but at a slower rate, and modernization of plants has raised steel capacity beyond actual needs. Western European steel plants, which normally work at 90% of capacity, have had to cut back to 78% of capacity for the second half of 1955, and the price of steel plate has dropped from \$107 a ton two years ago to \$99 today.

Faced with the problem of dealing with overproduction rather than with underproduction, the Coal-Steel Community's High Authority in July proposed as a first step what amounted to a coal subsidy to be paid to Germany by the other five members. This would have enabled German coal to compete with U.S. coal, which sells for \$4 a ton less in Europe. But the French vetoed the plan on the grounds that they did not want to subsidize the German coal industry and that they did not want to give the High Authority any more "supranational" power. Then the threats of separate national solutions started.

Separate Ways. The High Authority has been sending groups of experts around to talk to coal and steel men, hoping to build up so much pressure that when the Community's Council of Ministers meets on Nov. 22 the French will be more friendly. Said one Coal-Steel official: "The Community is just going to crumble if the nations do go their separate ways and seek national solutions, but in two years the problem will only be worse when the national solutions haven't worked. The experiences of the 1930s prove that Europe is too small to try to export your problems to your neighbors."

The French seem unconvinced. "Sacrifice imposed on a country by an authority other than its own is unacceptable," said French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville last week in Paris, adding that France's experience with the Coal-Steel organization had been "lamentable." Concluded Couve: "Nothing has taken place in Luxembourg except coal crises." That sounded ominous for the Community's future.

To receive your copy of the "Selected List" mail coupon below or call the Bache office nearest you.

Akron, Ohio	762-9692
Albany, New York	HE 6-0881
Arlington, Virginia	JA 7-8585
Atlantic City, New Jersey	345-3131
Baltimore, Maryland	VE 7-4000
Bay Harbor Island, Florida	866-0561
Bay Shore, New York	MO 6-5000
Beverly Hills, Calif.	CR 3-4050 or TR 8-2411
Binghamton, New York	723-6311
Boston, Massachusetts	
10 Post Office Square	HU 2-5375
Statler Office Building	HU 2-4300
Buffalo, New York	856-8272
Camden, New Jersey	WO 6-2555
Charleston, West Virginia	342-3121
Charlotte, North Carolina	376-9861
Chicago, Illinois	FI 6-4300
Cincinnati, Ohio	621-6316
Cleveland, Ohio	771-4747
Columbus, Ohio	221-1261
Corpus Christi, Texas	TU 2-6523
Dallas, Texas	RI 2-5721
Denver, Colorado	292-3400
Detroit, Michigan	965-6920
Elkhart, Indiana	JA 3-0539
Encino, California	872-1930
Erie, Pennsylvania	455-8083
Forest Hills, New York	IL 9-7000
Fort Lauderdale, Florida	564-7681
Fort Worth, Texas	ED 5-3491
Garden City, New York	PI 1-4850
Greensboro, North Carolina	273-1766
Groton, Connecticut	445-9788
Hamilton, Ontario	528-8661
Hanover, New Hampshire	643-2744
Hartford, Connecticut	527-3261
Hempstead, New York	IV 5-5600
Houston, Texas	CA 5-5501
Hyannis, Massachusetts	SP 5-2424
Kansas City, Missouri	BA 1-6300
Key West, Florida	296-6585
Leesburg, Florida	787-4242
Lexington, Kentucky	255-3656
Louisville, Kentucky	584-0351
Madison, Wisconsin	257-9251
Massapequa Park, New York	PY 9-4000
Miami, Florida	FR 1-4561
Miami Beach, Florida	531-1161
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	271-7605
Minneapolis, Minnesota	332-7111
Montreal, Canada	842-9971
Morgantown, West Virginia	292-4321
Newark, New Jersey	621-9200
New Haven, Connecticut	865-1161
New Orleans, Louisiana	529-7611
New Rochelle, New York	632-4600
New York	
60 Broad Street	797-3600
405 Lexington Ave.	OX 7-6400
610 Fifth Ave.	JU 6-7040
724 Fifth Ave.	JU 6-6510
770 Lexington Ave.	PL 2-7700
393 Seventh Ave.	LA 4-7520
1407 Broadway	LA 4-7600
2235 Church Ave. (Brooklyn)	UL 6-4050
4 Albany Street	BE 3-9000
2449 Morris Ave. (Bronx)	CY 5-7200
375 E. 149th St. (Bronx)	MO 5-6000
Oil City, Pennsylvania	644-1231
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma	CE 6-3041
Palm Beach, Florida	833-7575
Palo Alto, California	323-1801
Parkersburg, West Virginia	485-6366
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	KI 6-5600
Phoenix, Arizona	279-3271
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	391-4700
Raleigh, North Carolina	828-8401
Rochester, New York	454-6600
St. Petersburg, Florida	896-5671
San Antonio, Texas	CA 5-5611
San Francisco, California	YU 1-0440
Schenectady, New York	FR 4-3331
Scranton, Pennsylvania	343-4751
Seattle, Washington	MA 4-8680
South Bend, Indiana	234-0105
Southfield, Michigan	353-2700
Surfside, Florida	UN 5-2341
Syracuse, New York	422-2131
Toronto, Ontario	363-6951
Tulsa, Oklahoma	LU 5-9211
Utica, New York	797-1870
Vineland, New Jersey	691-9300
Washington, D. C.	296-1500
Wheeling, West Virginia	232-2550
White Plains, New York	RO 1-5050
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania	823-6131
Woonsocket, Rhode Island	769-7530

BACHE & Co.

Incorporated

Box 400, Wall Street Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10005
Please send me the new "Selected List." T

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The new Selected List can help you invest more wisely and skillfully in today's market.

It's Bache-ability in action.

The Bache Selected List carefully evaluates 673 actively traded stocks. Gives you specific buy, hold or switch recommendations. Includes information on current yield, price and other useful data. Highlights companies in 52 industries Bache feels have outstanding potential in today's market.

This timely investment guide brings Bache's continuing research program into sharp, up-to-the-minute focus for you. It interprets hundreds of top management interviews and in-depth industry studies made during thousands of miles of travel. And behind it all is Bache-ability—the total experience, knowledge and research of one of the nation's oldest and largest investment firms—applied to your personal goals.

For your copy, without obligation, contact any Bache office listed on the facing page, use the coupon, or write Bache & Co., Box 400, New York, N. Y. 10005.



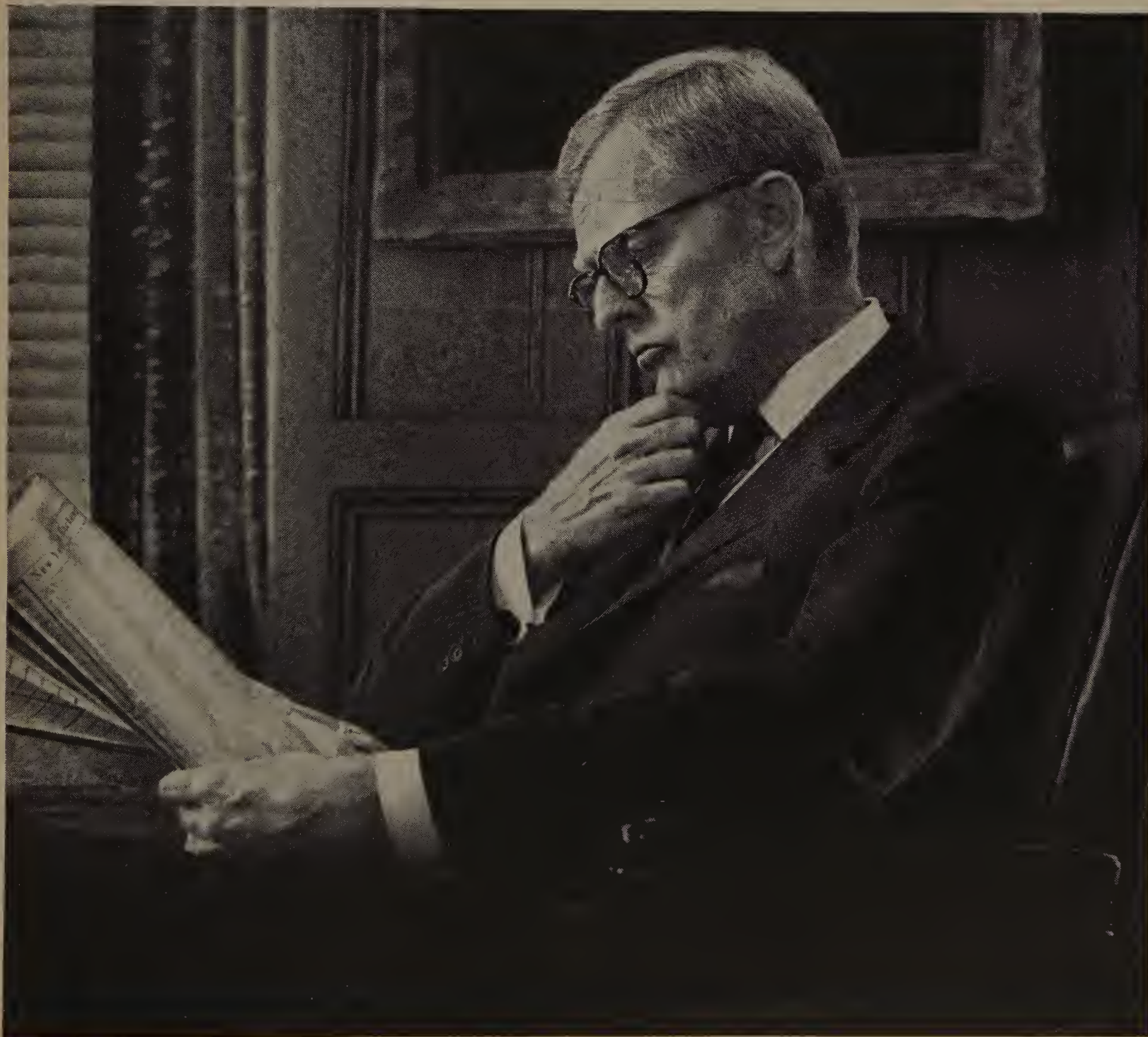
®

BACHE & Co.

Incorporated

Member: All Leading Exchanges

Founded 1879



You probably know our Agent a lot better than you know us.

Most businessmen don't think of a company when they need insurance — they think about a good agent. And some of the best ones are ours. They can show you how to prevent losses in your business, then back up this knowledge with the best insurance you can buy.

Get to know your local Independent Phoenix Agent or Broker, and learn how "Green Light" insurance can help keep you on the go. Look him up in the Yellow Pages, or write Phoenix.



Phoenix of Hartford

INSURANCE COMPANIES / HARTFORD, CONN. 06115
The company that helps keep your business going.

MILESTONES

Married. Baron James de Rothschild, 70, oldest member of the banking dynasty's French branch, one of France's leading sportsmen; and Yvette Choquet, 27, a Théâtre de Paris usherette who five years ago showed him to his seat so graciously he invited her to dinner at Lapérouse; he for the second time (his wife of 41 years died two years ago), she for the first; in Paris.

Died. The Rev. Dr. Robert W. Spike, 42, Protestant minister, writer (*To Be a Man*), civil rights leader, and executive chairman of the National Council of Churches' race commission until last December when he became head of the University of Chicago's new doctor-of-ministry program, who helped negotiate last summer's open-housing agreement in Chicago; of massive head injuries when he was bludgeoned to death by an unknown assailant in the guest room of a new religious center at Ohio State University; in Columbus.

Died. Douglas Stringfellow, 44, Utah Republican Congressman from 1952 to 1954, a paraplegic veteran whose wondrous accounts of his World War II adventures as an OSS agent got him elected, were broadcast on *This Is Your Life*, serialized in the press, then exploded as a hoax in 1954 (he had never been in combat, was injured in an accident), after which he became a landscape painter; of a heart attack; in Long Beach, Calif.

Died. Wieland Wagner, 49, grandson of Composer Richard and avant-garde opera designer; of sarcoidosis; in Munich. "I was born in a mausoleum," Wieland once said, referring to Bayreuth, where *Grossvater* Wagner had built his own shrine, and he lost not a moment in "clearing 80 years of *Kitsch* off the stage" when he was made co-director of the family-run Bayreuth Festival in 1951. He began by throwing out all the traditional trappings—animal skins, horned helmets, swan boats and ponderous sets—replacing them with simple robes and stark, dimly lit slabs designed to evoke modern psychological drama; the old guard cried, "*Götterdämmerung!*," but critics and audiences hailed "the new Bayreuth style" which soon established itself in opera companies around the world.

Died. Jean-Pierre Peugeot, 70, retired head of France's third biggest automaker (after Renault and Citroën), with an output of 291,176 vehicles and \$573 million in sales last year, who in 1945 took over the family business, had to rebuild its bombed-out and dismantled factories, nevertheless started producing cars again the same year, kept the Peugeot one of Europe's best-made, if somewhat stodgily styled, medium-priced cars; of a heart attack; in Paris.

Died. Harry Byrd, 79, ex-U.S. Senator from Virginia; of a brain tumor; in Berryville, Va. (see THE NATION).

Died. Florence Nightingale Graham, 82, who as Elizabeth Arden made a beautiful fortune; of a heart attack; in Manhattan (see MODERN LIVING).

Died. Roy A. Hunt, 85, longtime president (1928-51) and executive committee chairman (1951-63) of the Aluminum Co. of America, who steered the company his father helped start through its middle growth years by finding hundreds of new uses for the metal, struggling through the Depression, then expanding to meet the needs of World War II, while fending off a Government antitrust suit that lasted on and off for 13 years, saw Alcoa's sales rise from \$30 million in 1928 to \$980 million by 1963; of a heart attack; in Pittsburgh.

Died. Cléo de Mérode, 91, the most beautiful belle of the *Belle Epoque*; in Paris. An aristocrat by birth and a ballerina by profession, she was so lovely Degas often sketched her, one critic even hailed her as "*Gloria in Excelsis Cléo*"; she had many suitors but none so ardent as Leopold II, aging *bon-vivant* King of the Belgians, who in the late 1890s pursued her so frantically that few believed her avowals (probably true) that their relationship was platonic. She danced on until 1924, when she retired, gave ballet lessons (until last year) and wrote a charming volume of memoirs (*Le Ballet de ma Vie*).

Died. The Very Rev. Dr. Hewlett Johnson, 92, "Red Dean" of Britain's Canterbury Cathedral from 1931 to 1963, whose vociferous eccentricities gave him a visibility far out of proportion to his rank, distinctly subordinate to Canterbury's archbishop; after a severe fall; near the cathedral. The son of a well-off Manchester manufacturer, he once told a group of missionaries that he favored cannibalism in time of famine, at other times advocated beach pajamas in church, a municipal dishwashing service, and giving part of Australia to overpopulated Japan. He mainly preached the Red line, in 1952 accused the U.S. of germ warfare in Korea, touching off cries in Parliament that the tall, white-haired old man was "a heretic," "a traitor," "a clown in gaiters"; whatever he was—and he admitted to being a "bit of a barbarian under my skin"—Parliament ended by deciding that, in a democracy, he was free to speak his mind.

Died. Sebastian S. Kresge, 99, founder of a nationwide chain of five and tens, whose life was a masterpiece of personal parsimony and public philanthropy; of pneumonia; in East Stroudsburg, Pa. (see U.S. BUSINESS).

Why is our work cut out for us for the next 300 years?



Here's why



There's enough high-grade trona ore, deep below the earth's surface in Wyoming, to meet the world's requirements for the next 300 years. FMC was first to mine these deposits and to develop a process to refine trona into exceptionally pure soda ash. Today, as a vital ingredient in glass-making, FMC soda ash is used to produce billions of bottles and millions of car windshields and windows. And great quantities of this versatile "workhorse" chemical,



the nation's fifth largest, are called for by manufacturers of pulp, paper, phosphates and other products. Soda ash is only one of the growing list of FMC chemicals used throughout America and other parts of the world in the production of an ever-increasing number of industrial and consumer products. This is another example of how FMC puts ideas to work. Ideas that benefit nearly everyone in some way every day.

FMC CORPORATION

Putting ideas to work in Machinery · Chemicals · Defense · Fibers & Films

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: San Jose, California. PRINCIPAL PRODUCTS: AVISCO textile fibers; tire cord; packaging films; industrial strappings □ BOLENS power gardening equipment □ CHICAGO waste disposal equipment □ CHIKSAN, O-C-T, WECO oil industry equipment □ COFFIN marine turbo pumps □ FMC food preparation, processing & packing house equipment □ FMC inorganic & organic industrial chemicals □ FMC materials handling systems □ FMC packaging machinery; paper & film converting equipment □ GUNDERSON railroad freight cars; marine vessels □ JOHN BEAN agricultural equipment; automotive & aircraft service equipment; fire fighters □ PEERLESS agricultural & industrial pumps □ NIAGARA agricultural chemicals & SRS seeds □ FMC defense materiel.

When we promise it for Monday, we don't mean Tuesday.

We have a bundle of reasons for being cocksure. First, no red tape. We never hold a meeting at McLouth when a phone call will do. So we're often shipping your quality steel before others even commit to a mill schedule.

And that's just the people side of Fast Steel. We don't drag our feet making it, either.

We had on-time deliveries in mind when we installed America's first quick-cooking oxygen process vessels and the world's first fully automated hot strip mill.

So even when time is short, if we say Monday, have your welcoming committee ready. On Monday.

fast steel

FROM McLOUTH STEEL CORPORATION—DETROIT, TRENTON AND GIBRALTAR, MICHIGAN



Erotic Errors

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum was one of the hottest burlesque shows that ever hit Broadway. It had a grossly libidinous libretto snipped out of the plays of Plautus, and lickerish leeries that read like Pompeian graffiti. Above all, it had a huge round Zero named Mostel, who wore a fingertip tunic the size of a pup tent and went tippety-skipping about the stage like a bull walrus in drag.

The movie has all these things and plenty more. It has Color by Deluxe, some charmingly scummy urbs and suburbs, a hilarious "sit-down orgy for 40," and a bunch of top bananas: Phil Silvers cast as a pious pimp who combines worship and whoreship, Jack Gilford playing a collector of "erotic pottery," the late Buster Keaton doing a deadpan dad with a somewhat unusual problem: "My daughter is a eunuch?"

Unhappily, Director Richard Lester (*A Hard Day's Night*) sells his mirth-right for a mess of footage. Broadway's *Forum* was a head-spinning comedy of erotic errors in which three men and two women paired off in most of the possible permutations. A direct director could have reduced complexity to clarity; but Director Lester, with his scatty continuity and wham-bam camerantics, has about the same effect on this picture as a dachshund puppy might have on a game of chess.

What matters more is that the Lester manner conflicts with the Mostel style. Caught up in the director's web of whimsies, this most projectively physiological of comedians subsides like an elephant conquered by cobwebs. Not once is Hero Zero permitted to charge the camera, as he charged his Broadway audiences, with the massive animal aggression that is the essence of his comedy and the soul of slapstick.



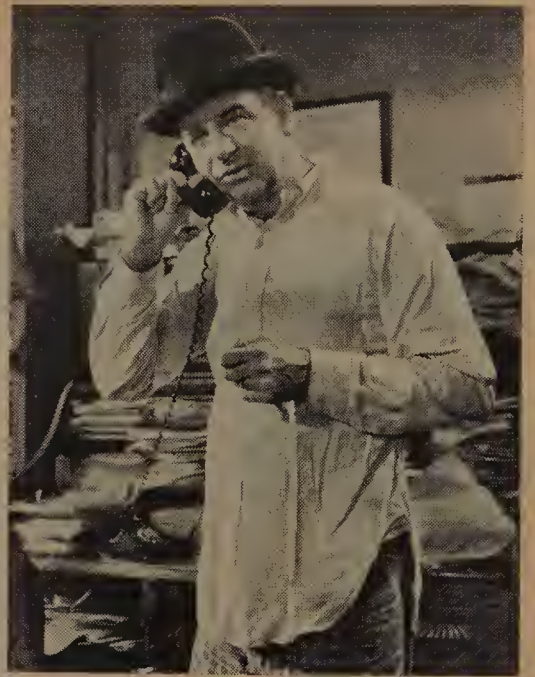
SILVERS, KEATON, GILFORD & MOSTEL IN "FORUM"
Caught in a web of whimsies.

In his quieter moments, however, Mostel comes through beautifully. As a prospective purchaser, he examines a leggy pair of twin slaves like a prosperous matron examining a pair of table lamps, and then earnestly inquires: "I don't suppose you'd break up a set?" And as a connoisseur of wines, he inspects a jug of fine Falernian and asks sniffishly: "Was 1 a good year?"

The Illegal Mind at Work

The Fortune Cookie. Director Billy Wilder has taken the very rash risk in this film of spiking his big gun. In *Cookie* he keeps Jack Lemmon, a funnyman-in-motion who lacks the instincts of a sit-down comedian, sitting in a wheelchair that makes him seem foolish but never funny. With Lemmon immobilized, only a miracle could save the show from being as sedative as Wilder's last picture, *Kiss Me, Stupid*. Fortunately, something like a miracle is at hand: Walter Matthau. A magnificent comic actor too long misused as a minor cinemenace, Matthau last year played such a spectacular slob in *The Odd Couple* that he made himself a major star of the U.S. stage. As the icing on Wilder's *Cookie*, he should also be accepted as one of cinema's top comedians.

Lemmon loses his mobility only two minutes after the picture begins. Cast as a CBS cameraman who is clipped while covering a Cleveland Browns football game, he wakes up in the hospital confronting the saurian sneer of "Whiplash Willie" Gingrich (Matthau), an ambulance chaser who, by the look of his crummy clothes, has been chasing them on his hands and knees. Willie's skin is as grey as the towel in a night-court lavatory, but his ideas are crisp and green. As the cameraman's brother-in-law, he loyally announces: "We're going for all the marbles, kid! You got a ringing in your ears and double vision.



MATTHAU IN "COOKIE"

Enough novocain for a mastodon.

Your left leg is numb and you got no feeling in the first three fingers of your right hand. We're suing for a million bucks and we'll settle for a quarter million—tax-free!"

The hero protests that he feels just fine, but wily Willie reminds him that the big insurance firms have so much money "they run out of storage space—have to microfilm it." And so for the next 100 minutes, the customers watch the illegal mind at work as an expert engages in a national pastime: swindling the insurance company.

Willie plays it noble. "To you gentlemen," he announces in a sepulchral tremolo, "it's just a question of money, but to me it's a personal tragedy." Willie plays it dirty. Before the insurance doctors examine his client, he needles his left leg and right arm with enough novocain to numb a mastodon. Willie plays it go, man, go. Borrowing against his hocus hopes, he picks up a fastback Mustang, a sackful of custom-tailored suits, a foxy set of fox furs for his fat-kneed wife. And when the insurance lawyers are ready to bargain, Willie makes them sit on wastebaskets and haggle like rug peddlers till in collapse they agree to pay his client \$200,000.

All the while, of course, Actor Matthau is leering, sneering, sniggering, swaggering, popping his optics, slopping his chops and generally behaving like the Nero of the Nuisance Claims Division. In the end, Willie receives a different sort of check from the one he expects, but until fate mows him down he offers what is certainly the season's lushest crop of crass.

Yul Team

Return of the Seven has plenty of action, nearly all of it generated by seven men working their jaws. Their conversation takes place in a Mexican village, where Yul Brynner and half a dozen unstable gun fighters fling up the barricades and begin intensive sessions of group therapy. At least it sounds that

OLD HICKORY

Scandalously good.



STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.

Have you heard about the wife who changed her mind?

(It's a woman's option)

Why should your beneficiary be saddled with one method of settlement forever? Changing financial circumstances are a fact of life. Mutual Benefit anticipates it by guaranteeing broad flexibility in its 6 optional methods of settlement.

For example, she can combine 2 or more methods. Or she can arrange in advance to switch from one method to another if her needs change. Or, she can keep the money on deposit and delay her choice until she's able to see how things are going to work out.

Anybody can have a change of mind. Not only women. Mutual Benefit Life tries to make every change a change for the better.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY/NEWARK, N.J./SINCE 1845/OFFICES COAST TO COAST

way. According to the plot, they are supposed to be fighting off a horde of bandits to protect 300 ignorant farmers who are being herded across the desert as slave labor to rebuild the local padre's church.

Between attacks, Yul and his boys talk a lot about killin'. Some like, some don't. One claims that "it gets inside of you." Another has suicidal urges, and a couple of the gunmen frankly prefer fooling around with women. Gradually it becomes clear that *Seven* is a ludicrous reprise of *The Magnificent Seven* (1960), which, in turn, was a remake of Akira Kurosawa's magnificent, often profound 1954 drama about a septet of chivalrous samurai in late feudal Japan. Only holdover from Hollywood's previous *Seven* is Brynner, repeating his role as ringleader with the bald-faced boredom of an hombre who knows he has strapped his saddle to a dead horse. The movie can claim one minuscule distinction: it provides the first serious acting role for Pop Singer Jordan Christopher, who married well but otherwise seems unlikely to follow in Richard Burton's footsteps.

The Inn Crowd

Hotel Paradiso. Putting the right people in the wrong beds is the principal preoccupation of French farce, but this sumptuous period piece gets rather confused about the sleeping arrangements: it's the moviegoer who does most of the yawning.

The actors work assiduously trying to put new bounce into a comedy written more than half a century ago by Georges Feydeau and Maurice Desvallières. Gina Lollobrigida, looking as delicately outraged as a piece of fine cracked china, plays the neglected bourgeois wife of bumptious Robert Morley. In revenge, she undertakes a night on the town with Neighbor Alec Guinness. The sly old seducer lures her to a disreputable inn where—true to formula—his promised evening of bliss ends up as a harmless orgy of slammed doors and mistaken identity, climaxed by a chase involving a fat lady, a nephew, an upstairs maid, a seething proprietor, a bellboy, gendarmes, four skitish schoolgirls, an underdressed chanteuse and a doddering duke.

Paradiso is an eye opener only when Photographer Henri Decae has charge, for his views of Paris during *la belle époque* make decades melt away—particularly in a smoky, golden café scene reminiscent of Lautrec, with portly naiads up to their chins in gym suits and a matronly stripper dismantling her corsetry on an overhead swing. Also visible behind the potted palms and spiral staircases is Director Peter Glenville, impersonating Playwright Feydeau. Glenville as Feydeau wears a wise, conspiratorial expression, presumably to suggest that middle-class morality can be terribly droll. But Glenville as Glenville hasn't the faintest idea of how to get the fun on film.

Friden*



**Beneath each beautiful exterior
beats the heart of a genius.**

The new Friden R-Line Calculators... the first desk-top calculators to look as good as they work. Outside: Sleek, color-coordinated cases that will blend handsomely with your office decor. Inside: The most sophisticated mechanical calculators you can buy.

Take the Friden RSR Calculator. It's the world's only desk-top rotary calcu-

lator to provide squares and square roots with the touch of a key.

Or the Friden RSC Calculator. It features Short Cut Multiplication which significantly cuts multiplication time.

Because of their increased capabilities, you may find it economical to replace one or more of your calculators with a Friden R-Line Calculator.

For a straightforward appraisal of how a Friden Calculator can work for you, just call your nearest Friden office. Or write to Friden, Inc., San Leandro, California. We offer sales and service throughout the world.

The girl in our photo? She's a genius, too — when she's operating her Friden Calculator.



The new R-Line Calculators by Friden

* A TRADEMARK OF FRIDEN, INC.

Money Magicians

THE MERCHANT BANKERS by Joseph Wechsberg. 365 pages. Little, Brown. \$6.95.

London's dynastic Hambro family, the world's biggest merchant bankers, started their moneymaking art two centuries ago, when a Hambro sea captain got word that the Queen of Denmark had died in Paris; he promptly cornered the market for crape in Copenhagen. Britain's Baring banking clan made a

The merchant banker's prime asset is his experience in sizing up situations, measuring men and calculating risks down to one sixty-fourth of 1%. But very often, as Wechsberg notes, he relies on instinct. One day in 1932, Swedish Match King Ivar Kreuger tried to interest the Lehman Brothers in a complicated financial deal. Kreuger talked and talked about his grandiose schemes, while Philip Lehman made a few notes. Then Lehman turned him down: "I have a rule, Mr. Kreuger. If I cannot understand something by reading my notes on

ers. Nobody profits more from this than London's Siegmund Warburg, German-born dollar scion of the 400-year-old banking clan, who in 1958-59 counseled Reynolds Metals in its successful fight with Alcoa for control of British Aluminium Ltd. So highly is Warburg's advice valued that he is retained simultaneously by Britain's two leading press tycoons, Cecil King and Roy Thomson.

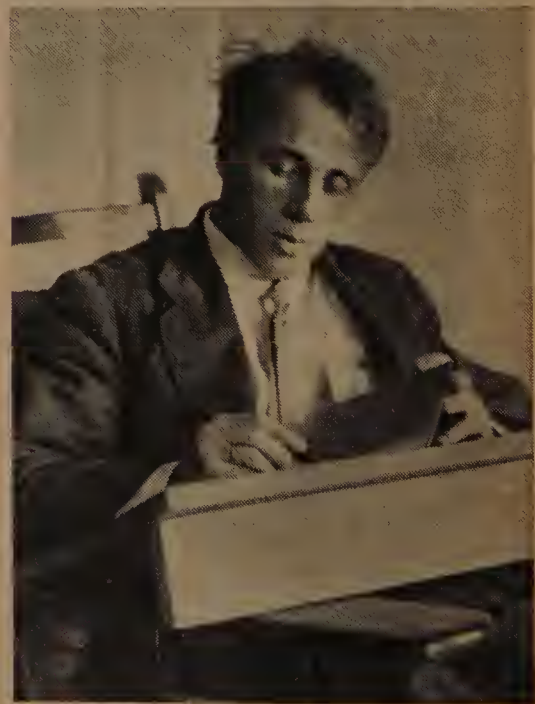
Wechsberg's main point is that the merchant bankers nowadays are increasingly branching out of traditional finance to become all-round consultants and father-confessors. Germany's Hermann Abs, for example, is a director of 24 companies. The Lehman bankers, besides sitting on 200 corporate boards, have an investment advisory service handling accounts worth \$2 billion. Nobody with less than \$500,000 need apply.

"Check Up on Me Some"

ROBERT FROST: THE EARLY YEARS—1874-1915 by Lawrance Thompson. 641 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$12.50.

To the millions who watched the old man recite *The Gift Outright* at the inauguration of John F. Kennedy, or learned to love *Mending Wall* or *After Apple-Picking* in their school days, Robert Frost was the serene, supremely benevolent country poet. A generation of interviewers had gorged themselves on his folksy humor and humble denims, on that familiar shock of untutored hair, those earthy accounts of his early scrabbling for a living from his New Hampshire poultry farm. Yet Frost also used to say: "I'm liable to tell you anything. Trust me in the poetry, but don't trust me on my life. You want to watch me. Check up on me some."

Lawrance Thompson, the New Hampshire-born Princeton professor and critic whom Frost chose in 1939 to be his official biographer, did a lot of watching and checking. Out of nearly three decades of conversation and



ROBERT FROST (CIRCA 1915)
Such carefully whittled weapons.



JACK HAMBRO

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

PHILIP LEHMAN

THE FIVE FOUNDING ROTHSCHILDS*

Products for everybody's compound interest.

great leap forward by arranging an \$11,250,000 bond issue for Thomas Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase. The Rothschilds of Paris and London grew to prominence by smuggling millions in gold through Napoleon's line to Wellington's forces in Spain. Such are the foundations of the fortunes of the most prosperous and least known of all businessmen, the merchant bankers.

In this series of essays, *New Yorker* Correspondent Joseph Wechsberg examines seven of the world's leading merchant or investment bankers. Though he is himself the son and grandson of bankers, Wechsberg ignores a lot of the basics of the business and, with the exception of a chapter on Wall Street's Lehman Brothers, shortchanges the potent U.S. bankers to concentrate on those of London's City. But his stories have a richness of color and some details of remarkable deals that have turned money into factories, jobs and useful products for everybody's compound interest.

Big Funds, Long Terms. Unlike commercial bankers, who take deposits and specialize in short-term loans, modern merchant bankers are intermediaries between those who have big money to invest and those who need it, often for long terms. They finance entrepreneurs and foreign governments by selling bonds or other securities to the public or to such wealthy institutional investors as insurance companies, pension funds, and even the Church of England.

the subject, I won't buy it. You are too complex for me, Mr. Kreuger." A few months later, as his swindles collapsed around him, Kreuger shot himself.

Courage is as common as caution. Working behind the scenes during World War II, Hambros Chairman Jack Hambro helped harass the German economy through black market operations in Nazi-occupied countries. Sometimes the rewards of courage are handsome. When California's Jergins Corp. was up for sale in 1950, nobody wanted to buy it—nobody but Lehman Brothers, which formed a group that picked up the company for \$29 million, renamed it Monterey Oil. Within two years, the Lehman group paid off the full amount by selling some of the company's assets, yet still kept most of the property. The Lehman men built up that property and in 1960 sold it to Humble Oil for \$119 million—all profit.

Brokers & Fighters. Today the Rothschilds are backers of 100 major ventures as varied as the Transalpine Pipeline and the Churchill Falls Hydroelectric Project in Canada (TIME, Oct. 14); the Barings help to bank-roll such clients as Britain's Courtaulds textile empire and the government of Portugal. Merchant bankers are the business world's greatest merger brokers and proxy fight-

* Clockwise from top: Amschel (1773-1855), Salomon (1774-1855), Kalman (1788-1855), Jakob (1792-1868), Nathan (1777-1836).



Ed can make or break a million-run printing plate with 5¢ worth of acid.

■ Ed Grade skillfully etches the metal printing plates that are printed on paper. In the printing industry he's known as a plate maker. Ed's "acid touch" can "feel" etching depth by the drag of his acid-soaked pad on the metal plate. He can sense to the second when to stop etching action. He can eliminate spots, line shadows and filled-in areas with a skill that requires years of experience...and Ed's work as a graphic arts specialist is reflected at its best on consistently printable papers.

Finest quality Consolidated Enamel

Printing Papers provide the showcase for Ed's unusual craftsmanship. As an expert, he appreciates the skills of Consolidated's 4,000 specialists—the largest concentration of papermaking skills—at the only major mill that specializes in enamel printing papers.

The skilled and productive printing industry, 7th largest in the nation, is built on experts like Ed, plus specialized equipment and paper mills like Consolidated.

WRITE US: Let us prove our enamels can help make your printing better. We'll send free sample sheets to your

printer on request. Have him compare the quality of our papers on one of your next printing jobs. Sold only through Consolidated Enamel Paper Merchants.



For an interesting, informative description of the plate maker's skills, send for our free booklet.



Find the magic of the Rhine
in **Asbach Brandy**
VXOP 80 Proof

A very excellent
old product . . .
very excellent
on the rocks
or with soda.

GERMAN DISTILLERIES LTD., NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

How to get back on course in today's market

Rough market seas?
Thomson & McKinnon
offers a way to help you.
It's easy to fathom . . .
we busy ourselves solely
with helping you set your
course and stay on course
when it comes to investments.

It's our business to help you invest wisely.

THOMSON & MCKINNON

Members N.Y. Stock Exchange & other principal security & commodity exchanges



231 So. LaSalle St., Chicago

Anderson • Duluth • Evansville • Ft. Wayne • Indianapolis • Kenosha
Lima • Madison • Milwaukee • Oshkosh • South Bend

Offices throughout the United States and Canada

affectionate companionship has come an eloquent biography—this is the first of two volumes—that will surprise Frost's idolators. Thompson shows that there was very little in Frost's style that was spontaneous; he had to whittle laboriously at his poetry to achieve his roughhewn colloquial effects. Even more interesting is the author's picture of Frost as a selfish, baffling, perverse and tormented soul, systematically creating a public image of a kindly, homespun and uncomplicated grandfather.

Self-Doubt & Hatred. Young Robbie Frost was a spoiled brat almost from the day he was born in San Francisco, in 1874. His father was a hard-drinking, Harvard-educated journalist who beat Rob often. His mother indulged the boy, taught him to love poetry and nature; she was a devout Swedenborgian who believed that she had religious visions. It was her influence, says Thompson, that encouraged Robbie and his sister Jeanie to withdraw into a private world as children.

Jeanie died in an insane asylum in 1929. Robbie, infected with a tendency to explosive furies—which, as Thompson says, were much like his father's—and with what Frost himself called "my Indian vindictiveness," found survival in poetry. His poems became "tools or weapons for actually trying to resolve those conflicts within himself, or between himself and others, which he viewed as being so dangerous that they might otherwise engulf him."

Torn with self-doubts, self-hatred and continual impulses to suicide, Frost set himself adrift before he was 20. He fled Dartmouth before the end of his first semester, spent three years moving from job to job, finding only in poetry "the momentary stay of confusion." He tormented Elinor White, his shy high school sweetheart, with accusations of disloyalty because she wanted to finish college. Eventually she married him, but by that time, as he liked to say, he had "bent her to his will." He put in two years at Harvard, paid for by his grandfather, who then bought him a farm in Derry, N.H., and set him up in business as a poultry farmer. When Grandfather Frost died in 1901, he left Robert and his family the greater part of his estate, in the form of an annuity that began at \$500 and later went up to \$800 a year. It helped support them for the next 20 years.

The Sound of Sense. Incredibly, Frost complained for years afterward that his grandfather had sent him into farming "to die," and then cheated him out of a larger fortune. Thompson suggests that this notion was typical of Frost's self-indulgent "mythmaking," a compulsion to see himself as a hero battling against insuperable odds. This particular fancy gained a wide audience when Frost went to England in 1912 and published two collections of poems. It was Ezra Pound who, in his review of *A Boy's Will*, launched the poet and the myth by singling out *In Neglect*, a five-line

Tommy Silver knows his ABCs. He's learning his Gs and A-OKs.



We think he's ready for his TRWs.

He's ready, we think, to know that TRW has been involved in 9 out of 10 of the U.S. space flights which fascinate him so.

And when he watches or hears about them, we believe he's ready to know that his family's car radio and color TV have vital TRW parts. Even the van that drives astronauts to the

launch pad has approximately 184 TRW parts.

Highly diversified. Very advanced in technology, with more than 200 locations throughout the world.

This is TRW.

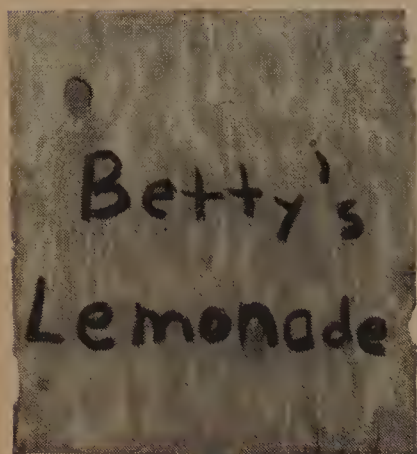
As a leader in components and systems for electronics, space, aircraft, automotive, defense, and industrial

markets, TRW doesn't even deal directly with most people. But in our business we're directly involved with almost everything that does.

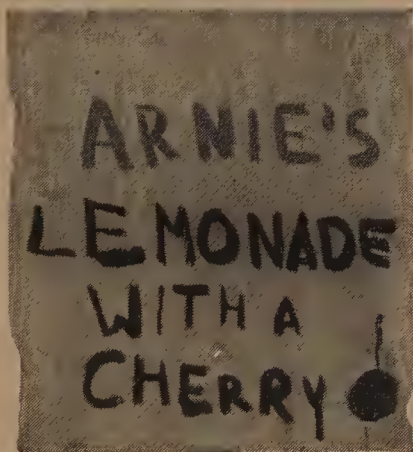
TRW

Formerly Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Inc.

Ever notice how
when products
compete with
each other,



they get better.



Write for our free booklet that tells
how competition makes things better.)

Brand Names
Foundation, Inc.
292 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017



verse that begins, "They leave us so to the way we took." That poem, wrote Pound, had been composed "when Frost's grandfather left him in poverty because he was a useless poet instead of a money getter."

Happily, Frost's poetry was finer than his pretenses. Discarding an earlier, florid, neo-Victorian style, he developed a naturalistic technique that he called "the sound of sense," linking the counterpoint of metrical lines with the natural spoken sentences of his friends on the farms of New Hampshire. Because he admired their stoic cheerfulness, he adopted this form of speech himself, dropping the careful diction that his educated parents taught him.

He took to wearing unpressed suits and a soft grey shirt and, writes Thompson, "brought his arrogance and grouchiness under at least temporary control. His remarks were usually cheerful, witty, mischievously playful." Thompson concludes this phase of Frost's life with the newly successful poet preparing at 40 to return to America. Frost's ambition now was to find a farm in New England where he could "live cheap and get Yankier and Yankier." He did, and so did his work.

That Old Gangrene of Mine

CHOICE CUTS by Thomas Boileau & Pierre Narcejac. 207 pages. Dutton. \$3.95.

No one who could spend an enjoyable morning strolling through an operating theater or casualty ward of a hospital can fail to have an entertaining and enjoyable time with *Choice Cuts*, as nasty a piece of fiction as ever came out of France. Authors Boileau and Narcejac have apparently concluded that two hacks joined together will make one writer, and furthermore that parts of seven people stitched together make up one man. Neither assumption is correct.

The reader may be aware of recent advances in surgery by which an amputated limb can be successfully reunited with the victim. He may then be induced to suspend his natural incredulity when told that a criminal condemned to death has donated his body for dismemberment in the interests of science, and that all the parts will be usefully employed to patch up other people. The French government, as representative of a logical people, has worked it out that such procedures will do much to repair the military disadvantages of having a smaller population than the U.S. or China; one soldier can be used again and again.

Meanwhile, everything is a sadistic voyeur's fun fair. The reader, like the characters, should be in stitches as the jolly Gallic authors follow the criminal careers of the separate members of the subdivided victim, grafted as they are onto blameless citizens. As for the anomalous occurrences in the bedroom, no mind need boggle. The upshot of this gruesome farce is that the head of the condemned criminal contrives to commit several posthumous murders.

The President's Buddy

THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY by Paul B. Fay Jr. 262 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

It was dinnertime one December night in 1959, and the patriarch of the clan was ventilating one of his favorite complaints. "No one," said Joe Kennedy, a man worth more than \$250 million then as now, "appears to have the slightest concern for how much they spend." The chastened familial silence that greeted this remark was at length broken by one of his sons. Said John F. Kennedy: "We've come to the conclusion that the only solution is to have Dad work harder."

This intimate glimpse of Jack Ken-



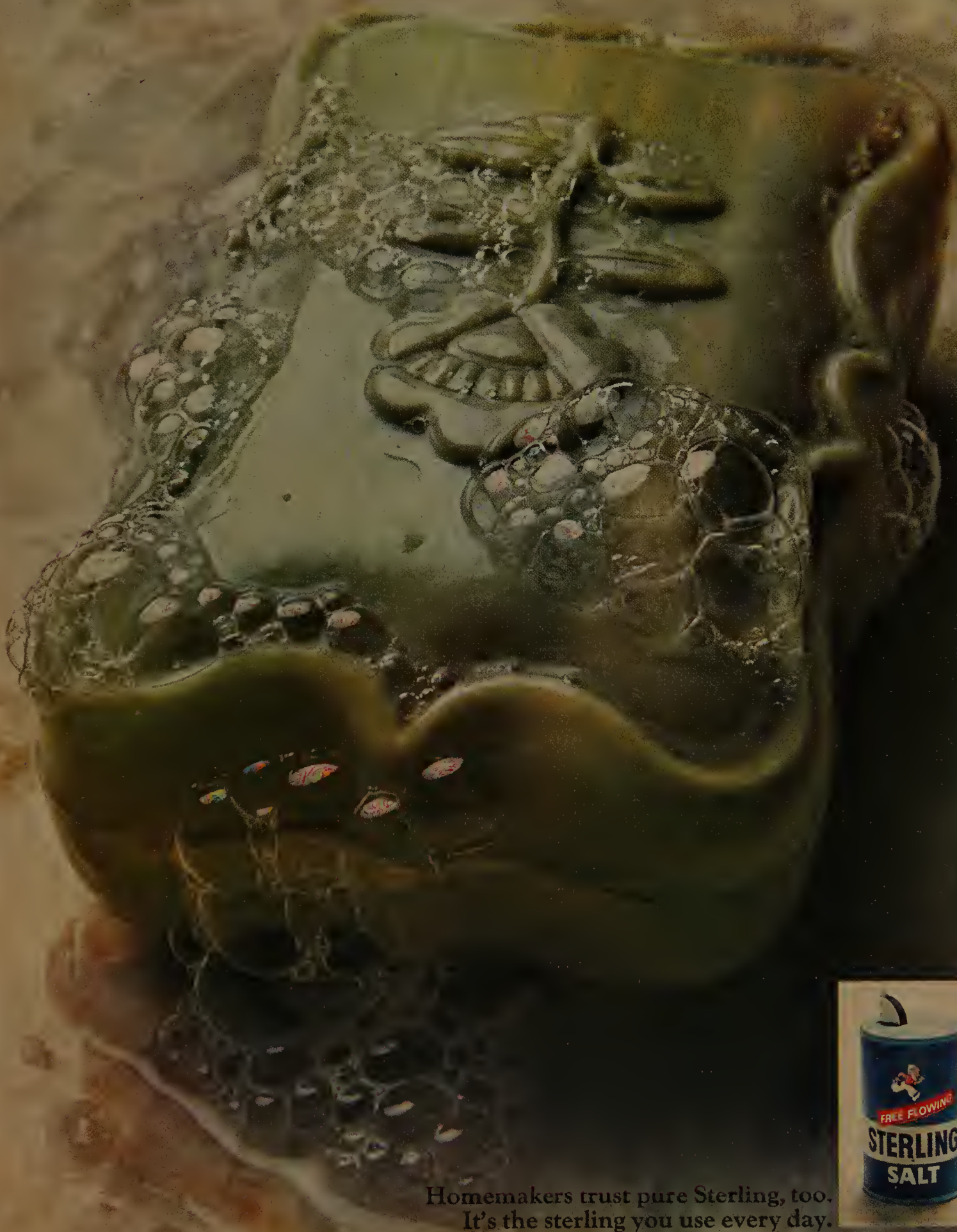
PAUL FAY & FRIEND
Grand Old Lovable obliged.

nedy—and of his father—appears in a book that could only have been written by a close friend. There were few closer than Red Fay, who was an usher at Kennedy's wedding to Jacqueline Bouvier, a key campaign aide in Kennedy's first race for the U.S. House of Representatives and, ultimately, President Kennedy's Under Secretary of the Navy—a title conferred entirely in the name of friendship.

Kennedy clearly enjoyed Fay's company, and saw to it that it was never in short supply. An uninhibited California Irishman, Fay was invariably good for a laugh, whether singing *Hooray for Hollywood* in a Morton Downey tenor or cheerfully playing straight man to the Kennedy wit. "Grand Old Lovable," was Kennedy's name for his pal, and Fay strove to deserve it. One day at church the President, who rarely carried any money, leaned over to his friend. "Slip me at least a ten," he whispered to Fay. "I want them to know this is a generous President." Grand Old Lovable obliged.

Of the 200-odd posthumous salutes to John Kennedy, *The Pleasure of His Company* is possibly the only one that

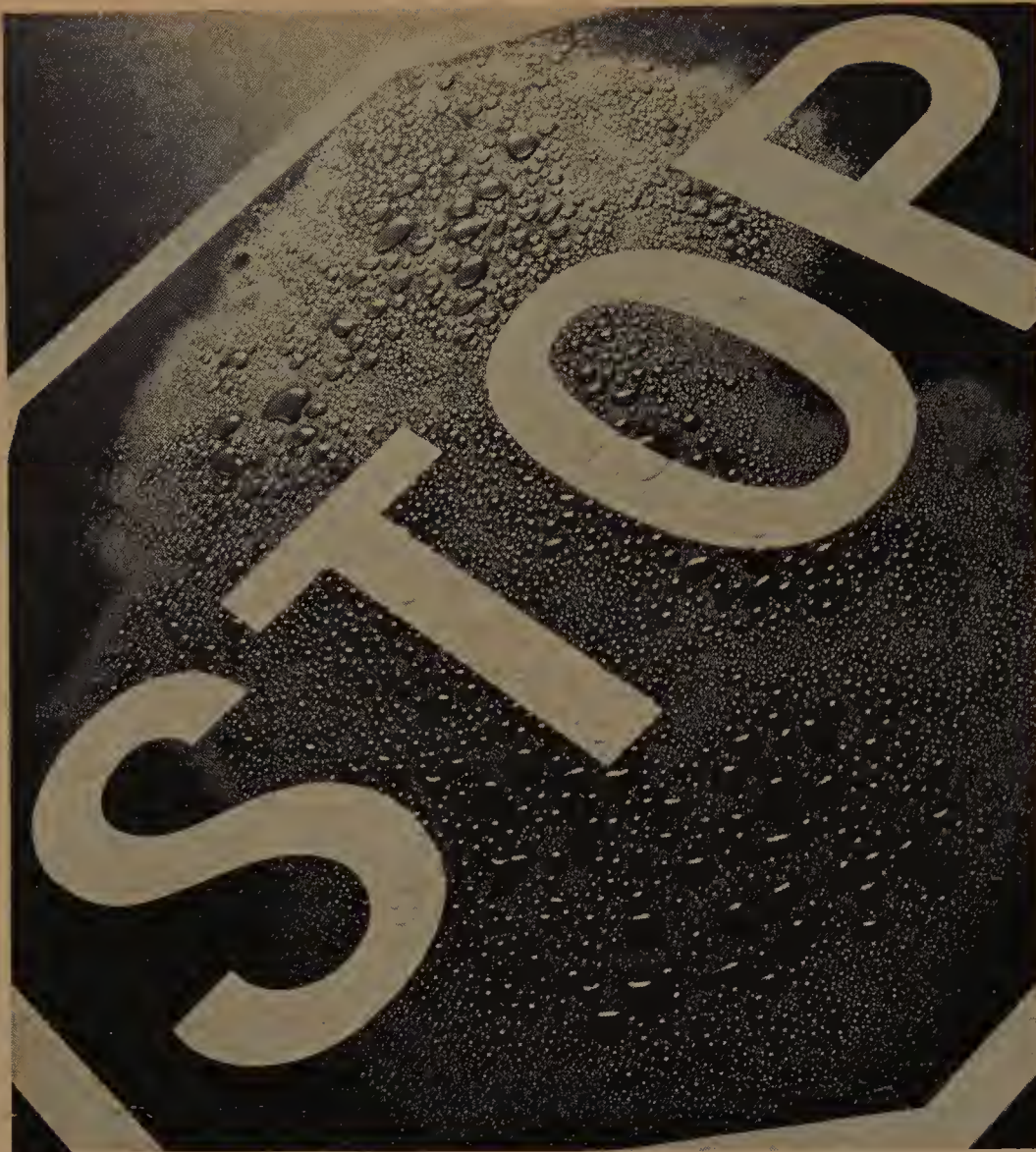
From the salt of the earth,
man has learned to make the chemicals for soap.
It is an exacting process.
For that reason, chemists trust Sterling.



Homemakers trust pure Sterling, too.
It's the sterling you use every day.



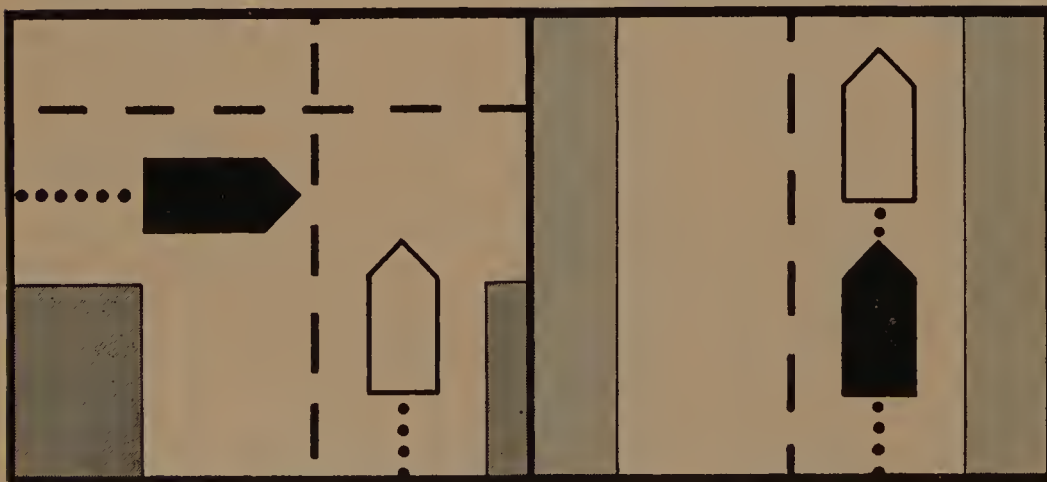
INTERNATIONAL SALT COMPANY
CLARKS SUMMIT, PENNSYLVANIA



You will. Will he?

Maybe you obey stop signs and signals. Some drivers don't. So never assume the right-of-way blindly. Always protect yourself by driving defensively. □ If someone

follows you too close, don't speed up. Slow down a little and encourage him to pass. Remember, being in the right isn't enough. You could be dead right.



Watch out for the other guy!



does not try to be significant. Paul Fay has sensibly confined himself to an account of his friendship, and the result is both ingenuous and warm. The fact that Fay's book is being serialized in the daily press and has begun to make the bestseller lists can be taken as an indication that, while the last serious tomes about Kennedy's Administration may have been published, the last glimpses of his personality have not.

The Last Gardener

A HOUSE IN ORDER by Nigel Dennis. 188 pages. Vanguard. \$4.95.

Gardening is regarded as the province of nice ladies and retired gentlemen, but it is well to remember that it is also a primal human activity. In a parable of human anguish raised to an existential level, Nigel Dennis pursues Voltaire's suggestion that man should look to his own garden, and shows in a nightmare vision what it would be like to be the last gardener—one man alone, devoted to growing things in a mechanized military world.

To do so, he peels his hero down to man's quintessential being. The Dennis hero is anonymous. The reader is told only that he had been a cartographer, that he is a 44-year-old bachelor, and, more important, that he is a coward without shame for his cowardice, totally opposed to the objectives of the army in which he finds himself.

Without history or features or known nationality, Dennis' Everyman is technically some sort of soldier, but as he explains early, "I am a victim, not a soldier." A very ignominious victim he is, unable even to get himself captured with the rest of his surrendering battalion. He was left behind because, in terror, he had hidden in a closet. An enemy soldier consents to take him prisoner, but then steals his spectacles, thus further cutting him off from the world, and forgets him. Here cowardice becomes the better part of valor. The hero takes refuge in an abandoned greenhouse near the headquarters of an enemy regiment. He sits in plain sight of the enemy soldiers on the sound theory that he cannot be convicted of trying to escape. He is right. He is ignored in his transparent house. The enemy cannot grasp this military absurdity; they do not really "see" this most visible of men, and they, of course, are only a blur to him. This is the first of many paradoxes that Dennis develops in this deceptively simple tale.

Cowardice Confounds. Hunger at length forces the man back into the world of men—or, as Dennis suggests with his bleakly sardonic view of the human race, of madmen and brutes. He is interrogated as a spy, but his unabashed cowardice confounds the military. The enemy colonel, a man of some humor, decides to let him stay in his greenhouse—with the remark that if all his countrymen were like that, the war would be over very soon. The greenhouse thus

When they figured out our life expectancy at John Hancock

they bought Remington® 25 Electric Typewriters.

Before you buy a typewriter study it.

The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company did. They gave the new Remington 25 Electric a real going over.

First, our torture tests. We take a typewriter at random and test it 24 hours a day for seven months. That's more of a beating than it would ever get in an average office.

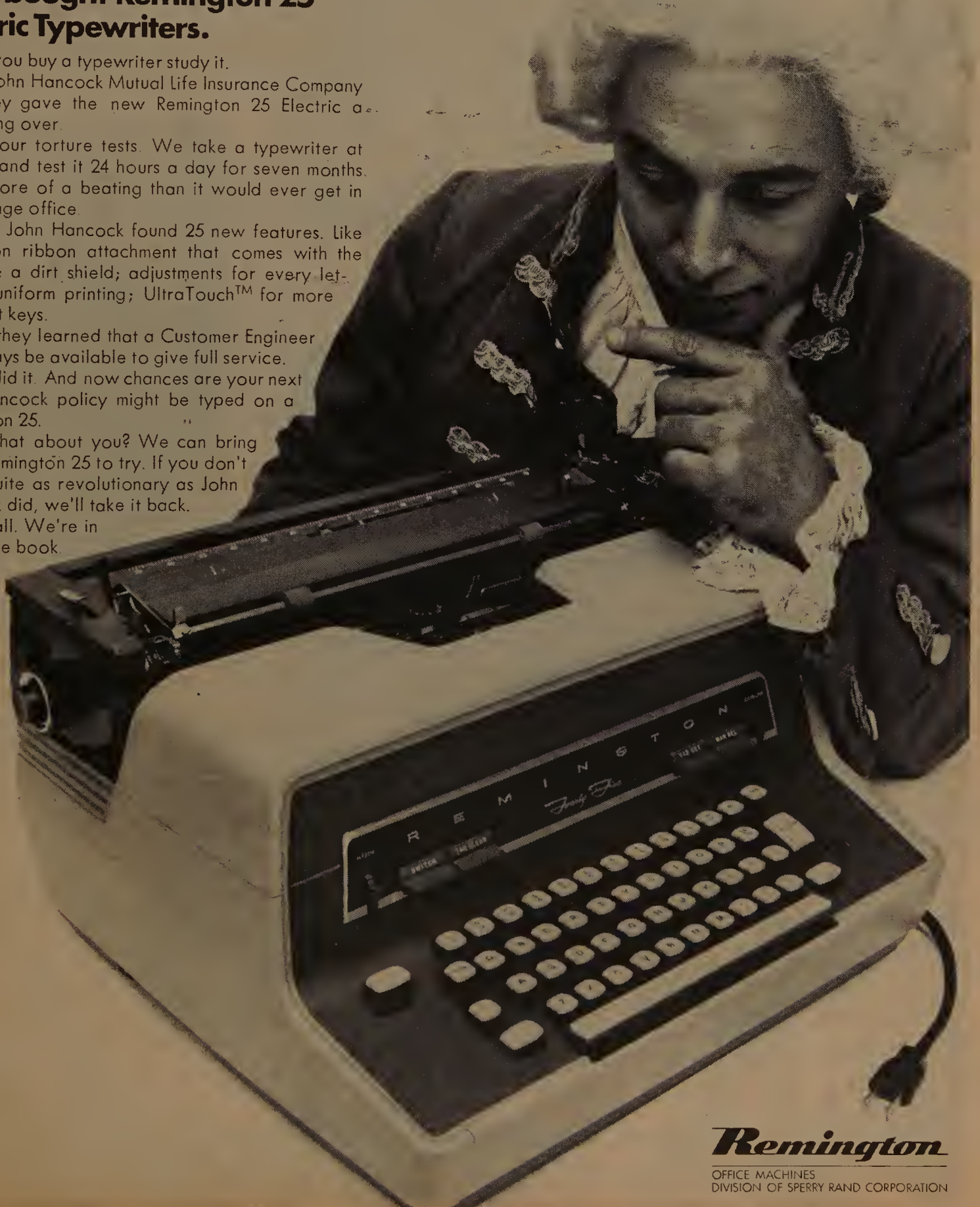
Next, John Hancock found 25 new features. Like a carbon ribbon attachment that comes with the machine; a dirt shield; adjustments for every letter for uniform printing; UltraTouch™ for more obedient keys.

Then they learned that a Customer Engineer can always be available to give full service.

That did it. And now chances are your next John Hancock policy might be typed on a Remington 25.

But what about you? We can bring you a Remington 25 to try. If you don't find it quite as revolutionary as John Hancock did, we'll take it back.

Just call. We're in the phone book.



Remington

OFFICE MACHINES
DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

No matter who you are



No matter what you do



Your Number 1 health enemy is the heart and blood vessel diseases:

heart attack, stroke and other complications of hardening of the arteries, rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease, inborn heart defects and many other cardiovascular disorders. Your Heart Fund fights them all.

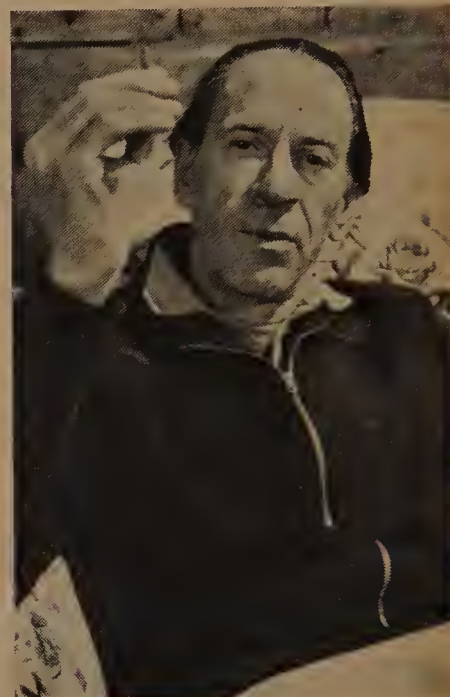
**GIVE...so more will live
HEART FUND**



becomes a "glass house," British soldiers' slang for a military prison. But it is a greenhouse to the prisoner. In civil life he had been a noted amateur gardener. Deftly, he sets about restoring to life the plants he lives with.

It is a touch-and-go affair. Winter nearly kills him. His feet become like "stewed bags of plums." When he takes off his newspaper underwear in the spring, the skin comes away with the paper. Yet he has survived, "always knowing that war is not forever and that we live by growing things." Surviving with him are a few sempervivums, or everlivings—among them the European houseleek, sometimes known as "hen and chickens"—a proper plant for this chickenhearted man. Another surviving plant is the *Sempervivum*

ALAN CLIFTON



NIGEL DENNIS

In a glass house green.

melintese, thought extinct for a hundred years and now, like the hero, "resurrected in captivity."

Bugs & Men. Some sort of miracle has been indicated. When the war nears its end, an enemy official turns him loose with the words: "You cannot expect wars to continue forever, just to make you live your whole life under the protection of your enemies." Another had asked him: "Are you prepared to pretend that you endured silently and without complaint a captivity that would kill an ordinary person only because you were born with the heart of a chicken?" The question is never answered but it is obvious that Dennis opts for Everyman to his own garden, where the enemies are bugs, not men. He fails to consider that while people who live in glass houses may not throw stones, stone throwers abound outside. But he tells his parable in praise of life—vegetative, creative, nonpredatory—with cold wit. Ironically, it is told also with the utmost savagery. It is a quality perhaps more appropriate to gardeners than Dennis would concede. It was the horticulturist Cain who killed Abel.

Who serves the most people named Jones with dependable electric service?

The electric company people

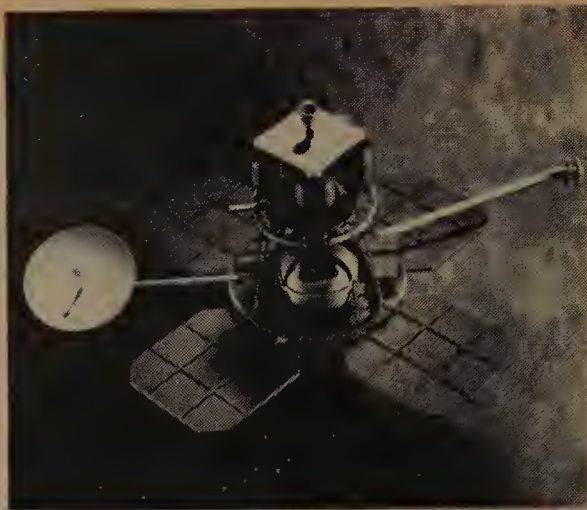
—the folks at your investor-owned electric light and power companies.*

They don't just keep up with the electric wants of all their customers.

They stay way out in front of them.

*Names of sponsoring companies available through this magazine.





Lunar Orbiter

On its initial space mission, NASA's Boeing-built Lunar Orbiter scored a number of historic firsts. It was the first U.S. spacecraft to orbit the moon, to photograph the earth from the moon, and to photograph the far side of the moon.

Orbiter flew and maneuvered flawlessly throughout its mission. And while its high-resolution camera performed below planned standards, its medium-resolution camera work exceeded expectations. Orbiter photographed thousands of square miles along the moon's equator, taking stereo-pairs of pictures, which NASA is viewing three-dimensionally to help select level, safe landing sites for America's Apollo astronauts.

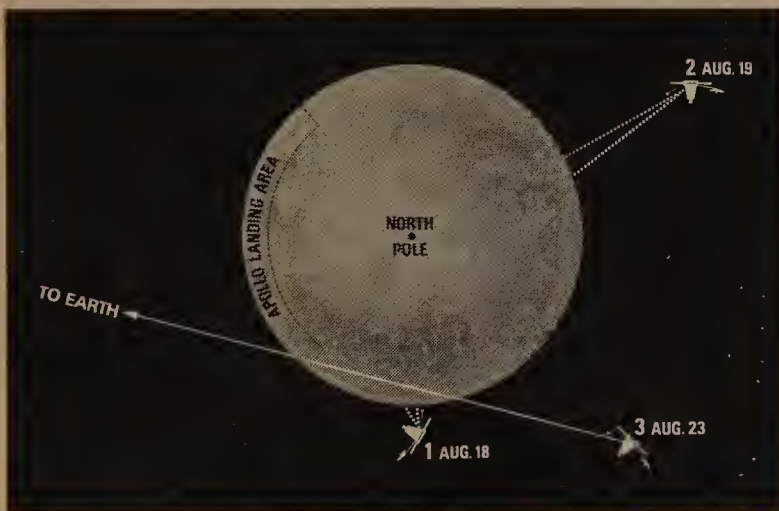
Astronomers report that Orbiter has already sent back more information about the moon than had been learned in the past 50 years. Besides pictures of the lunar surface, Orbiter sent back data

revealing that the moon, like earth, bulges upward at the North Pole, and is flattened at the South. It has helped determine the exact gravitational characteristics of the moon, an important aid in future manned missions. It has measured radiation near the moon, and is instrumented to detect and report the presence of micrometeoroids.

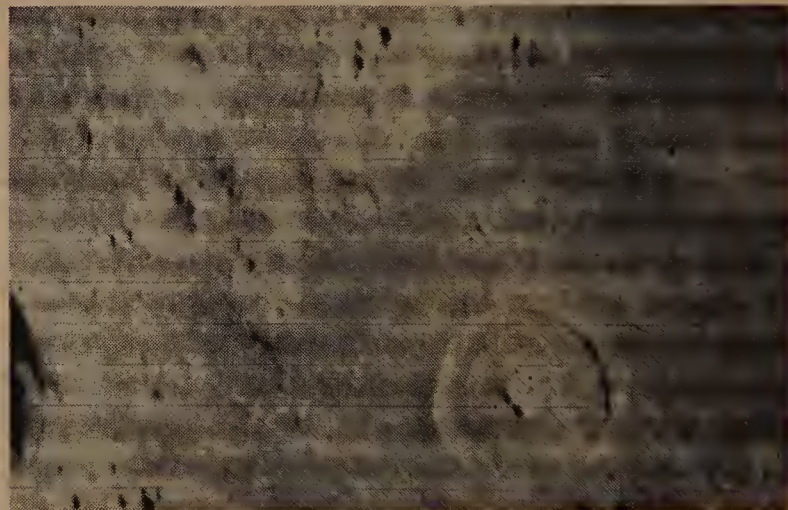
Boeing scientists and engineers, working with NASA personnel, controlled Lunar Orbiter's flight from Jet Propulsion Laboratory facilities. NASA's Langley Research Center is Orbiter's systems manager.

Launching of Lunar Orbiter I—the first of five to be flown—took place 28 months, 15 days after contract signing, the shortest span ever for a major U.S. spacecraft.

SPACE DIVISION **BOEING**



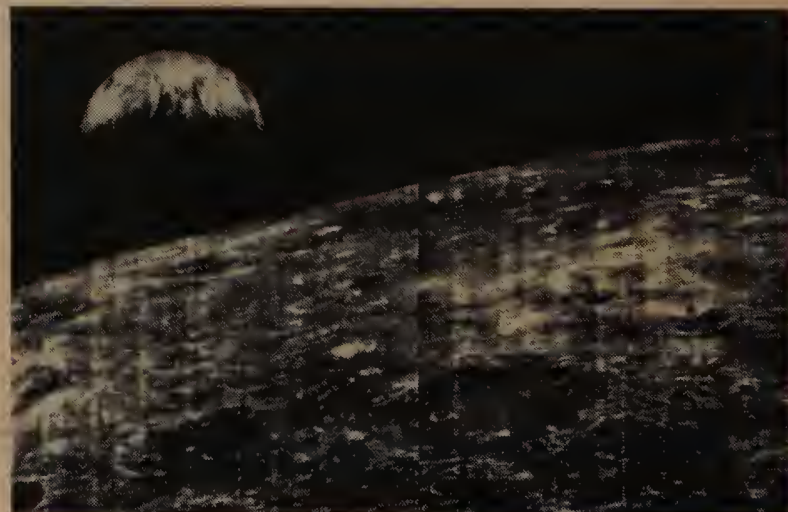
Approximate positions from which Orbiter took following pictures.



1. First Orbiter picture shows edge of Mare Smythii.



2. First U.S. picture of backside of moon.



3. First picture of earth, from moon.

Designed and built by Boeing for NASA

Seagram Distillers Company, New York City, Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



**The Sure One
is different
because it's always
the same.**

North, South, East, West. No matter where you buy it, or how you enjoy it, Seagram's 7 Crown always delivers the same dependable quality. With the world changing so fast, aren't you glad there's at least one Sure One? Say Seagram's and be Sure.



**Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.**

You get a lot to like with a Marlboro—filter, flavor, pack or box.

